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# POEMS OF
# SIR WALTER SCOTT

*VOLUME TWO*

Philip R. Goodwin
1908

Scott

*"Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,*
*And doom'd the future slain."*

—"The Dance of Death"

A Library of Poetical Literature
IN THIRTY-TWO VOLUMES

# Sir Walter Scott

VOLUME II

205

*Frontispiece in Color*
*by Philip R. Goodwin*

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# CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY

OF THE

# SCOTTISH BORDER.

*IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.*

## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

### PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person the powers of poetical composition and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300.—*List of Scottish Poets*).

It cannot be doubted that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the pro-

phecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself.

The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighboring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighboring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants,

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border traditions as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of canto, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and the hind to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank;*
A ferlie† he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka‡ tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted§ low down to his knee:—
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

* Huntley Bank and the adjointing ravine, called from immemorial tradition *The Rhymer's Glen*, were ultimately included in the domain of Abbotsford. The scenery of this glen forms the background of Edwin Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1833.

† Wonder.

‡ Each.

§ Bowed.

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird * shall never daunton me."—
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see,
For, if ye speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,†
And they waded through red blude to the knee,
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree ‡—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

* Destiny shall not alarm me.

† Star light.

‡ The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

## PART SECOND.—ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazzaroni of Naples, had not exalted the Bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know, at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintown, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defense of the Castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies.

Corspatrick (Comes Patraick) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.*

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armor flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong,
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcume, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hill to Solway sea."—
'Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar,
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."

* Prophecies supposed to have been delivered by True Thomas, Bede, Merlin, etc., published by Andro Hart, 1615. An exact reprint of Hart's volume, from the copy in the library at Abbotsford, under the care of the learned antiquary Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, was announced in 1833 as soon to appear.

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,*
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say:—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'†

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea."

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards‡ bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;§
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a fallen courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree:
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."—

"But tell me, now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French Queen shall bear the son,‖
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

* King Alexander III., killed by a fall from his horse near Kinghorn.

† The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

‡ Leopards of Plantagenet. The Scottish banner is a lion on a field *gules*; the English banner then was the three leopards.

§ *Bannock*, or *Breed* Burn. One of Thomas's rhymes preserved by tradition runs thus:—

The burn of breid
Shall run fou reid.

The bannock is the name given by the Scots to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

‖ James VI., son of Mary Queen of *France* and Scotland.

## PART THIRD.—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the Bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr. ELLIS'S *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 165; iii., p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvelous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connection with the first and second parts of the same story.

WHEN seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon *
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow †
Pitched pallioun ‡ took their room,
And crested helms, and spears arowe,
Glanced gayly through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie; §
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee. ‖

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs ¶ of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done:
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hushed were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.

* Hills near Jedburgh.

† An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

"Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
On the hour of Coldingknow now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given its name to the beautiful melody, *The Broom of the Cowdenknows*.

‡ Tents.

§ *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

‖ Places in Selkirkshire.

¶ *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together,

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelled in Arthur's days
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doomed in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard,
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung;
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath,
The gentlest pair that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seemed to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ear assail.

He starts, he wakes:—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies?"—

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth* sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.†

* Wondrous.
† An ancient seat upon the Tweed in Selkirkshire.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three:—
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall:
On the gray tower, in luster soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my fathers' ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turn'd him roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he crossed the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,
And spurred him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

## GLENFINLAS; OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.*

The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent

* *Coronach*—is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Trosachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*, by Lewis.

> For them the viewless forms of air obey,
> Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
> They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
> And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
> To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.—COLLINS.

O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'! *
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,†
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,[1]
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The Seer's prophetic spirit found,[2]
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

* *O hone a rie'*—"Alas for the chief!"

† The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low Country neighbors.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flake,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh;
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,[3]
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow!"—

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gayly part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans* wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch,† answering brave
To many a target clanking round

* *Tartans*—the full Highland dress, made of the checkered stuff so termed.
† *Pibroch*—a piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

'I see the death-damps chill thy brow,
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now. . . .
No more is given to gifted eye!"—

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet, though midnight came;
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said—
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green;

"With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"—

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"—

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost."—

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day."

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way."—

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gayly rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his color went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind?

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;[4]
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er the harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew:
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one will yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen.

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

Lewis's collection produced also what Scott justly calls his "first serious attempts in verse;" and of these the earliest appears to have been the Glenfinlas. Here the scene is laid in the most favorite district of his favorite Perthshire Highlands; and the Gaelic tradition on which it is founded was far more likely to draw out the secret strength of his genius, as well as to arrest the feelings of his countrymen, than any subject with which the stores of German *diablerie* could have supplied him.—*Life of Scott*, vol. ii., p. 25.

## THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden [Lord Polwarth]. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defense or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighborhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. LEWIS'S *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the

battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. The ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack * was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore:
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor [1]
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page;
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamor'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

* The plate-jack is coat-armor; the vauntbrace or wam-brace, armor for the body; the sperthe, a battle-ax.

The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower,
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"'I cannot come; I must not come:
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'—

"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair:
So, by the black-rood stone,* and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

"'Though the blood-hound be mute and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in a chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh† the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me!

"'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light:
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mold,
All under the Eildon-tree."‡—

* The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

†Dryburgh Abbey stands on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and afterwards the seat of the Earls of Buchan.

‡Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered prophecies.

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood,
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair blood, and Mertoune's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said:—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep. * * *
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matinbell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away! away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side,
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite, on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell,

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro:
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam:
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.[2]

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,[3]
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

## CADYOW CASTLE.

The ruins of Cadyow or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and very nearly their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago.* Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.†

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my readers to use other

* The editor of the edition of 1833 says that a magnificent herd of these cattle still remained till about that time in Cadyow Forest.

† They were formerly kept in the park of Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland.

words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favorites,* who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxim of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,† which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard, hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without, and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavored to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,‡ which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound.—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph: for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and

* This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—SPOTTISWOODE.

† The house to which this projecting gallery was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Châtelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

‡ The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

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indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither for price nor prayer avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, chap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triump' of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied with a single ounce of lead, him whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—JEBB, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the example of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous disposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

*Addressed to the Right Honorable Lady Anne Hamilton.**

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's tower, in ruin laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise.
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course,
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is gray;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort, uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

* Eldest daughter of Archibald 9th Duke of Hamilton.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;*
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused the mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsman! sound the *pryse!* [1]

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeoman dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare!"—

Stern Claud replied,[2] with darkening face,
(Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee [3]
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the heart's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

* The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Châtelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569 he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveler sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwell-haugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;[4]

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwell-haugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke:—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,[5]
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair!

"With hackbut bent,[6] my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton,† girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.[7]

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead[8] were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.[9]

* *Selle*—saddle. A word used by Spenser and others ancient authors.

† Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.[10]

"From the raised visor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwell-haugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll,
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's specter glided near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwell-haugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Châtlerault!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree! *
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim:—
"Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more,
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Plenty own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

* An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

# THE GRAY BROTHER.

## A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biased by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.*

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age:—

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work. Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Murhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from

* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq., of Eildin, author of an "Essay upon Naval Tactics," who will be remembered by posterity as having taught the genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes of the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* [partition of the cottage]: immediately he halted and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' This person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, part ii., § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Rev. Mr. Alexander Peden."—*Vide Hygini Fabulas*, cap. 26. "*Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium eique nupsit.*

——"*Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negabat sacoa caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; tunc exulatur.*"

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on St. Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Esk's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,[1]
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,[2]
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,[3]
And Roslin's rocky glen,[4]
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,[5]
And classic Hawthornden?[6]

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Or St. John of Beverley?"

"I come not from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which forever will cling to me."—

"Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down to me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"—

"Oh I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * *

# BALLADS

*(TRANSLATED OR IMITATED)*

# FROM THE GERMAN, Etc.

## WILLIAM AND HELEN.

[1796.]

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORE" OF BURGER.

I.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:—
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?"

II.

With gallant Fredrick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VII.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart,
No tears recall again."—

X.

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost for ever lorn:
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!

XI.

"O break, my heart,—O break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in Heaven no share."—

XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"
The pious mother prays;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

"O say thy pater noster, child!
O turn to God and grace!
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

XIV.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was Heaven on earth,
Without it earth is Hell.

XV.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only pray'd for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain."—

XVI.

"O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

XVII.

"No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.

"O break, my heart,—O break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer."—

XIX.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

XX.

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss."—

XXI.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were Heaven,
Or with him what were Hell?"—

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was heard,
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—
Tap! tap!
A rustling stifled noise;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;—
At length a whispering voice;—

XXVII.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wakest thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?"—

XXVIII.

"My love! my love!—so late by night!
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where William, could'st thou be!"—

XXIX.

"We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin bell."

XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:—
My love is deadly cold"—

XXXI.

"Let the wind howl thro' hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

"Busk, busk, and boune!* Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed.
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."—

XXXIII.

"To-night — to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
O wait, my love, till day!"—

XXXIV.

"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."—

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,

* *Busk*—to dress. *Boune*—to prepare one's self for a journey.

Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said;
"But why so stern and cold?

XL.

"What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"
"'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"—

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And, hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?"—
"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."—

XLVI.

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,*
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"
"O William, let them be!—

* In the preface to the edition of William and Helen," published anonymously in 1796, Sir Walter Scott says:—"The firsttwo lines of the forty-seventh stanza, descriptive of the speed of the lovers, may perhaps bring to the recollection of many a passage extremely similar in a translation of "Lenore," which first appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*. In justice to himself, the translator thinks it his duty to acknowledge that his curiosity was first attracted to this truly romantic story by a gentleman, who having heard "Lenore" once read in manuscript, could only recollect the general outlines, and a part of a couplet which, from the singularity of its structure and frequent recurrence, had remained impressed upon his memory. If, from despair of rendering the passage so happily, the property of another has been invaded, the translator makes the only atonement now in his power by restoring it thus publicly to the rightful owner.

L.

"See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks mid whistling rain?"—
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain.—

LI.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."

LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—
"O leave in peace the dead!"—

LVI.

"Barb! barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is wellnigh done."—

LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode;
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."—

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wondrous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale specters flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song:

LXVI.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body reft:
Her spirit is forgiven!"

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.*

[1796.]

This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Specter Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying "*Glück zu Falkenburg!*" [Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!] "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice; "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the brush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

* Published (1796) with "William and Helen," entitled "THE CHASE."

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of Hell.

The right-hand Horseman young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried: "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
Each stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow,
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrown'd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale,
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall:—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower,

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer:—
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:—
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off, on whirlwind's pinion borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle-sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke:—

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood;
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd: One flash, of somber glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng,

With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"

## THE FIRE-KING.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."—*Eastern Tale.*

[1801.]

THIS ballad was written at the request of MR. LEWIS, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder.** It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear,
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now palmer, gray palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A fair chain of gold mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung:
"O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"

* Published in 1801.

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he:
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee;
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take,
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake,
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burn'd unmoved, and naught else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:—
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee;
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's Forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple and Knights of Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddle-bow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—
"*Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!*" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red-wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;
He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!—

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell:
And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

## FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

This tale is imitated rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state, and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *Tales of Wonder*.

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honor flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs,
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death and pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange, mysterious fears.

Desperate as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell and rain-streams pour,
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound:
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by din removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell,
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthened clangors die,
Slowly opes the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly, smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meager arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell:—
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!"

## THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.*

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence: the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore, some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armor, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the Middle Ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria, called "the handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

'TWAS when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And gray-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold:—
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array
Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all—
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

* First published in *Blackwood*, Feb. 1818.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
Before ye farther go,
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."—

"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?"
"The Switzer priest* has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal."—

'Twas on a Monday morning then;
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they join'd;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said:—
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismay'd."—

"O Hare-castle,† thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.—
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points,
Might well-nigh load a wain.‡

And thus they to each other said:—
"Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss Confederates there
They pray'd to God aloud,
And he display'd his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbb'd more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion§ 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelried,
Who to his comrades said:—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."

He rush'd against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

* All the Swiss priests able to bear arms fought in this strife for their native land.

† Hasen-stein in the original: literally Harestone.

‡ The boots of this period had long points at the toes; so long that in the time of Richard II. they were chained up to the knees. Of course they greatly impeded the wearer's movements on foot.

§ A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and ax, and partisan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The Mountain Bull* he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at König's-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull:
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gall'd the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,
(His name was Hans von Rot,)
"For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower sign'd
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
He stunn'd them with his oar:—
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land:—
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there."—
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

* A pun on Urus, or wild-bull, which gave name to the Canton of Uri.

# THE NOBLE MORINGER.*

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

[1819.]

THE original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs entitled "Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder," Berlin, 1807. The legend turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate.

I.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of
old Bohemian day?
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock
bed he lay;
He halsed and kiss'd his dearest
dame, that was as sweet as May,
And said, "Now, lady of my heart,
attend the words I say.

II.

"'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage
unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land,
and leave the land that's mine;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in
state, so thou wilt pledge thy
fay,
That thou for my return wilt wait
seven twelve-months and a day."

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright,
sore troubled in her cheer:—
"Now tell me true, thou noble
knight, what order takest thou
here;
And who shall lead thy vassal band,
and hold thy lordly sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true,
when thou art far away?"

IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer:—
"Of that have thou no care,
There's many a valiant gentleman of
me holds living fair;
The trustiest shall rule my land, my
vassals and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to
thee, my lovely mate.

V.

"As Christian-man, I needs must
keep the vow which I have
plight,
When I am far in foreign land, re-
member thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to
grieve, for vain were sorrow
now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave,
since God hath heard his vow."

VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed
he made him boune,
And met him there his Chamberlain,
with ewer and with gown;
He flung his mantle on his back,
'twas furr'd with miniver,
He dipp'd his hand in water cold and
bathed his forehead fair.

VII.

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Cham-
berlain, true vassal art thou
mine,
And such the trust that I repose in
that proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my
towers, and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my lady's faith
till I return again."

* Composed during Sir Walter Scott's severe and alarming illness of April, 1819, and dictated in the intervals of exquisite pain to his daughter Sophia and his friend William Laidlaw. It was published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1819.

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true,
and sturdily said he:—
"Abide, my lord, and rule your
own, and take this rede from me:
That woman's faith's a brittle
trust.—Seven twelve-months
didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth be-
yond the seventh fair day."

IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round,
his heart was full of care;
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh,
he was Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxious-
ly:—"Thou trusty squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust
when I am o'er the sea?

X.

"To watch and ward my castle
strong, and to protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to
lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my lady's faith
till seven long years are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear
was guarded by Saint John."

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true,
but fiery, hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too
presumptuous tongue:—
"My noble lord, cast care away, and
on your journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until
your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith,
which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your
towers, and with your vassals
ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so
virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no
change, be absent thirty year."

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when
thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow,
and sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists
topsails, and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land
seven twelve-months and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an
orchard slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering
sense a boding vision crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice:—
"'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another
master take.

XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows,
thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy
gallant vassal train;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so
faithful once and fair,
This night within thy father's hall
she weds Marstetten's heir."

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and
tears his beard:—
"O would that I had ne'er been
born! what tidings have I heard?
To lose my lordship and my lands
the less would be my care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue
should wed my Lady fair.

XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he
pray'd, "my patron Saint art
thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even
while I pay my vow!
My wife he brings to infamy that
was so pure of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and
must endure the shame."

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then,
who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead
that it o'erpower'd his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land out-
stretch'd beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low
on the left a mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one
from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy
gazed wildly all around:—
"I know my fathers' ancient towers,
the mill, the stream I know,
Now blessed be my patron Saint who
cheer'd his pilgrim's woe!"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and
to the mill he drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that
none their master knew;
The Baron to the miller said:—
"Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what
tidings may there be?"

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again:—
"He knew of little news,
Save that the Lady of the land did a
new bridegroom choose;
Her husband died in distant land,
such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls,
he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which
wins me living free,
God rest the Baron in his grave, he
still was kind to me!
And when Saint Martin's tide comes
round, and millers take their
toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer
shall have both cope and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb
the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a
woe and weary man:—
"Now help me, every saint in
heaven that can compassion
take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this
woeful match to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his
call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and
hand, were heavy all with woe;
And to the warder thus he spoke.—
"Friend to thy Lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land
craves harbor for a day.

XXV.

"I've wander'd many a weary step,
my strength is well-nigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll
see no morrow's sun;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake,
a pilgrim's bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her
once-loved husband's soul."

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he
came his dame before:—
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd,
stands at the castle-door;
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas'
sake, for harbor and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer thy
noble husband's soul."

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was
moved:—"Do up the gate," she
said,
"And bid the wanderer welcome be
to banquet and to bed;
And since he names my husband's
name, so that he lists to stay,
These towers shall be his harborage
a twelvemonth and a day."

XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then
undid the portal broad;
It was the noble Moringer that o'er
the threshold strode:—
"And have thou thanks, kind
Heaven," he said, "though from
a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once
more his castle-gate within."

XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer
his step was sad and slow;
It sat full heavy on his heart, none
seem'd their Lord to know;
He sat him on a lowly bench,
oppress'd with woe and wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him
seem'd little space so long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting
o'er, and come was evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made
brides retire to nuptial bower;
"Our castle's wont," a brides-man
said, "hath been both firm and
long,
No guest to harbor in our halls till
he shall chant a song."

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom
there, as he sat by the bride:—
"My merry minstrel folk," quoth he,
"lay shalm and harp aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay,
the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay
with garment and with gold."—

XXXII

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age,"
'twas thus the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed nor garment gay
unlocks his heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay,
at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with
all her charms was mine.

XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my
face, and I grew silver-hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of
youth, she left this brow and
beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I
tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth
the lay of frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this
woeful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her
eye was dimm'd with tears;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a
golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to
quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that
dropp'd amid the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so
costly and so fine:
Now listen, gentles, to my song; it
tells you but the sooth,
'Twas with that very ring of gold he
pledged his bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said:—
"Do me one kindly deed,
And should my better days return,
full rich shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to
yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to
pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor
was the boon denied;
The golden cup he took again, and
bore it to the bride:—
"Lady," he said, "your reverend
guest sends this, and bids me
pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou
pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and near;
Then might you hear her shriek aloud: — "The Moringer is here!"
Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power,
That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely tried.

XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to constant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight, so steadfastly and true;
For count the term howe'er you will, see that you count aright,
Seven twelve-months and a day are out, when bells toll twelve to-night."

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew;
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his weapon threw:—
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words he said,
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's head."

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say:—
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelve-months and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late."

---

## THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The Erl-King—Erlen-König, or Alder-King—is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.

O, WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;—
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"—
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(THE ERL-KING SPEAKS.)

"O come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

ERL-KING.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"—
"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

ERL-KING.

"O come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"—

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## JUVENILE LINES.

FROM VIRGIL.

1782.—ÆTAT. 11.

"Scott's autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adams [Rector of the High School, Edinburgh]. One of these little pieces, written in a weak, boyish scrawl, within penciled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover, inscribed by the old lady,—"*My Walter's first lines*, 1782."—Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 129.

In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

## ON A THUNDER STORM.

1873.—Æt. 12.

"In Scott's Introduction to the Lay, he alludes to an original effusion of these 'schoolboy days,' prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says 'was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife,' etc. These lines, and another short piece, 'On the Setting Sun,' were lately found wrapped up in a cover, inscribed by Dr. Adams, 'Walter Scott, July, 1783.'"

Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 'tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And harden'd sinners thy just vengeance fear.

## ON THE SETTING SUN.

1783.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

---

## THE VIOLET.

THESE lines were first published in the English Minstrelsy, 1810. They were written in 1797, on occasion of the poet's disappointment in love.— See *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 333.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier hue,
More sweet through wat'ry luster shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

---

## TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

WRITTEN in 1797, on an excursion from Gillsland, in Cumberland. See *Life*, vol. i. p. 365.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

## WAR-SONG.

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.*

1797.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.†

Though tamely couch'd to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys tho' Romans mourn;
Tho' gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,‡
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabers' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

* Written during the apprehension of an invasion, this song appeared originally in the *Scott's Magazine* 1802. Sir Walter was then Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry.

† The royal colors.

‡ The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the fatal 10th of August, 1792.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabers gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

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## THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby;
The moon looks thro' the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand,
There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore thro' the forest past:—

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Specter with his Bloody Hand,*
Is wandering through the wild woodland:
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,
All, by your harpings, doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Loncarty.†

"Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines, with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony?
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll'd,
By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold:—

* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

† Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

From Coilgach,* first who roll'd his car
Thro' the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Aboukir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell,
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!"—

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake:—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years:—
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
And blades round warrior's heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!"

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## HELVELLYN.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending.
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, tho' lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;

* The Galgacus of Tacitus.

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Thro' the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

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## THE DYING BARD.

1806.

AIR—*Daffydz Gangwen.*

THE Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die.
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonor'd shall flourish, unhonor'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn, thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp, my last treasure, farewell!

## THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

1806.

AIR—*The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.*

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armorers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn;
And forth in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

---

## THE MAID OF TORO.

1806.

O, LOW shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood:—
"O saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending:
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamor, came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:
And when the sun sank on the sweet lake of Toro,
Forever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

---

## THE PALMER.

1806.

"O OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea;
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again.

For lo, when through the vapors dark,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the elders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

---

## THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

1806.

THERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see

her in that place, rode on without recognizing her or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Épine.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue,
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

---

## WANDERING WILLIE.

1806.

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
A kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds, they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest wind's roaring
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee;
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I
pined and I ponder'd
If love could change notes like the
bird on the tree—
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may
hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been
constant to me.

Welcome from sweeping o'er sea and
through channel,
Hardships and danger despising
for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright
annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie
and hame;

Enough, now thy story in annals of
glory
Has humbled the pride of France,
Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no
more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie
again.

---

## HUNTING SONG.*

1808.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-
spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are
knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they:—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thickets green;
Now we come to chant our lay:—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When, 'gainst the oak his antlers
fray'd:
You shall see him brought to bay:—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and
glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can
baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

---

## HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE.†

1806.

Air—*Carrickfergus.*

Since here we are set in array round
the table,
Five hundred good fellows well
met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing
as I'm able,
How innocence triumph'd, and
pride got a fall.
But push round the claret—
Come, stewards, don't spare
it—
With rapture you'll drink to the toast
that I give:
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily—
Melville forever, and long may he
live!

What were the Whigs doing, when
boldly pursuing,
Pitt banish'd Rebellion, gave
Treason a string?

* Published in the continuation of Strutt's curious romance called "Queenhoo Hall," 1808.

† A Broadside printed at the time of Lord Melville's acquittal.

Why, they swore on their honor, for ARTHUR O'CONNOR,
And fought hard for DESPARD against country and king.
Well, then, we knew, boys,
PITT and MELVILLE were true boys,
And the tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.
Ah, woe!
Weep to his memory;
Low lies the Pilot that weather'd the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds?
Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepp'd forth our old Statesman example to give.
Come, boys, never fear,
Drink the Blue Grenadier—
Here's to old HARRY, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift; though rely, sir, upon it—
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is license our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily,
Horse, foot, and artillery,
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

Tis not us alone, boys—the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap mid their politic pranks;
CORNWALLIS cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save ye,
And the Cape call'd a bauble, unworthy of thanks.
But vain is their taunt;
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valor can give.
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily,—
SIR DAVID and POPHAM, and long may they live!

And then our revenue—Lord knows how they view'd it,
While each petty statesman talked lofty and big;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had brew'd it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
In vain is their vaunting;
Too surely there's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily,—
Health to sage MELVILLE, and long may he live!

Our King, too—our princess—I dare not say more, sir,—
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.
Be damn'd he that dare not,—
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give:
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily—
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart;*

* The Edinburgh magistrates refused to permit illuminations.

Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In GRENVILLE and SPENCER,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honor, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the FOX,
And drink MELVILLE forever, as long as we live!

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## EPITAPH.

1808.

*Designed for a monument in Lichfield Cathedral, at the burial-place of the family of Miss Seward.*

AMID these isles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward pathway which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still wouldst thou know why, o'er the marble spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smothered here in dust,
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honor'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD lies,
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

## THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

Published in the "Edinburgh Annual Register."

1808.

MY wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme.
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream;
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow:
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its luster hides:
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With eyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so lightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest:—
"Thy loving labor's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost:
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone."

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## PROLOGUE.

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF "THE FAMILY LEGEND."

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Thro' forests tinged with russet, wail and die;
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie.
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
Or till Acadia's * winter-fetter'd soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,
And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods' wild waving, and the water's swell;
Tradition's theme, the tower that threats the plain,
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot, beneath whose simple porch were told,
By gray-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group, that hush'd their sports the while,
And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind?
Oh no! For She, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions turned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail
By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale.
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells what-e'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live;
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a Daughter's love.

* Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

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## THE POACHER.

*Written in imitation of Crabbe, and published in the Edinburgh Annual Register of* 1809.

WELCOME, grave Stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!

Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man!
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls.
O'er court, o'er custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bul lies kings!
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind,
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That balks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buck-skinn'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke [yoke,
The last light fetter of the feudal
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,
And long'd to send them forth as free as when
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd,
On every covey fired a bold brigade;
*La douce Humanité* approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt;
Shouts partiotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain.
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving betwcen deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand,
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce-mark'd path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy steam,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day
(Tho' placed where still the Conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law),*

* In the forest courts the presiding judge

The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador,*

Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While around the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance, or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping nets are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moonlight,† run when moon was none;
And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretch'd,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import,—watchword, threat, and oath.
Tho' stupefied by toil, and drugg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?"

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar:

used to wear as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus.

*The New Forest, Hampshire, is now disforested, and its laws, etc., are become things of the past.

† A cant term for smuggled spirits.

Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart
That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance,
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore:—
"'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he whose humors spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke,
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then,—as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue balk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's specter walk'd his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

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## SONG.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may
wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardor of August matures us
the wine, [world.
Whose life-blood enlivens the
Though thy form, that was fashion'd
as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more
round,
And thy glance, that was bright as
a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me
again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances
retain
For me the kind language of love.

---

## THE BOLD DRAGOON;

### OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOZ.

1812.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he
fain would honor gain,
And he long'd to take a passing
glance at Portugal from Spain;
With his flying guns this gallant
gay,
And boasted *corps d'armée*—
O he fear'd not our dragoons, with
their long swords boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had
quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his
soldiers sack'd the town,
When 'twas *peste! morbleu! mon
Général*,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons, with
their long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot,
artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house,
they tumbled through the wall;*
They took no time to seek the door,
But, best foot set before—
O they ran from our dragoons, with
their long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France they
had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there soused at
once the British rank and file:
For Long, De Grey, and Otway,
then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons, with
their long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made
three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English
oak, their swords of Sheffield
steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire
bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons, with
their long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington,
to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte be-
fore I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons,
with their long swords, boldly
riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

* In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out on the glacis.

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## ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

1814.

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity disgraced the government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August preceding, a proclamation had been issued offering an indemnity to such insurgents as should take the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December; and the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident, rather

than by design, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end of December he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort William, to take the oaths of allegiance to the government; and the latter having furnished him with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyle, directed him to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable mountains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered with a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before the limited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived at Inverary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his submission; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inducing that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify the cause of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, being in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured from the King a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the King's own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigor. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyle's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to Glencoe on the first of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell, being uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner of friendship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses of his tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month the troops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the very night of the massacre the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's house. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in the act of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two bullets. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now become general, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their children, were killed; boys imploring mercy were shot dead by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers. In Inverriggon, Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals one by one. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the mountains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."—*Article* "BRITAIN;" *Encyc. Britannica.—New Edition.*

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"—

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,

Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their gray-hair'd master's misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring:—
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

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## FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT.*

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

THOUGH right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that;
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made braw that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that,
She shelter'd in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian vine, the Prussian Pine
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that),
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.
Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's elbow be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags, an' a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, an' a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that;
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that;
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your croun,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British flag shall bear the grie
And win the day for a' that!

* Sung at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland.

## SONG.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

1814.

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
PITT closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame,
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labor, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless, his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the loud darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His gray head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tales of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his SON;
By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!
With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd;
Fill WELLINGTON'S cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆME;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

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## LINES.

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA.*

1814.

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,

* Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Seton, of Staffa, Allanton, and Touch, Baronet. He died 16th April, 1838, in his 61st year. The reader will find a warm tribute to Staffa's character as a Highland landlord, in Scott's article on Sir John Carr's Caledonian Sketches.—*Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xix.

Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows,
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the gray mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretch'd to quit our land forever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart 'twixt this and Staffa,
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

---

## PHAROS LOQUITUR.*

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my luster hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

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## LETTER IN VERSE.

### ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

"Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden's command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapæsts of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore."—*Lockhart, Life*, vol. iv., p. 372.

### TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, ETC.

Lighthouse Yacht, in the sound of Lerwick Zetland, 8th August, 1814.

Health to the chieftain from his clansman true!
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!
Health from the isles, where dewy Morning weaves
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves;
Where late the sun scarce vanish'd from sight,
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived night,
Though darker now as autumn's shades extend,
The north winds whistle and the mists ascend!
Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds toss
The storm-rock'd *cradle* of the Cape of Noss!
On outstretch'd cords the giddy engine slides,
His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides,
And he that lists such desperate feat to try,
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt earth and sky,
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,
And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
Through the white breakers of the pathless deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main;
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him, and what hut receives?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd
(When want and sorrow fled as you appear'd)

* "On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Duff, Commissioners, along with Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of Inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, added these interesting lines."—*Stevenson's Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse.* 1824. Scott's Diary of the Voyage is now published in the 4th volume of his *Life.*

Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.
Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow,
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array'd,
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppression's chain;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes once more
To moor his fishing craft by Bressey's shore;
Greets every former mate and brother tar,
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,
Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest:
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.
A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.
Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway
His destined course, and seize so mean a prey;
A bark with planks so warp'd and seams so riven,
She scarce might face the gentlest air of heaven;
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
Can list his speech, and understand his moan;
In vain—no Islesman now can use the tongue
Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage sprung.
Not thus of old the Norseman hither came,
Won by the love of danger or of fame;
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power;
For ne'er for Grecia's vales, or Latian land,
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
A race severe—the isle and ocean lords
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair—
(Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,
Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings);
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?
Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost?
May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
Penn'd while my comrades whirl the rattling dice—
While down the cabin skylight lessening shine
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,
While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her side,
And bade her bowspirit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland isles supply:
Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping sky.
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I—

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a Kraken,
You will please be inform'd that they seldom are taken;
It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay;
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.
If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not,
You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott—
(He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of Scotstarvet);*
He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differ'd confoundedly as to the size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no more—
Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high,
Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That 'twas sure a *live* subject of Neptune's dominion—
And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would wish,
To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.
Had your order related to night-caps or hose,
Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.
Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail?
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bow-hill.
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no more,
Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore!
You'd ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
I own that I did not, but easily might—
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil.
And *flinching*, (so term it) the blubber to boil;

* The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families of the same in Fife and elsewhere, claim no kindred with the great clan of the Border—and their armorial bearings are different.

(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thought of this odorous dissection.)
To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must stare
When I think that in verse I have once call'd it *fair;*
'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean—
There's nothing to hear, and there's naught to be seen,
Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate harangued,
And a palace that's built by an earl that was hang'd.
But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are going,
The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are blowing;
Our commodore calls all his band to their places,
And 'tis time to release you—good night to your Graces!

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## BRIDAL SONG.

*To the tune of "I have been a Fiddler," etc.*

1814.

"The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous 'History of Fryar Bacon,' has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasions of carrying home the bride."

And did you not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,
'Tis pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blue;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
Such smith as he there's but a few

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said, they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip.—
I'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

*Waverley: Appendix to the General Preface.*

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## LINES
## BY EDWARD WAVERLEY.

1814.

"On receiving intelligence of his commission as captain of a troop of horse in Colonel Gardiner's regiment, his tutor, Mr. Pembroke, picked up about Edward's

room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influences of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life."

LATE, when the Autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer prest,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult tost
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet call of Truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the Autumn gale—
Forever dead to Fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honor and to arms!

*Waverley*, chap. v.

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## DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONGS.

1814.

"HE [Daft Davie Gellatley] sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty."

FALSE love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.*

THE Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

*Waverley*, chap. ix.

"The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie Gellately's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds."

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:

* This is a genuine ancient fragment, with some alteration in the last two lines

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

*Waverley*, chap. xii.

YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast;
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*
Old men's love the longest will last,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man may brawl at the evening board;
*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

*Waverley*, chap. xiv.

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## ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

1814.

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride.
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sat in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair;
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks:—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is it that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly form!

. . . . . .

*Waverley*, chap. xiii.

## FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

1814.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumb'd every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud Chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake!
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for con quest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

*Waverley*, chap. xxii.

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## TO AN OAK TREE.

1814.

*In the Churchyard of ——, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan, killed in* 1649.

Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valor fills a timeless grave.

And thou brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honor'd sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill
(When England's sons the strife resign'd),
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung!
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet, who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

*Waverley*, chap. xxix.

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## FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME.

1814.

But follow, follow me,
While glow-worms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While the winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim thro' the cloud.

Follow, follow me!
Brave should he be
That treads by night the dead man's lea!

*Waverley*, chap. lxiii.

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## FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

*From the Gaelic.*

1815.

THE original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favor of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail:
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Tho' the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,*
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

* Bonail, or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

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IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING SONG.

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his lov'd Lord from his people depart.
Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the bard;
Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail. †

From the far Southland Border a Minstrel came forth,
And he waited the hour that some Bard of the north
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

† (These verses were written shortly after the death of Lord Seaforth, the last male representative of his illustrious house.)

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel exclaim,
Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame,* who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft;
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the Heir of the line of Kintail!

* The Honorable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth and Glasserton.

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## WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN,

HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

*From the Gaelic.*

1815.

THIS song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another, from the situation, namely of one of the daughtsrs of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavored to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wander'd o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on that shore again!—
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian is to ocean gone,
Clan-Gillian fierce in foray known;
Rejoicing in the glory won
In many a bloody broil:
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening sound;
Clan-Gillian's onset-echoing round,
Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays!
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
As wisely and as well!

## SAINT CLOUD.

*Paris, 5th September*, 1815.

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

1815.

I.

Night and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew;
For no paly beam yet shone
Oh the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flashed the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms thro' mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear [fear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay;
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, thro' battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Thro' steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid mid friends' and foemen's gore,

But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

III.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have past,
When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-born meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain.—
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain:
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gestures wild and dread;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw thro' their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Thro' crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing — each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame:
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picket-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

## ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

1815.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs (probably compiled by some young officer), which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave,
was bound for Palestine;
But first he made his orisons before
Saint Mary's shrine:
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the Soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honor on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his warcry fill'd the air,
"Be honor'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Liege-Lord said,—
"The heart that has for honor beat by bliss must be repaid.—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried "Honor'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

* "Partant pour la Syrie" was written and set to music by Queen Hortense of Holland, the daughter of Josephine, and the mother of Napoleon III. It has become the national air of France.

## THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

*Also Written and Composed by Queen Hortense.*

1815.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:—
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gayly for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favorite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:—
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

## FROM THE FRENCH.*

1815.

IT chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

## SONG.

*On the lifting of the banner of the House of Buccleuch, at a great foot-ball match on Carterhaugh.*†

1815.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,*
*She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;*
*In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,*
*With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

* From the same collection as the two preceding songs.

† The foot-ball match took place Dec. 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd.

When the Southern invader spread
waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he
paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshal'd
the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the
bands of BUCCLEUCH.
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

A Stripling's weak hand to our revel
has borne her,*
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no
spearman surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe
or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be
cold on the ground.
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

We forget each contention of civil
dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME,
DOUGLAS, and CAR:
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pas-
time shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their
fathers in war.
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

Then strip, lads, and to it, tho' sharp
be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should
happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a
tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at
foot-ball.
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

And when it is over, we'll drink a
blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that
witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took
part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the
lads that have won.
*Then up with the Banner, etc.*

* The bearer of the standard was the author's eldest son.

May the Forest still flourish, both
Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the
Herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for
BUCCLEUCH and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the
Clan and the Duke!

*Then up with the Banner, let forest
winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight
ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle de-
fend her,
With heart and with hand, like our
fathers before.*

---

## LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR—*Cadul gu lo.**

1815.

I.

O HUSH thee, my baby, thy sire was
a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and
bright:
The woods and the glens, from the
towers which we see,
They are all belonging, dear baby,
to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

II.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly
it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard
thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their
blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near
to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

III.

O, hush thee, my baby, the time
soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by
trumpet and drum;

* Sleep till day.

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

---

## SONGS OF MEG MERRILIES.

1815.

I.

### "TWIST YE, TWINE YE."

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

*Guy Mannering*, chap. iii.

II.

### THE DYING GYPSY'S DIRGE.

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift drifting fast,
Sleet or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

*Guy Mannering*, chap. xxvii.

## THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

1816.

Once again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began,—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassi resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn?
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, tho' poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre·
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;
And the standard of Fion * flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.

* The Standard of Fion or Fingal was called by the Irish bards the *Sun-Burst*, rendered *Sun-Beam* by Macpherson.

It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, should'st thou burn?
They were days of delusion and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot thro' the sky,
And her voice that was molded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burden of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on:—
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

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## JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—*A Border Melody.*

1816.

THE first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

I.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

---

## PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.*

AIR—"*Piobair of DonuilDhuidh.*"

1816.

THIS is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Macdonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and

* *Dhu*—the Black.

at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic :—

Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil ;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil ;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering place at Inverlochy.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

---

## NORA'S VOW.

AIR—*Cha teid mis a chaoidh.**

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

IN the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change place with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

I.

HEAR what Highland Nora said:—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

II.

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That luster deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."—

III.

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;

* "I will never go with him."

Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

IV.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

---

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

AIR.—*Thain' a Grigalach.**

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

THESE verses are adapted to a very wild yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded into the Ballad.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!
Come then, Grigalach! come then, Grigalach!
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

* "The MacGregor is come."

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## VERSES.

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,

"*God Save the Emperor Francis,*"

AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE

GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA AND HIS SUITE.

19TH DECEMBER, 1816.

GOD protect brave ALEXANDER,
Heaven defend the noble Tsar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war!

For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave,
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave!

O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign my close!
Hail! then, hail! illustrious Stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand!
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.
Freeman's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

---

## TIME.

1816.

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away!"—

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time, and thou shalt part forever?"

*The Antiquary*, chap. x.

## ELSPETH'S BALLAD.

1816.

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.—

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrup stood,
That Highland host to see:
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne.—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl!"—

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

* * * * * *

He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

*The Antiquary*, chap. xl.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "THE ANTIQUARY."

I KNEW Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

CHAP. IX.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best:
If, then, your valor can the fight sustain
Of rustling curtains, and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk,
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.

*True Story.*

CHAP. XXI.

—The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fire:
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in caves,
Known, save to me, to none.

*The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

CHAP XXX.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir,
Th' aquatic had the best—the argument
Still galls our champion's breech.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep,
Their tears are lukewarm brine;—from our old eyes

Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
Cold as our hopes, and harden'd as our feeling—
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us!
A bloodhound stanch—she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when time hath chill'd our joints,
And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

Still in his dead hand clench'd remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the limb,
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains they tell us,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd existence.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXV.

——— Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy:—
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

*Old Play.*

CHAP XXXVII.

Yes! I love Justice well—as well as you do—
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me,
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb;
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath borne a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XL.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is setting on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XLI.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretch'd, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream,
For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream,
*The Loves of the Sea-Weeds.*

CHAP. XLII.

Let those go see who will—I like it not—
For say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity;
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,
And has her on the wheel.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XLIV.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles—and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven!—I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.
*Old Play.*

MOTTO FROM "THE BLACK DWARF."

1816.

CHAP. XVI.

—'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him—Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
*Old Play.*

---

## MAJOR BELLENDEN'S SONG.

1816.

And what tho' winter will pinch severe
Thro' locks of gray and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.
For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow!
*Old Mortality*, chap. xix.

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## VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK.*

1816.

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.
Since then how often hast thou press'd
The torrid zone of this wild breast,

* "With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period."

Whose wrath and hate have sworn
to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell.
A breast whose blood's a troubled
ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild
commotion!—
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring
thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes
wrought!
I had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then re-
prove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had
been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my
prey,
Then—from the carcass turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness
tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride
inflamed!
Yes, God and man might now ap-
prove me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love
me.

*Old Mortality*, chap. xxiii.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "OLD MORTALITY."

CHAP. XIV.

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!
*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
*Anonymous.*

## THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

OR, THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

1817.

I.

Oh for a glance of that gay Muse's
eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laugh-
ing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd
and sly,
When Giam Battista* bade her
vision hail!—
Yet fear not, ladies, the naïve de-
tail
Given by the natives of that land
canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the
pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame
before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least
must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great
while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty
prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd
their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the
ground:
Whose ears received the same un-
varied phrase:—
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he
obeys!"
All have their tastes—this may the
fancy strike
Of such gave folks as pomp and
grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and
warm
Of Monarch who can amble round
his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more
annoys,
In chimney-corner seek domestic
joys—

* The hint of the following tale is taken from "La Camiscia Magica," a novel by Giam Battista Casti.

I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humors suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition see, by Long & Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy,
That scorn'd all remedy—profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.*

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom:—
"His Majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.†
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, tho' of words grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labor,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.

* See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy.*
† See D'Herbelot, or the "Recipes of Avicenna."

There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders),
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and free-holders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai;* *—
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.

The Omrahs, each with hand on cimetar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war:—
"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath,
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.

* See Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia."

Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—
And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Commons!"
The Riot's who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as Chinamen the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.
But their long-headed Chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point:—"Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood,
And dull'd thy brain with labor beyond measure;

Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy"

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was call'd so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

'*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son),
"It works upon the fibers and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here.—Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure
Search land and sea, and get whate'er you can,
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's."
Such was the counsel from his mother came;—
I know not if she had some undergame,
As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home:
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother;
But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it),
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.
The old Rais * was the first who question'd, "Whither?"
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive Prince,
"Was call'd the Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced,
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:
She bless'd the dauntless traveler as he quaff'd,
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

* Sea Captain.

XII.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least, they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
Her eagle banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
"While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot," they said, "is torn to pieces.
Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.*
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

* The "boot" is Italy: Florence, Venice and the Northern Cities are called the "tops;" the "toe and heel" are the Calarias, then infested with freebooters, one of the leaders being known as Fra Diavolo.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail'd him,
Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;
Besides some tumors on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice muster'd up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"
Then whisper'd, "'Ave you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question:—
"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool?"
The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause:—
"Jean Bool!—I vas not known him Yes, I vas—
I vas remember dat, von year or two.
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—

Ma foi! il s'est très joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damn songun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods.
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's way,
"Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little and the pay too much."
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well nigh wept for Bonaparte!
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and be damn'd!"

XVI.

"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."
"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—
Happy?—Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."—
"In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favor—but I grieve"—
"Favor?" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
"It's my belief you come to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head:
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said:—
"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."—
"Kiss and be damn'd," quoth John, "and go to hell!"

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept,
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,

She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbor,
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labor,
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,
And was damn'd close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg.
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;
Ask'd him "about the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinnin',
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,
And hollo'd:—"Ma'am that is not what I ail.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"
"Happy?" said Peg; "What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this bygane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."—
"What say you to the present?"—
"Meal's sae dear,
To mak' their *brose* my brains have scarce aneugh."—
"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
"I think my quest will end as it began.—
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony,
I beg."—
"Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving-place;
His garment was a top coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potato, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day;
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
"By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him, do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt.*"—

XXII.

Shilela their plan was well-nigh after baulking
(Much less provocation will set it a walking),
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack;
They seiz'd and they floor'd and they stripp'd him—Alack!
Up-bubboo! Paddy had not——a shirt to his back!!!
And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

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## THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR.—*Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run.*

1817.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane,
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change to me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

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## THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—"*Ymdaith Mionge.*"

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH MELODIES.

1817.

ETHELFRID or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighboring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye:

High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
*O misĕrere, Domine!*

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild,
In their peaceful banner smiled:
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
*O miserere, Domine!*

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
*O miserere Domine!*

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
*Sing, O miserere, Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale;
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march; *
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs, and sings for thee;
*O miserere, Domine!*

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## MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-house, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour forever past,
And that these valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah no!—the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful luster glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past—
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! it were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around inquires:—
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be; and higher duties crave
Some space between the theater and the grave,

* In William of Malmsbury's time the ruins of Bangors till attested the cruelty of Northumbrians.

That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favorite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By memory treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favor'd Land, renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue,
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail! and FARE YOU WELL!

## LINES.

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.*

1817.

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar
The shine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endured no favor claim,
But murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We, too, who ply the Thespian art,
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strain'd,
Dare hardly hope your favor gain'd.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought—
Land long renown'd for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts—
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terror *now*;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'Tis yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

* Written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theater, 1817, but they reached her too late for her purpose.

## LETTER.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Sanquhar, 2 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

From Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond are sleeping—
From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is sweeping—
From Largs, where the Scotch gave the Northmen a drilling—
From Ardrossan, whose harbor cost many a shilling—
From old Cumnock where beds are as hard as a plank, sir—
From a chop and green pease, and a chicken in Sanquhar,
This eve, please the fates, at Drumlanrig we anchor.

W. S.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursion was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson. —See *Life*, vol. v., p. 234.]

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## TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

1817.

"A blotted piece of paper dropped out of the book, and being taken up by my father, he interrupted a hint from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, 'To the memory of Edward the Black Prince—What's all this?—verses!—By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!'"

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain,
Had wrought his companion's fall.

"'*Fontarabian echoes!*' continued my father, interrupting himself; 'the Fontarabian Fair would have been more to the purpose.—*Paynim?*—What's Paynim?—Could you not say Pagan as well, and write English, at least, if you must needs write nonsense.'"

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bordeaux dying lay.

"'Poitiers, by the way, is always spelled with an *s*, and I know no reason why orthography should give place to rhyme.'"

"Raise my faint head, my squires," he said,
"And let the casement be display'd,
That I may see once more
The splendor of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's empurpled shore."

"'*Garonne* and *sun* is a bad rhyme. Why, Frank, you do not even understand the beggarly trade you have chosen.'"

"Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

"And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget
The terror of my name;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Thro' clouds of blood and flame."

"'A cloud of flame is something new. —Good-morrow, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—Why, the bellman writes better lines.'"

*Rob Roy*, chap. ii.

## TRANSLATION FROM ARIOSTO.*

1817.

"She [Miss Vernon] proceeded to read the first stanza, which was nearly to the following purpose:"—

Ladies and knights, and arms, and love's fair flame,
Deeds of emprize and courtesy, I sing;
What time the Moors from sultry Afric came,
Led on by Agramant, their youthful king,
He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring
O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and war;
Such ills from old Trojano's death did spring,
Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Emperor.
Of dauntless Ronald, too, my strain shall sound,
In import never known in prose and rhyme.
How He, the chief of judgment deem'd profound,
For luckless love was crazed upon a time—

"'There is a great deal of it,' said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in: those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to them.

*Rob Roy*, chap. xvi.

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## MOTTOES

### FROM "ROB ROY."

CHAP. X.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,
Whose gloomy isles and bending shelves contain,
For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XIII.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd
The weapon form'd for slaughter—direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXII.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's the place
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in,—
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
Doth Hope's fair torch expire: and at the snuff,
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,
The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
That the poor captive would have died ere practised,
Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition.

*The Prison*, scene iii. act i.

CHAP. XXVII.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green;
No birds except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo;
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

*Prophecy of Famine.*

* The *Orlando Furioso.*

CHAP. XXXI.

"Woe to the vanquish'd!" was stern Brenno's word,
When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword—
"Woe to the vanquish'd!" when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd,
And on the field of foughten battle still,
Woe knows no limit save the victor's will.

*The Gaulliad.*

CHAP. XXXII.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreck it in an armed hand,
Your land shall ache for 't.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXVI.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

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## EPILOGUE TO "THE APPEAL."*

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS.

FEB. 16, 1818.

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me, and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labor
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbor.

Yes, times *are* changed; for, in your father's age,
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that first received their weight.
The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,
Doom though unwigg'd and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,
Instead of lawyers comes the Law herself;
Tremendous neighbor on our right she dwells,
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left she agitates the town,
With the tempestuous question, Up or down?
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end, and law's uncertainty.
But soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter,
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then—just farewell! We wait with serious awe
Till your applause or censure gives the law.
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

* "The Appeal," a tragedy by John Galt.

## MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

1818.

AIR—"*Cha till mi tuille.*" *

MACKRIMMON, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, "*Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon,*" "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys:
Gleam war-ax and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan forever!
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and forever—
Mackrimmon departs to return to you never.
The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
Though devoted I go, to return again never.

"Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
Return—return—return shall we never!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

* "We return no more."

---

## DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—"*Malcolm Caird's* * *come again.*"

1818.

CHORUS.

DONALD CAIRD'S *come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Tell the news in brugh and glen,*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling,
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Tell the news in brugh and glen,*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Gar the bagpipes hum amain,*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

* Caird signifies tinker.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey;
Hieland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Tell the news in brugh and glen,*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be misst:
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of Kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Dinna let the Shirra ken*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

On Donald Caird the doom was stern
Craig to tether, legs to airn,
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Donald Caird's come again!*
*Dinna let the Justice ken*
*Donald Caird's come again.*

---

## EFFIE DEANS'S SONGS.

1818.

THE elfin knight sate on the brae,
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair;
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair.

Thro' the kirkyard
I met wi' the Laird;
The silly puir body he said me nae harm;
But just ere 'twas dark
I met wi' the clerk—

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. x.

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## MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

1818.

WHEN the gledd's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

---

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xv.

---

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub a dub, dub a dub;
Have at old Beelzebub,—
Oliver's running for fear.—

---

I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

---

What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty queen, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love of mine, O.

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xvi.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee ;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

---

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

---

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald Wood,
There's harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.
O sleep ye sound, etc.

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xviii.

---

Up in the air,
On my bonnie gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet,

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xix.

---

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayers and fasting plenty.

---

My banes are buried in yon kirkyard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithesome ghaist
That's speaking now to thee.

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xxix.

---

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own—
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.
I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright or so bonnie as me.

*Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xxxi.

---

Our work is over—over now;
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,
And hope but sickens at delay,—

When Charity, imprison'd here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robe of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

---

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow:
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow,
For he for whom I die to-day
Shall die for me to-morrow.

---

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me!"—
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

## MOTTOES.

FROM "THE HEART OF MID LOTHIAN."

CHAP. VIII.

ARTHUR'S Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me;
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true love's forsaken me.
*Old Song.*

CHAP. XII.

Then she stretch'd out her lily hand,
And for to do her best,
Hae back thy faith and troth, Willie,
God gie thy soul good rest.
*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XIV.

Dark and eerie was the night,
And lonely was the way,
As Janet wi' her green mantill
To Miles' Cross she did gae.
*Old Ballad.*

## EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE.*

1819.

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resigned;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul.
But, oh! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well!
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife!
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear!
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

* Mrs. Euphemia Robison, wife of William Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinedder), died September, 1819.

## LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

1819.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.
*The Bride of Lammermoor*, chap. iii

## NORMAN THE FORESTER'S SONG.

1819.

THE monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,

'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.
There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

*The Bride of Lammermoor*, chap. iii.

## MOTTOES.

FROM "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."

CHAP. VII.

Now, Billy Bewick, keep good heart,
And of thy talking let me be;
But if thou art a man, as I am sure thou art,
Come over the dyke and fight with with me.

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. VIII.

The hearth in hall was black and dead,
No board was dight in bower within,
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
"Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Lynne.

*Old Ballad.**

CHAP. XIV.

As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle-sound,
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
Or, from the garner-door, on ether borne,
The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driven.

*Anonymous.*

* The first three lines are believed to be Scott's.

CHAP. XVII.

——Here is a father now,
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
Make her a stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
To appease the sea at highest.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favoring breezes.

*Old Play.*

## ANNOT LYLE'S SONGS.

1819.

I.

Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard your scream;
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy tod, or dingled-bower,
There to wink and mope; for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

II.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

III.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;

Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way.—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in fog and fen,
Thy torch, that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

IV.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

*The Legend of Montrose*, chap. vi.

## GAZE NOT UPON THE STARS.

1819.

Gaze not upon the stars, fond sage,
In them no influence lies;
To read the fate of youth or age
Look on my Helen's eyes.

Yet, rash astrologer, refrain!
Too dearly would be won
The prescience of another's pain
If purchased by thine own.

*The Legend of Montrose*, chap. vi.

## THE ORPHAN MAID.

1819.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle gray,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were dare;
The hail-drops have not melted yet,
Amid her raven hair.

"And dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said:—"An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, while from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."—

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil,
An infant, well-nigh dead,
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd:—
"My husband's looks you bear;
Saint Bridget and her morn be blest!
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sendals rare,
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

*The Legend of Montrose*, chap. ix.

## "WERT THOU LIKE ME."

1819.

Wert thou like me in life's low vale,
With thee how blest that life I'd share;
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft or bounding galley bear.

But parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove,
May thine be joy—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel
When hope shall be forever flown,
No sullen murmurs shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs ever own.
Nor will I thro' life's weary years
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

*The Legend of Montrose*, chap. xxi.

## THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1819.

I.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:—

II.

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, no wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

III.

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favor fired to feats of might!
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train,
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well;
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!

IV.

"'Note well her smile! it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled.'

V.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own,
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let gratèful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xviii.

## THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1819.

I.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe thro' from Byzantium to Spain!
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

II.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a spear;

I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

III.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar?

IV.

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

V.

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

VI.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot;
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

VII.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!
For to gather life's roses unscathed by the brier
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xviii.

## SAXON WAR-SONG.

1819.

"The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. . . Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter."

I.

Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

II.

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams—he rides on its bosom.
Scream not, gray rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmed head.

III.

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;

Soon shall they be red as the blood
of the valiant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake
his red crest against them;
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, wide, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and
broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as
it bursts warm from the wound!

IV.

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armor is pierced by the
lance,
Fire devoureth the dwelling of
princes,
Engines break down the fences of
battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom,
sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like
wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your
blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish.*

* "It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scalds—the minstrels of the old Scandinavians—the race, as the Laureate [Southey] so happily terms them,—

"'Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death.'

"The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilization and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which animated her forefathers during the times of Paganism and untamed ferocity.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xxxi.

## REBECCA'S HYMN.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage
came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and
flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The clouded pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of
praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd
keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their
lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice
between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy
ways,
And Thou has left them in their
own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy
screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent
night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to
wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's
scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and
horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of
goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xxxix.

## A VIRELAI.

1819.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun;
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.
Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree.
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill;
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xl.

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*Duet between the Knight of the Fetterlock and the Jester.*

1819.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

THERE came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and Hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was a widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xl.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

1819.

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant has resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

Thro' paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown,
To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall urge the stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be;
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

*Ivanhoe*, chap. xlii.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "IVANHOE."

CHAP. XXVI.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
The dullest will show fire;
The friar will often play the fool,
The fool will play the friar.

CHAP. XXX.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,
Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and tears!
Anselm parts otherwise.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXVI.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
Of wild Fanaticism.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXXVII.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming:
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Stern was the law which bade its votaries leave
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
Stern was the law which at the winning wile
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;

But sterner still, when high the iron rod
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.

*The Middle Ages.*

CHAP. XLII.

I found them winding of Marcello's corpse;
And there was such a solemn melody,
'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Are wont to outwear the night with.

*Old Play.*

---

## SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

1820.

### (I.)—ON TWEED RIVER.

I.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings?" the raven he said,
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!
For a blue swollen corpse is a daintymeal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

II.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height;
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

III.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light;
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool;
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

IV.

"Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?
A man of mean or a man of night?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?
Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we past:—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or laymen, lover or monk."

. . . . . .

Landed—landed! the black book hath won.
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

*The Monastery*, chap. v.

(2.)—TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;
But ride you thro' valley, or ride you o'er hill,
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.
Back, back,
The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.
Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

"In the name of my Master," said the astonished Monk, "that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied:—

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;
A form that men spy
With the half-shut eye
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart thro' the night;
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickets the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,*
Men of rude are wild and reckless.
Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those be before thee, that wish thee ill.

*The Monastery*, chap. ix.

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HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

Thrice to the holly brake—
Thrice to the well:—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel.

*The Monastery*, chap. xi.

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(3)—THE WHITE LADY'S ANSWER.

Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal thee?
He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear nor failing;
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.
The breeze that brought me hither now must sweep Egyptian ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound;
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my stay,
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day.
What I am I must not show—
What I am thou couldst not know—
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that thro' thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moors and meadow,

*. *Sackless*— Innocent.

Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,
Hovering betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief-dated man,
Living ten times o'er his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show—
This is all that thou may'st know.

---

Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell,
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good text and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moss and wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

---

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbor late,
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burn'd;
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd:
Valor and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

---

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

---

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
The sacred pledge of Heaven
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas given:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

---

Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
A peasant to dwell;
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

---

Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

---

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying;
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

---

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot break this charmed roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to naught.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away:

All is alter'd, all is flown,
Naught stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more.

---

Alas! alas
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace;
Idle forms of painted air,
Not to us is given to share
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

*The Monastery*, chap. xii.

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## SONGS.

IN HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share;
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

---

Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost forever.
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

---

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

---

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel.
Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance,
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

---

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the sons of men.

The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

---

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath dwindled,
Hath minished in its substance and its strength,
As sank the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.
Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the lighthouse;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

---

Complain not of me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.
We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn or good.
When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye,
The Sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted, fare thee well.

*The Monastery*, chap. xvii.

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### THE WHITE LADY TO MARY AVENEL.

1820.

Maiden, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive,
Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot lies hid
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost strive
To find, and canst not find.—Could Spirits shed
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep,
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—
Stoop then and make it yours.—I may not make it mine!

*The Monastery*, chap. xxx.

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### THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDENNING.

1820.

Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own;

Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad,
When most his brow seem'd dark and sad;
Hie thee back, thou find'st not here
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier;
The Dead Alive is gone and fled—
Go thou, and join the Living Dead!

The Living Dead, whose sober brow
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,
Whose hearts within are seldom cured
Of passions by their vows abjured;
Where, under sad and solemn show,
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room,
Prayer and vigil be thy doom;
Doff the green, and don the gray,
To the cloister hence away!

*The Monastery*, chap. xxxii.

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### THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.

1820.

FARE THEE WELL, thou Holly green!
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the bewilder'd hind,
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song,
While thy crystal bubbles glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd.

The knot of fate at length is tied,
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride!
Vainly did my magic sleight
Send the lover from her sight;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fall'n is lofty Avenel!

*The Monastery*, chap. xxxvii.

### PORDER BALLAD.

1820.

I.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddisdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

II.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

*The Monastery*, chap. xxv.

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### PARAPHRASE FROM HORACE.

*Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori.*

TAKE thou no scorn
Of fiction born
Fair Fiction's muse to woo.
Old Homer's theme
Was but a dream—
Himself a fiction too.

*The Monastery*, Introduction.

## MOTTOES.

### FROM "THE MONASTERY."

### 1820.

#### CHAP. I.

O AY! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!
Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition
Of a most gross and superstitious age.—
May HE be praised that sent the healthful tempest,
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapors;
But that we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot,
Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold,
I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,
That old Moll White took wing with cat and broomstick,
And raised the last night's thunder.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. II.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred.
Not solitary then—the bugle-horn
Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,
From where the brook joins the majestic river,
To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haunt,
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. V.

A priest, ye cry, a priest! Lame Shepherds they,
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?
Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they compel
The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold?
Fitter to bask before the blazing fire.
And snuff the mess neat-handed Phyllis dresses,
Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf.

*The Reformation.*

#### CHAP. VI.

Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the church,
That these foul tares be severed from the wheat,
We are, I trust, agreed. Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine plants,
Craves good advisement.

*The Reformation.*

#### CHAP. VIII.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't;—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XI.

You call this education, do you not?
Why 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
A passing morsel from the dewy greensward;
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XII.

There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.

The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
As various as my dishes. The feast's naught,
Where one huge plate predominates. —John Plaintext,
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple;
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
Yon pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees;
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
On the same principle—Variety.

*New Play.*

CHAP. XV.

He strikes no coin, 'tis true, but coins new phrases,
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded counters,
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in payment.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIX.

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and honor;
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,
Yet leave enough for age's chimney-corner;
But an thou grasp to it, farewell, Ambition!
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low rank above the churls
That till the earth for bread!

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXI.

Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw! he doth it not
Like one who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless
I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb
On one who was a master of defence.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXII.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIII.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIV.

I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Now, by Our Lady, Sheriff, 'tis hard reckoning,
That I, with every odds of birth and barony,
Should be detain'd here for the casual death
Of a wild forester, whose utmost having
Is but the brazen buckle of the belt
In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so;
But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,
'Tis the first fiend e'er counsell'd man to rise,
And win the bliss the spire himself had forfeited.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
Turning the hours of sport and food to labor,
Starving his body to inform his mind.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXII.

Then in my gown of sober gray
Along the mountain path I'll wander,
And wind my solitary way
To the sad shrine that courts me yonder.
There in the calm monastic shade
All injuries may be forgiven,
And there for thee, obdurate maid,
My orisons shall rise to Heaven.

*The Cruel Lady of the Mountain.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten thro' the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire—
Masters attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it!

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

It is not texts will do it. Church artillery
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,
And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.
Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate down,
Bid the starved soldiers banquet in your halls,
And quaff your long-saved hogsheads.—Turn them out
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your wall,
And they will venture for 't.

*Old Play.*

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## MOTTOES

FROM "THE ABBOT."

1820.

CHAP. V.

———In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd precious;
So prince and peer, mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favorites.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. VI.

Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis;
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery
Steeping thy curious humor in fat ale,
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chatting
With the glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—
These bear the key to each domestic mystery.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. VII.

When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town;
But when I am poor, they bid me gae by,
O, poverty parts good company.
*Old Song.*

CHAP. VIII.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk.
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!
*Rediviva.*

CHAP. IX.

Kneel with me—swear it—'tis not in words I trust,
Save when they're fenced with an appeal to heaven.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and all its mirthful then;
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odor;
It's very blast has mirth in't,—and the maidens,
The while they don their cloaks to screen their kirtles,
Laugh at the rain that wets them.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XII.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,
And holier than thou; and age and wisdom,
And holiness, have peremptory claim,
And will be listen'd to.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVI.

Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statlier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen;
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatches!
For the gambol and the jest,
Thou wert wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.
*Life, a Poem.*

CHAP. XVIII.

——The sky is clouded, Gaspard,
And the vext ocean sleeps a troubled sleep
Beneath a lurid gleam of parting sunshine.
Such slumber hangs o'er discontented lands,
While factious doubt, as yet if they have strength
To front the open battle.
*Albion, a Poem.*

CHAP. XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and life for,
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance
Which it presents in form and lineament.
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XX.

Now have you reft me from my staff, my guide,
Who taught my youth as men teach untamed falcons
To use my strength discreetly—I am reft
Of comrade and of counsel!
*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,
Coarse as you will the cooking.—Let the fresh spring
Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds,
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough,
To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—
Your prison-feast I like not.

*The Woodman, a Drama.*

CHAP. XXIV.

'Tis a weary life this——
Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,
And my sad hours spent with as sad companions,
Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own mischances,
Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

*The Woodman.*

CHAP. XXV.

And when Love's torch hath set the heart in flame,
Come Seignor Reason with his saws and cautions,
Giving such aid as the old gray-beard Sexton,
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
Against a conflagration.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

Yes, it is she whose eyes looked on thy childhood,
And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn of youth,
That now with these same eyeballs, dimm'd with age,
And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dishonor.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it:
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXVI.

He mounted himself on a coal black steed,
And her on a freckled gray,
With a buglet horn hung down from his side,
And roundly they rode away.

*Old Ballad.*

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## GOLDTHRED'S SONG.

1821.

Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest.
Then, tho' hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this scratch, till you swagger and screech,
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For, tho' hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

*Kenilworth*, chap. ii.

## SPEECH OF THE PORTER.*

1821.

What stir, what turmoil have we for the nones?
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones!
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw;
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have we here?
What dainty darling's this?—what peerless peer?
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,
My club, my key, my knee, my homage take!
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this!

*Kenilworth*, chap. xxx.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "KENILWORTH."

1821.

CHAP. III.

Nay, I'll hold touch:—the game shall be played out,
It ne'er shall stop for me, this merry wager;
That which I say when gamesome, I'll avouch
In my most sober mood, ne'er trust me else.

*The Hazard Table.*

CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters?—Here's a youth will try it—
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Says grace before he doth a deed of villainy,
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. V.

——He was a man
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his lodestar, and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passions.

*The Deceiver, a Tragedy.*

CHAP. VII.

——This is He
Who rides on the court-gale; controls its tides;
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies;
Whose frown abases, and whose smile exalts.
He shines like any rainbow—and perchance,
His colors are as transient.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

This is rare news thou tell'st me, my good fellow;
There are two bulls fierce battling on the green
For one fair heifer—if the one goes down,
The dale will be more peaceful, and the herd,
Which have small interest in their brulziement,
May pasture there in peace.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVII.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,
Heave aft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master—many a shoal

* Imitated from Gascoigne.

Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the Siren,
Who, like Ambition, lures men to their ruin.

*The Shipwreck.*

CHAP. XXV.

Hark! the bells summon, and the bugle calls,
But she the fairest answers not; the tide
Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,
But she the loveliest must in secret hide.
What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in the gleam
Of yon gay meteors lost that better sense,
That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,
And merit's modest blush o'er courtly insolence.

*The Glass Slipper.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the full can
Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—
Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight
To watch men's vices, since I have myself
Of virtue naught to boast of.—I'm a striker,
Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell, all.

*Pandæmonium.*

CHAP. XXX.

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she comes!—
Speak for us, bells—speak for us, shrill-tongued tuckets!
Stand to thy linstock, gunner; let the cannon
Play such a peal, as if a paynim foe
Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to storm the ramparts;
We will have pageants too—but that craves wit,
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.

*The Virgin-Queen, A Tragi-Comedy.*

CHAP. XXXII.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded by the hangman.
What then? Kings do their best,—and they and we
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Here stands the victim;—there the proud betrayer,—
E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs,
Lies at the hunter's feet—who courteous proffers
To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp blade,
To gash the sobbing throat.

*The Woodman.*

CHAP. XL.

High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows;
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

*Old Play.*

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## THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.*

1821.

I.

STERN eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,

* A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Uist under the name of the Song of the "Reim-kennar," tho' some call it the "Song of the Tempest."

Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Tho' thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Tho' the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

II.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the top-sail
That she had not vail'd to a royal armada.
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds.
The battled massive tower of the jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

III.

There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, when the dark-color'd dog is opening on his track:
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on the wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,
And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer;
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

IV.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair.
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions;
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength.
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye;
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armory of Odin.
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,—
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

"A long silence followed the last verse, until Norna resumed her chant, but with a changed and more soothing modulation of voice and tune."

V.

Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar.

*The Pirate*, chap. vi.

## CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG: "MARY."

1821.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave,
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,—
For the skiff of her lover—
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaidens sing them.
New sweetness they'll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there's one who will never
Believe them again.

O were there an island,
Tho' ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled—
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given;
And the hope would fix there,
That should anchor in heaven.

*The Pirate*, chap. xii.

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## THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.*

1821.

THE sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the midst the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling:—
"Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest on air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the ax uprears,
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armor clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing:—
"Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!

"Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number:
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.—
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

"Fatal Choosers† of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hall,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!"—

*The Pirate*, chap. xv.

* "THE bard [Halcro] chanted to a low, wild, monotonous air, varied only by the efforts of the singer to give interest and emphasis to particular passages, the following imitation of a northern war-song."

† The Valkyriur.

## SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

1821.

MERMAID.

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistering pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl;
Dwelling where the tempest's raving
Falls as light upon our ear,
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,
Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have plow'd such furrows on the sea,
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,
A hundred fathom deep below,
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
That drown each sound of war and woe.
Those who dwell beneath the sea
Love the sons of Thule well;
Thus, to aid your mirth bring we
Dance, and song, and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
Where your daring shallops row
Come to share the festal show.

*The Pirate*, chap. xvi.

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## NORNA'S SONG.

1821.

FOR leagues along the watery way,
Thro' gulf and stream my course has been;
The billows know my Runic lay,
And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—
The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still,
But human hearts, more wild than they,
Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,
To tell my woes,—and one alone;
When gleams this magic lamp 'tis here,—
When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear,—
To you I come to tell my tale,
Awake, arise, my tale to hear!

*The Pirate*, chap. xix.

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## NORNA AND TROLD.

1821.

NORNA.

DWELLERS of the mountain, rise,
Trold the powerful, Haims the wise!

Ye who taught weak woman's tongue
Words that sway the weak and strong,—
Ye who taught weak woman's hand
How to wield the magic wand,
And wake the gales on Foulah's steep,
Or lull wild Sumburg's waves to sleep!
Still are ye yet? Not yours the power
Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.
What are ye now but empty names,
Powerful Trold, sagacious Haims,
That lightly spoken, lightly heard,
Float on the ear like thistle's beard?

TROLD THE DWARF.

A thousand winters dark have flown
Since o'er the threshold of my stone
A votaress past, my power to own.
Visitor bold
Of the mansion of Trold,
Maiden haughty of heart,
Who hast hither presumed
Ungifted, undoom'd
Thou shalt not depart:—
The power thou dost covet
O'er tempest and wave,
Shall be thine, thou proud maiden,
By beach and by cave,—
By stack and by skerry, by noup and by voe,
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio*
And by every wild shore which the northern winds know
And the northern tides lave.
But tho' this shall be given thee, thou desperately brave.
I doom thee that never
The gift thou shalt have
Till thou reave thy life's giver
Of the gift which he gave.

* *Stack*, an insulated precipitous rock; *skerry*, a bare rocky islet; *noup*, a precipitous headland, sloping gently inland; *voe*, a salt inland lake; *air*, open sea beach; *helyer*, a cavern into which the sea flows; *gio*, a deep ravine.

NORNA.

Dark are thy words and severe,
Thou dweller in the stone;
But trembling and fear
To her are unknown,
Who hath sought thee here
In thy dwelling lone.
Come what comes soever,
The worst I can endure;
Life is but a short fever,
And death is the cure.

*The Pirate*, chap. xix.

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## CLAUD HALCRO AND NORNA.

1821.

CLAUD HALCRO.

MOTHER darksome, Mother dread,
Dweller on the Fitful Head,
Thou canst see what deeds are done
Under the never-setting sun.
Look thro' sleet, and look thro' frost,
Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—
By the ice-berg is a sail
Chasing of the swarthy whale;
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Tell us, has the good ship sped?

NORNA.

The thought of the aged is ever on gear,—
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer;
But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall tear his gray beard.
The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;—
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,
And gayly the garland is fluttering aloft;
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast;

Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—
Three for Burgh-Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread!
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,
That lives upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hacon's of the Golden Tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone?
Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORNA.

The infant loves the rattle's noise;
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;
But different far the descant rings,
As strikes a different hand the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky—
The imber-goose, unskill'd to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the imber-goose to play,
And haunt lone cove and silent bay;
The archer's aim so shall I shun—
So shall I 'scape the level'd gun—
Content my verses' tuneless jingle
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Soften'd by murmur of the sea,
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

* * * * * *

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
A gallant bark from far abroad,
Saint Magnus hath her in his road,
With guns and firelocks not a few—
A silken and a scarlet crew,
Deep stored with precious merchandise,
Of gold and goods of rare device—
What interest hath our comrade bold
In bark and crew, in goods and gold?

NORNA.

Gold is ruddy, fair and free,
Blood is crimson, and dark to see;
I look'd out on Saint Magnus Bay,
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey,
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,
And talons and singles are dripping with gore;—
Let him that asks after them look on his hand,
And if there is blood on't, he's one of their band.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful Head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask;—
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,
And weave a doom of gold and silk;—
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,
High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity;
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,
Ere down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROIL.

Mother, speak and do not tarry,
Here a maiden fain would marry;
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;
So pure, so free from earthly dye,
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;
But passion, like the wild March rain,
May soil the wreath with many a stain.
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—
A torrent fills the bed of stone,
That hurrying to destruction's shock,
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

*The Pirate*, chap, xxi.

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## SONG OF THE ZETLAND FISHERMEN.

1821.

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the haaf;
And we must have labor, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal!
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea;
And when twenty score fishes are straining our line,
Sing louder, brave birds, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we haul,
For the deeps of the haaf have enough for us all:
There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the haaf.
We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh;
For life without mirth is a lamp without oil;
Then mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!

*The Pirate*, chap. xxii.

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## CLEVELAND'S SERENADE.

1821.

LOVE wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Thro' groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While thro' the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling!

"HER lover, as if determined upon gaining her ear by music of another strain, sung the following fragment of a sea-ditty:"—

FAREWELL! farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you,
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,
Honor, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

*The Pirate*, chap. xxiii.

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## CLAUD HALCRO'S VERSES.

1821.

"A scrap of an old Norse ditty which might run thus in English:"—

AND you shall deal the funeral dole;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride;
Ay, deal them, mother mine;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine.

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime;
Thy body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time.

*The Pirate*, chap. xxiii.

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## CLAUD HALCRO'S INVOCATION.

1821.

"HALCRO began to conjure her in an ancient rhyme which occurred to him as suited to the occasion, and which had in its gibberish a wild and unearthly sound which may be lost in the ensuing translation:"—

ST. MAGNUS control thee, that martyr of treason;
St. Ronan rebuke thee with rhyme and with reason;
By the mass of St. Martin, the might of St. Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!
If of good, go hence and hallow thee;
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;
If thou'rt of air, let the gray mist fold thee;
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee,
If a pixie, seek thy ring;
If a nixie, seek thy spring;
If on middle earth thou'st been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
And dree'd the lot which men call life,
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of thee;
The worm, thy playfellow, wails for the want of thee.
Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee;
Till Michael shall blow the blast see that there thou bide thee!

Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,
Hence pass till Hallow-mass!—my spell is spoken!

---

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it day or night,
Be it by light or dark
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

---

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun hast kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

*The Pirate*, chap. xxiii.

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## NORNA'S RUNIC RHYME.

1821.

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
Who dar'd touch the wild bear's skin
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in?—
A woman now, or babe, may come
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not, with unhallowed tread,
To wake the slumbers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant relics bare;
But what I seek thou well canst spare.

Be it to my hand allow'd
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife—
Never, while thou wert in life,
Laid'st thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the cerements now I sever—
Waken now, or sleep forever!
Thou wilt not wake?—the deed is done!—
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee—
And while afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might
Of wild winds raging at their height,
When to thy place of slumber nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norna of the Fitful Head,
Mighty in her own despite,—
Miserable in her might;
In despair and frenzy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—
Well can keep the word she gives.

*The Pirate*, chap. xxv.

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## NORNA'S SPELLS.

1821.

"MUTTERING that the elemental spirit must be thanked [Norna], recited in her usual monotonous, yet wild mode of chanting, the following verses:—

THOU, so needful, yet so dread,
With cloudy crest, and wing of red—

Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death;
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurl'st proud palaces to earth,—
Brightest, keenest, of the Powers,
Which form and rule this world of ours,
With my rhyme of Runic, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

"She then severed a portion from the small mass of sheet lead which lay upon the table and, placing it in the crucible, subjected it to the action of the lighted charcoal, and, as it melted, she sung: "—

Old Reim-kennar, to thy art
Mother Hertha sends her part;
She, whose gracious bounty gives
Needful food for all that lives.
From the deep mine of the North
Came the mystic metal forth,
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,
Long to cere a champion's bones,
Disinhumed my charms to aid—
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

"She then poured out some water from the jar into a large cup or goblet, and sung once more, as she slowly stirred it round with the end of her staff: "—

Girdle of our islands dear,
Element of Water, hear!
Thou whose power can overwhelm
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm
On the lowly Belgian strand;
All thy fiercest range can never
Of our soil a furlong sever
From our rock-defended land;
Play then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Norna's art.

"She then, with a pair of pincers removed the crucible from the chafing-dish, and poured the lead, now entirely melted, into the bowl of water, repeating at the same time: "—

Elements, each other greeting,
Gifts and power attend your meeting:

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE WINDS.

Thou, that over billows dark,
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,
Giving him a path and motion
Thro' the wilderness of ocean;
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy,—
Didst thou chafe as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair.
Oft thy breath hath thro' it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue,—
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly
Thro' the wide expanse of sky,
Mid the countless swarms to sail
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;
Take thy portion and rejoice,—
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

"She selected from the fused metal a piece about the size of a small nut, bearing in shape a close resemblance to that of the human heart, and approaching Minna, again spoke in song: "—

She who sits by haunted well,
Is subject to the Nixie's spell;
She who walks on lonely beach,
To the Mermaid's charmed speech;
She who walks round ring of green,
Offends the peevish fairy Queen;
And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's cave,
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,
Minna Troil has braved all this and more;
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill,
A source that's more deep and more mystical still.—

Thou art within a demon's hold,
More wise than Haims, more strong than Trold.
No siren sings so sweet as he,—
No fay springs lighter on the lea;
No elfin power hath half the art,
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,—
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
Drench the eye and dry the vein.
Maiden, ere we farther go,
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word,
look, and sign;
Speak on with thy riddle—to read
it be mine.

NORNA.

Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the color to thy cheek.
This laden heart, so light of cost,
The symbol of a treasure lost,
Thou shalt wear in hope and in
peace,
That the cause of your sickness and
sorrow may cease,
When crimson foot meets crimson
hand
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Ork-
ney land.

"She knotted the leaden heart to a chain of gold and hung it around Minna's neck, singing, as she performed that last branch of the spell:"—

Be patient, be patient; for Patience
hath power
To ward us in danger, like mantle
in shower;
A fairy gift you best may hold
In a chain of fairy gold;—
The chain and the gift are each a
true token,
That not without warrant old
Norna has spoken;
But thy nearest and dearest must
never behold them,
Till time shall accomplish the
truths I have told them.

*The Pirate*, chap. xxviii.

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## BRYCE SNAILFOOT'S SIGN.

1821.

"THE sign bore on the opposite side an emblematic device, resembling our first parents in their vegetable garments, with this legend."—

POOR sinners whom the snake de-
ceives
Are fain to cover them with leaves.

Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,
Because that trees are none or few;
But we have flax and taits of woo'*
For linen cloth and wadmaal† blue;
And we have many of foreign
knacks
Of finer waft than woo' or flax.
Ye gallanty Lambmas lads, appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters
here;
Bryce Snailfoot spares not cost or
care
To pleasure every gentle pair.

*The Pirate*, chap. xxxii.

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## FRAGMENT OF A SEA-DITTY.

1821.

ROBIN Rover
Said to his crew:—
"Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue!
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below!"

*The Pirate*, chap. xxxii.

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## DICK FLETCHER'S DITTY.

1821.

IT was a ship, and a ship of fame,
Launch'd off the stocks, bound for
the main,
With a hundred and fifty brisk
young men,
All pick'd and chosen every one.

Captain Glen was our Captain's
name,
A very gallant and brisk young
man,
As bold a sailor as e'er went to sea;
And we were bound for high Bar-
bary!

*The Pirate*, chap. xxxvi.

* Tufts of wool.

† Wadmaal, vadmel; homespun woolen cloth of which the Norwegian peasantry make their clothes.

## MOTTOES.

### FROM "THE PIRATE."

#### CHAP. II.

'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him.

*Ancient Drama.*

#### CHAP. III.

O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lassies;
They biggit a house on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I looed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
Have garr'd my fancy falter.

*Scots Song.*

#### CHAP. IV.

This is no pilgrim's morning—yon gray mist
Lies upon hill and dale, and field and forest,
Like the dun wimple of a new-made widow;
And by my faith, although my heart be soft,
I'd rather hear that widow weep and sigh,
And tell the virtues of the dear departed,
Than, when the tempest send his voice abroad,
Be subject to its fury.

*The Double Nuptials.*

#### CHAP. V.

The wind blew keen frae north and east;
It blew upon the floor.
Quo' our good man to our good wife:—
"Get up and bar the door."
"My hand is in my housewifeskep,
Good man, as ye may see;
If it shouldna be barr'd this hundred years
It's no be barr'd for me."

*Old Song.*

#### CHAP. VII.

She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;
Engulfing those she strangles, her wild womb
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. IX.

This is a gentle trader, and a prudent;—
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness;
But seasons all his glittering merchandise
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XI.

——All your ancient customs
And long-descended usages, I'll change.
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do.
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation;
The bride shall have the stock, the groom the wall;
For all old practice will I turn and change,
And call it reformation—marry will I!

*'Tis Even that we're at Odds.*

CHAP. XIV.

We'll keep our customs;—what is law itself,
But old establish'd custom? What religion
(I mean, with one-half of the men that use it),
Save the good use and wont that carries them
To worship how and where their fathers worship'd?
All things resolve in custom;—we'll keep ours.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIII.

There was shaking of hands, and sorrow of heart,
For the hour was approaching when merry folks must part;
So we called for our horses, and asked for our way.
While the jolly old landlord said, "Nothing's to pay."

*Lilliput, a Poem.*

CHAP. XXIX.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel
When sweetheart shall be kind, or when cross dame shall die;
Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tankard,
And how the pestilent murrain may be cured.
This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend;
Yet, in her madness hath the art and cunning
To wring fool's secrets from their inmost bosoms,
And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,
Seen by the curtal friar, who, from some christening,
Or some blithe bridal, hies belated cell-ward;—
He starts, and changes his bold bottle swagger
To churchman's pace professional,—and, ransacking
His treacherous memory for some holy hymn,
Finds but the roundel of the midnight catch.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXII.

I strive like the vessel in the tide-way,
Which, lacking favoring breeze, hath not the power
To stem the powerful current.—Even so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habits, strong circumstance, renewed temptation,
Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,
Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,
Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without thee!

*'Tis Odds when Evens meet.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Parental love, my friend, has power o'er wisdom,
And is the charm, which, like the falconer's lure,
Can bring from heaven the highest soaring spirits.—
So, when famed Prosper doff'd his magic robe,
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer,
The fierce threat answering to the brutal jeer;

Oaths fly like pistol shots, and vengeful words
Clash with each other like conflicting swords.
The robbers' quarrel by such sounds is shown,
And true men have some chance to gain their own.
*Captivity, a Poem.*

CHAP. XXXVII.

Over the mountains, and under waves,
Over the fountains, and under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way
*Old Song.*

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## ON ETTRICK FOREST'S MOUNTAINS DUN.*

1822.

On Ettrick Forest's mountains dun
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where gray-hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles thro' the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
Oh high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's † lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel;
While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair!

---

## FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.‡

1822.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening thro' woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know

* Written after the poet had been engaged in a week's shooting and fishing with friends.

† *Alywn*, the seat of the Lord Somerville.

‡ Written during illness for Mr. George Thomson's Scottish Collection.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain.
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

---

## THE MAID OF ISLA.

AIR—*The Maid of Isla.*

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

1822.

OH, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?

Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's Maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams thro' mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;—
Where clouds are dark, and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
Oh, Maid of Isla, 'tis her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's Maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

---

## CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.*

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

1822.

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South;
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing
Carle, now the King's come!

* An imitation of an old Jacobite ditty, written on the arrival of George IV. in Scotland, August, 1822, and printed as a broadside.

Auld England held him lang and fast ;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast ;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come !

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,
Thought never to have seen the day ;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come !

She's skirling frae the castle-hill ;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—
Carle, now the King's come !

"Up, bairns !" she cries, "baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw !
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the metal of your sires—
Carle, now the King's come !

"You're welcome hame, my Montagu ! *
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch ;
I'm missing some that I may rue—
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day ;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, premier Duke,† and carry doun
Frae yonder crag his ancient croun ;
It's had a lang sleep an' a soun'—
But, Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a cloud ;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood,—
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath,
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death ;
Come, Clerk, ‡ and give your bugle breath ;
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids,
Come, Roseberry, from Dalmeny shades,
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids,
Carle, now the King's come !

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew ;
We have o'er few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King's come !

"King Arthur's grown a common crier :
He's heard in Fife and far Cantire,—

* Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of Buccleuch, placed His Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Majesty's disposal during his visit to Scotland.

† The Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Angus, the premier duke of Scotland. He carried the ancient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's procession from Holyrood to the castle. "Yonder craig" is the castle.

‡ The Baron of Pennycuik, bound by his tenure to meet the sovereign whenever he or she visits Edinburgh at the Harestone (in which the standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped on the Borough muir), and there blow three blasts on a horn.

'Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!'
Carle, now the King's come!

"Saint Abb roars out: 'I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass!'
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—
Carle, now the King's come!"

The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman * help'd her to a dram.—
Cogie, now the King's come!

Cogie, now the King's come!
Cogie, now the King's come!
I'se be fou and ye's be toom,†
Cogie, now the King's come!

PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,
Heised up Auld Reekie's heart, I trow.
It minded her of Waterloo—
Carle, now the King's come!

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,
It drown'd Saint Giles's jowing bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There's waur than you been made a knight‡—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My reverend Clergy, look ye say
The best of thanksgivings ye ha'e,
And warstle for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' the town without a fee;
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea,—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn,
That dings on wood or clanks on airn,
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirn—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forward with the Blanket Blue,§
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Scots downa loup, and rin and rave,
We're steady folks and something grave,
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave,
Carle, now the King's come!

"Sir Thomas, ‖ thunder from your rock,
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Melville, bring out your bands of blue,
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—
Carle, now the King's come!

* The landlord of the Waterloo Hotel.

† Empty.

‡ The Lord Provost had the agreeable surprise of hearing his health proposed, at the civic banquet given to George IV. in the Parliament House, as "Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart."

§ A Blue Blanket is the standard of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh.

‖ Sir Thomas Bradford, then commander of the forces in Scotland.

¶ Lord Melville, Colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry; Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., major; Robert Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, captain in the same corps in which Sir Walter Scott had formerly been quarter-master.

"And you, who on yon bluidy braes
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise,
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Greys *—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa?
Ah! wae's my heart that ye're awa'—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistols at their belts:
Thank God, we've still some plaids and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonnel's ta'en the field himsel',
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Bend up your bow each Archer spark,
For you're to guard him light and dark;
Faith, lads, for ance ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol, † take the sword of state,
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate; ‡
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set,
But dinna be upon the fret—
Ye'se hae the handsel of him yet,
Carle, now the King's come!

"My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew,
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—
Carle, now the King's come!

"What shall we do for the propine—
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Deil care—for that I'se never start,
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he's get a part—
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him mason-work this day—
Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time's away—
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?
Carle, now the King's come!

"Step out, Sir John,§ of projects rife,
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,
And bring him health and length of life—
Carle, now the King's come!"

* The Scots Greys, of whom General Sir James Stewart of Coltness, Bart., was commander. Napoleon said of them at Waterloo: *Ces beaux chevaux gris, comme ils travaillent!*

† The earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland.

‡ In more correct Gaelic autography, Benamhorar-chat, Female Lord of the Chatte, or Great Lady of the Cat, the Keltic title of the Countess of Sutherland, whose cognizance was a wild cat.

§ Sir John Sinclair, Bart., author of "The Code of Health and Longevity," and father of the celebrated writer, Catherine Sinclair.

## RHYMES OF ALSATIA.

1822.

I.

THE CLAIMING OF PRIVILEGE.

YOUR suppliant, by name
Nigel Graham,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap,
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briars,
His freedom to sue
And rescue by you,
Thro' weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tip-staff's wand
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

II.

THE OATH.

By spigot and barrel,
By bilboe and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
Of the blades of the huff.
For Whitefriars and its claims
To be champion or martyr,
And to fight for its Dames
Like a Knight of the Garter.

III.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY.

From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant,
From the watchmen who skip
On the harman-beck's errand; *
From the Bailiff's cramp speech
That makes man a thrall,
I charm thee from each
And I charm thee from all
Thy freedom's complete
As a blade of the huff,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuff'd and to cuff;
To stride, swear, and swagger,
To drink till you stagger,
To stare and to stab,
And to brandish your dagger
In the cause of your drab;
To walk wool-ward in winter,
Drink brandy, and smoke,
And go fresco in summer
For want of a cloak;
To eke out your living
By the wag of your elbow,
By falham and gourd
And by baring of bilboe;
To live by your shifts
And to swear by your honor
Are the freedom and gifts
Of which I am the donor.

*The Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xvii.

* Constable.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL."

1822.

CHAP. I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,
And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,
Where, such the splendors that attend him,
His very mother scarce had kenned him.
His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold,
His backsword with the iron hilt,
To rapier fairly hatched and gilt;
Was ever seen a gallant braver?
His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

*The Reformation.*

CHAP. II.

This, Sir, is one among the Seignory,
Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,
And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon them.

*The Old Couple.*

CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oft-
times craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb: and
your citizen,
In's grogram suit, gold chain, and
well-blacked shoes,
Bears under his flat cap ofttimes a
brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap
and feather,
Or seethes within the statesman's
velvet nightcap.

*Read me my Riddle.*

CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;
There are silks and jewels glisten-
ing,
Prattling fools and wise men listen-
ing,
Bullies among brave men justling,
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;
Low-breathed talkers, minion
lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers;
Wherefore come ye not to court?
Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

*Skelton Skeltonizeth.*

CHAP. VI.

O, I do know him, 'tis the moldy
lemon
Which our court wits will wet their
lips withal,
When they would sauce their
honied conversation
With somewhat sharper flavor.—
Marry, sir,
That virtue's well-nigh left him—
all the juice
That was so sharp and poignant, is
squeezed out;
While the poor rind, although as
sour as ever,
Must season soon the draff we give
our grunters,
For two-legged things are weary
on't.

*The Chamberlain, a Comedy.*

CHAP. VII.

Things needful we have thought
on; but the thing
Of all most needful—that which
Scripture terms,
As if alone it merited regard,
The ONE thing needful—that's yet
unconsidered.

*The Chamberlain.*

CHAP. VIII.

Ay! mark the matron well; and
laugh not, Harry,
At her old steeple-hat and velvet
guard.
I've call'd her like the ear of Dion-
ysius;
I mean that ear-form'd vault, built
on his dungeon
To catch the groan and discontented
murmurs
Of his poor bondsmen.—Even so
doth Martha
Drink up, for her own purpose, all
that passes,
Or is supposed to pass, in this wide
city—
She can retail it too, if that her
profit
Shall call on her to do so; and
retail it
For your advantage, so that you
can make
Your profit jump with hers.

*The Conspiracy.*

CHAP. XII.

——This is the very barnyard,
Where muster daily the prime
cocks o' the game,
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they
are hoarse,
And spar about a barleycorn. Here,
too, chickens,
The callow, unfledged brood of for-
ward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and
aim the spur,
And tune their note like full-plumed
Chanticleer.

*The Bear Garden.*

CHAP. XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feathered hook,
Then strike, and then you have him.—He will wince;
Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—
Marry! you must have patience.—The stout rock
Which is his trust, hath edges something sharp;
And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge enough
To mar your fishing—'less you are more careful.

*Albion, or the Double Kings.*

CHAP. XIV.

Bingo, why, Bingo! hey, boy—here, sir, here—
He's gone and off, but he'll be home before us;—
'Tis the most wayward cur e'er mumbled bone,
Or dogged a master's footsteps.—Bingo loves me
Better than beggar ever loved his alms;
Yet when he takes such humor, you may coax
Sweet Mistress Fantasy, your worship's mistress,
Out of her sullen moods, as soon as Bingo.

*The Dominie and his Dog.*

CHAP. XV.

'Twas when fleet Snowball's head was woxen gray,
A luckless leveret met him on his way,—
Who knows not Snowball — he whose race renowned
Is still victorious on each coursing ground?
Swaffham, Newmarket, and the Roman camp
Have seen them victors o'er each meaner stamp.—
In vain the youngling sought with doubling wile
The hedge, the hill, the thicket, or the stile.
Experience sage the lack of speed supplied,
And in the gap he sought, the victim died.
So was I once, in thy fair street, Saint James,
Through walking cavaliers, and car-borne dames,
Descried, pursued, turned o'er again and o'er,
Coursed, coted, mouthed by an unfeeling bore.

*Etc., etc., etc.*

CHAP. XVI.

Give way—give way—I must and will have justice!
And tell me not of privilege and place;
Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.
Look to it, every one who bars my access;
I have a heart to feel the injury,
A hand to right myself, and, by my honor,
That hand shall grasp what gray-beard Law denies me.

*The Chamberlain.*

CHAP. XVII.

Come hither, young one — Mark me! Thou art now
'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputation
More than by constant income.—Single-suited
They are, I grant you; yet each single suit
Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand followers—
And they be men, who, hazarding their all,
Needful apparel, necessary income,
And human body, and immortal soul.
Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—

So strictly is that ALL bound in reversion;
Clothes to the broker, income to the usurer,—
And body to disease, and soul to the foul fiend;
Who laughs to see soldadoes and fooladoes,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

*The Mohocks.*

CHAP. XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle!
This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seem'd to bear the burden.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mt. Ararat,—
False men hath sworn, and woman hath believed,
Repented, and reproach'd, and then believed once more.

*The New World.*

CHAP. XXI.

Rove not from pole to pole; the man lives here
Whose razor's edge's only equal'd by his beer;
And where in either sense the Cockney-put
May, if he pleases, get confounded *cut*.

*On the Sign of an Ale-House kept by a Barber.*

CHAP. XXII.

Chance will not do the work.—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIII.

SWASH-BUCKLER. Bilboe's the word.
PIERROT. It hath been spoke too often,
The spell hath lost its charm;—I tell thee, friend,
The meanest cur that walks the streets will turn
And snarl against your proffer'd bastinado.
SWASH-BUCKLER. 'Tis art shall do it, then. I will dose the mongrels,
Or, in plain terms, I'll use the private knife
'Stead of the brandish'd falchion.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIV.

This is the time—heaven's maiden-sentinel
Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser spangles
Are paling one by one; give me the ladder
And the short lever;—bid Anthony
Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate;
And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,
For we will in and do it. Darkness like this
Is dawning of our fortunes.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,

From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooses all our favorite ties on earth;
And well if they are such as may be answer'd
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream —we stun not
Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry;
Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks
With voice of flute and horn;—we do not seek
On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom
To glide in silent safety.

*The Double Bridal.*

CHAP. XXVII.

This way lie safety and a sure retreat,
Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.
Most welcome danger, then. Nay, let me say,
Tho' spoke with swelling heart,—welcome e'en shame,
And welcome punishment; for, call me guilty,
I do but pay the tax that's due to justice;
And call me guiltless, then that punishment
Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.

*The Tribunal.*

CHAP. XXIX.

How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the lesson—
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood!
Here's a red stream beneath his coarse blue doublet,
That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXV.

We are not worse at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and religion too—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

*Old Play.*

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## THE BANNATYNE CLUB.*

1823.

I.

Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.

* This Club was founded in 1822 for the publication or reprint of rare and curious works connected with the history and antiquities of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott was its first president, and wrote these verses for the anniversary dinner of March 1823.

One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

II.

And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright Evergreen;
Two light little volumes (intended for four)
Still leaves us the task to print one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

III.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out, or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

IV.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
And weigh'd every letter in critical scales,
But left out some brief words, which the prudish abhor,
And castrated Banny in one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more.
We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume more.

V.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concern'd
I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd;
He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed the Claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Kelt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

VI.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar;
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.
But one volume more, my friends one volume more,
We'll dine on roast beef and print one volume more.

VII.

The stout Gothic yeditur next on the roll,
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal,
And honest Graysteel that was true to the core,*
Lent their hearts, and their hands each to one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

VIII.

Since by these single champions what wonders were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One;
Law, Gospel, and Commerce we count in our corps,
And the Trade and the Press join for one volume more.
One volume more, etc.

IX.

Ancient libels and contraband books I assure ye,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee and let them count o'er
The Chiels they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, etc.

* "The stout Gothic yeditur" was James Sibbold; the nick-name was bestowed upon him by Lord Eldin, then Mr. John Clerk. David Herd, editor of "Songs and Historical Ballads," was called Graysteel from having been long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that name.

X

They'll produce you King Jamie the sapient and Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more.

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## MOTTOES.

### FROM "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."

1823.

CHAP. II.

WHY, then, we will have bellowing of beeves,
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of John-a-Barley-corn!

*Old Play.*

CHAP. III.

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths;
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth!

*Old Play.*

CHAP. IV.

No, sir,—I will not pledge;—I'm one of those
Who think good wine needs neither bush nor preface
To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on't.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,
Nor jailer than myself.

*The Captain.*

CHAP. IX.

BESSUS. 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?
GENTLEMEN. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*King and No King.*

CHAP. XVI.

ASCASTO. Can she not speak?
OSWALD. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb;
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning,
Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVII.

This is a love meeting? See, the maiden mourns,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There's more hath pass'd between them than belongs
To Love's sweet sorrows.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIX.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates, and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,
Like lass that wooes a lover.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb;
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving
Like any courtier at the ordinary.

*The Ordinary.*

CHAP. XXIII.

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said :—"Awa, awa!
The House of Rhodes is all on flame,
I hauld it time to ga'!"

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,
Which glide and sigh, and sign, and move their lips,
But make no sound; or, if they utter voice,
'Tis but a low and undistinguished moaning,
Which has nor word nor sense of uttered sound.

*The Chieftain.*

CHAP. XXV.

The course of human life is changeful still,
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;
Or, like the light dance which the wild breeze weaves
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
Such, and so varied, the precarious play
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Necessity — thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention—
Help us to composition!

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXVII.

——This is some creature of the elements
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and whistle
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is loudest,
Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam
Of the wild wave-crest, slumber in the calm,
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,
An arrant gull, with all this.

*The Chieftain.*

CHAP. XXXI.

I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail. Pray look on him,
But at a wary distance; rouse him not;
He bays not till he worries.

*The Black Dog of Newgate.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

"Speak not of niceness when there's chance of wreck,"
The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck
To see the dying dolphin flap the deck;
"If we go down, on us these gentry sup;
We dine upon them, if we haul them up.

Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
As the devil laughs when the keen folks cheat the cheaters."

*The Sea Voyage.*

CHAP. XLIV.

And some for safety took the dreadful leap;
Some for the voice of Heaven seemed calling on them;
Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—
I leaped in frolic.

*The Dream.*

CHAP. XLV.

High feasting was there there—the gilded roofs
Rung to the wassail-health — the dancer's step
Sprung to the chord responsive—the gay gamester
To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,
And laughed alike when it increased or lessened;
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience
Which schoolmen preach in vain.

*Why come ye not to Court?*

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## COUNTY GUY.

1823.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals thro' the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

*Quentin Durward*, chap. iv.

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## PARAPHRASE FROM "ORLANDO FURIOSO."

1823.

Some better bard shall sing in feudal state
How Braquemont's Castle oped its Gothic gate,
When on the wandering Scot its lovely heir
Bestow'd her beauty and an earldom fair.

*Quentin Durward*, chap. xxxvii.

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## MOTTOES.

FROM "QUENTIN DURWARD."

CHAP. III.

Full in the midst a mighty pile arose,
Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose
To each invading step, and strong and steep
The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.
Slow round the fortress rolled the sluggish stream,
And high in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. VII.

*Justice of Peace.* Here, hand me down the statute—read the articles—
Swear, kiss the book—subscribe, and be a hero;
Drawing a portion from the public stock

For deeds of valor to be done hereafter—
Sixpence per day, subsistence and arrears.

*The Recruiting Officer.*

CHAP. XI.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?
Or is his sight warped by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers lend him,
That he may look through them on lands and mansions,
On jewels, gold, and all such rich dotations,
And see their value ten times magnified?—
Methinks 'twill brook a question.

*The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

CHAP. XII.

This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favor'd land
Of art and nature—thou art still before me:
Thy sons, to whom their labor is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven-locks. But, favor'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XV.

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
And one descended from those dread magicians,
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,
With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod
With his the sons of Levi's—and encountering
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XVI.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

*The Conquest of Granada.**

CHAP. XXIV.

Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your captive;
Deal with me what your nobleness suggests—
Thinking the chance of war may one day place you
Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll
Of melancholy prisoners.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXV.

No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;

* It will be remembered that when Scott was about fifteen he wrote a poem in four books, entitled "The Conquest of Granada," but immediately burned it. The lines may be a reminiscence of the lost poem.

I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, driveling idiocy
Had well-nigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught in them.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

When Princes meet, astrologers may mark it
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIX.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier. —Gentle maiden,
Keep you your promise plight—leave age its subtleties,
And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;
But be you candid as the morning sky,
Ere the high sun sucks vapors up to stain it.

*The Trial.*

## MOTTOES.

FROM "ST. RONAN'S WELL."

1823.

CHAP. III.

THERE must be government in all society:
Bees have their Queen, and stagherds have their leader;
Rome had her consuls, Athens had her archons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.

*The Album of St. Ronan's.*

CHAP. IX.

We meet as shadows in the land of dreams
Which speak not but in signs.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. X.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
Thou art of those, who better help their friends
With sage advice, than usurers with gold,
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee,
For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.

*The Devil hath met his Match.*

CHAP. XI.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which nature bound at birth.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Oh! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,
The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake your purpose:
For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor
Hath ta'en degrees in the seven sciences
The ladies love best—He is young and noble,
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and liberal.

*The Nun.*

CHAP. XXXII.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime — the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the specter!

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

On the lee-beam lies the land, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.

*The Storm.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the storm?
For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sorrows.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIX.

Here come we to our close—for that which follows
Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.
Steep crags and headlong linns may court the pencil
Like sudden haps, dark plots and strange adventures;
But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt moor,
In its long tract of sterile desolation?

*Old Play.*

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## EPILOGUE.

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON ST. RONAN'S WELL."

1824.

"AFTER the play, the following humorous address (ascribed to an eminent literary character) was spoken with infinite effect by Mr. Mackay in the character of MEG DODS."—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal 9th June, 1824.*

*Enter* MEG DODS, *encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a Town's Officer is driving off.*

THAT'S right, friend—drive the gaitlings back,
And lend yon muckle ane a whack;
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack
Sae proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would been scaur'd
Wi' the Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,
Or may be wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing*—
The Water-hole† was right well wared
On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth‡ gane now?
Whar's the auld Claught, § wi' red and blue?

* James Laing, head of the Edinburgh Police at that time, and a constant terror to evil-doers.

† Watch-hole.

‡ The Tolbooth was the great Edinburgh Jail, pulled down in 1817.

§ The Claught was the old Town Guard.

Whar's Jamie Laing? and whar's John Doo?*
And whar's the Weigh-house?
Deil hae't I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse.

Your sells are changed frae head to heel;
There's some that gar the causeway reel;
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canterin',
Wha's fathers daunder'd hame as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.

Mysell being in the public line,
I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,
And eat cheap dinners;
But deil a soul gangs there to dine,
Of saunts or sinners!

Fortune's† and Hunter's gane, alas!
And Bayle's is lost in empty space;
And now, if folk would splice a brace,
Or crack a bottle,
They gang to a new-fangled place
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg.
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,
That if ye're served but wi' an egg,
(And that's puir pickin',)
In comes a chiel, and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

"And wha may ye be," gin ye speer,
"That brings your auld-warld clavers here!"
Troth, if there's onybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,
He kens Meg Dods.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
And, since I see you're in a hurry,
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,
But be sae crouse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray,
That keeps this house.‡

Plays are auld-fashion'd things in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth,
Or want of dramock,
Although they speak but wi' their mouth,
Not with their stamock.

But ye take care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae stooden sentry
Ower this big house (that's far frae rent free),
For a lone sister,
Is claim as gude's to be a ventri§—
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude-e'en, and have a care
The bairns make fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair,
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie.

* John Doo or Dhu, one of the Guard or Police.

† Fortune's, Hunter's, and Bayle's were taverns.

‡ The Edinburgh Theatre.

§ An allusion to the recent performances of Alexandre, the ventriloquist.

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## COWLEY'S CATCH AMPLIFIED.

1824.

For all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;—

As they went to the ferry
They were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking.

Jack look'd at the sun and cried
"Fire! fire! fire!"
Tom startled his Keffel in Birkendale mire;

Jem started a calf and halloo'd for a stag;
Will mounted a gate-port instead of his nag;—

For all of our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking;

There were three men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;—

As they went to the ferry
They were very very merry,
For all our men were drinking.
*Redgauntlet*, Letter x.

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## CONSOLATION.

1824.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.
*Redgauntlet*, chap. ix.

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## TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH.

1824.

"Maidæ Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida!
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."
See *Life of Scott.*

"DEAR JOHN,—I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat Worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis;*
But that several Southrons assured me the *januam*
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cranium.
You, perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Berguer,
In defense of our blunder appears a stout arguer;
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these clatters,
By a *rowt* in the papers—fine place for such matters.
I have, therefore, to make it for once my command, sir,
That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in my hand, sir,
And by no means accomplish what James says you threaten,
Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-Latin.
I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir,
For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd, sir.
Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against your advising
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in;
For you modestly hinted my English translation
Would become better far such a dignified station.
Second—how, in God's name, would my bacon be saved,
By not having writ what I clearly engraved?
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better
To be whipped as the thief, than his lousy resetter.
Thirdly—don't you perceive that I don't care a boodle,
Although fifty false metres were flung at my noodle,
For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlomon's,
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the Romans;
Whereas the said heathens might rather look serious
At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Valerius.
And, fourthly and lastly—it is my good pleasure

To remain the sole source of that murderous measure.
So *stet pro ratione voluntas*—be tractile.
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl,
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our intercourse.
To-morrow will see me in town for the winter-course,
But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to devour, sir.
Ergo—peace!—on your duty, your squeamishness throttle,
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny third bottle.
A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and dominie Grundys;
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and west, sir,
Speates and raxes * ere five for a famishing guest, sir;
And as Fatsman † and I have some topics for haver, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Peveril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne, you a
Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your *Janua*.

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## LINES.

ADDRESSED TO

## MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, ‡

THE CELEBRATED VENTRILOQUIST.

1824.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you*? who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood you last night show'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth!
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead implement, too,
A workshop in your person,—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot Act, and bid you disperse.

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## LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

*June*, 1825.

"The rapid accumulation of books and MSS. for the life of Napoleon was at once flattering and alarming: and one of his notes to me, about the middle of June, had these rhymes by way of postcript:—"

When with Poetry dealing
Room enough in a shieling;
Neither cabin nor hovel
Too small for a novel:
Tho' my back I should rub
On Diogenes' tub,

* See *Scott's Essays*.

† A nickname for James Ballantyne.

‡ "When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host and the other visitors with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with this epigram." The lines were published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1824.

QUEEN OF HEAVEN
LIBRARY
DENVER, COLO.

How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance!
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdignag chap,
Ere I grappe, God bless me! with Emperor Nap.

LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott.*

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## SOLDIER, WAKE.

1825.

I.

SOLDIER, wake — the day is peeping,
Honor ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From ax and armor, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.

Arm and up — the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falconer to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake — thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

III.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

*The Betrothed*, chap. xiv.

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## SONGS FROM "THE BETROTHED."

### THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

1825.

I.

WOMAN'S faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

II.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

*The Betrothed*, chap. xx.

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## A WELSH LAY.

1825.

I asked of my harp, "Who hath injured thy cords?"
And she replied, "The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune."
A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;
The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,
"Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-brand?" —
"I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood."
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I asked the green oak of the assembly, "Wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag?"
And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroys armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

*The Betrothed*, chap. xxxi.

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## MOTTOES.

### FROM "THE BETROTHED."

#### CHAP. II.

In Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clangor hurried far;
Each hill and dale the note rebounds,
But when return the sons of war!
Thou, born of stern Necessity,
Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway.

*Welsh Poem.*

#### CHAP. VII.

O, sadly shines the morning sun
On leagur'd castle wall,
When bastion, tower, and battlement,
Seem nodding to their fall.

*Old Ballad.*

#### CHAP XII.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,
And ladies of England that happy would prove,
Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

*Family Quarrels.*

#### CHAP. XIII.

Too much rest is rust,
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tyne by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging.

*Old Song.*

#### CHAP XVII.

Ring out the merry bell, the bride approaches;
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the morning,
For that is dawning palely. Grant, good saints,
These clouds betoken naught of evil omen!

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XX.

The king call'd down his merry men all
By one and by two and three;
Earl Marshal was wont to be the foremost one,
But the hindermost man was he.

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XXVII.

*Julia.* ———Gentle sir,
You are our captive—but we'll use you so,
That you shall think your prison joys may match
Whate'er your liberty hath known of pleasure.
*Roderick.* No, fairest, we have trifled here too long;
And, lingering to see your roses blossom,
I've let my laurels wither.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

Oh, fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I would you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt,
Which Nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, all ye sacred powers,
Ye lights that 'gin to shine
This night shall prove the sacred tie
That binds your faith and mine.

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## AHRIMAN.

1825.

Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine?

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!

Or, if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern Magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey?

Or art thou mixt in Nature's source,
An ever operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate
Contending with our better fate,
And, oh! victorious still?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain,
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet knives
To tools of death and war.—

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rul'st the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended Then?

*The Talisman*, chap. iii.

## TO THE ARCH-DUKE OF AUSTRIA.

1825.

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces,
Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
Highest head and fairest feather.
*Hoch lebe Herzog Leopold!*

Ask not Austria why mid princes
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle
Why to heaven he soars the nighest!

*The Talisman*, chap. xi.

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## SONG OF BLONDEL.—THE BLOODY VEST.

1825.

'TWAS near the fair city of Benevent
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas à Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armorer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honor of Saint John and his lady fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
"She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is back'd by his high chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head,
"Fling aside the good armor in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread:
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is shed,
And bring honor away, or remain with the dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kiss'd:
"Now blest be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honor'd do I hold me in my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed drest,
To the best arm'd champion I will not vail my crest;
But if I live and bear me well 'tis her turn to take the test."
Here, gentles, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honor, and losing of seats—
There was hewing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel;
And 'twas he whose sole armor on body and breast,
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when boune for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight, and forbore.
"It is some oath of honor," they said, "and I trow
'Twere unknightly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And deliver'd a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and pierced through;
All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud,
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

"This token my master, Sir Thomas à Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent.
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;
Thro' life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown:
For she who prompts knight on such danger to run,
Much avouch his true service in front of the sun.

"'I restore,' says my master, 'the garment I've worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, tho' crimson'd with gore.'"
Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she and prest
The blood-spotted robe to her lips and her breast.
"Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show,
If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmear'd night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels she wore,
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink:

And the Prince, who in anger and shame had look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown :—
"Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and guilt,
E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou has spilt:
Yet sore for thy boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood :—
"The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine;
And if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."

*The Talisman*, chap. xxvi.

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## MOTTOES.

### FROM "THE TALISMAN."

#### CHAP. VI.

Now change the scene and let the trumpets sound,
For we must rouse the lion from his lair.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP IX.

This is the Prince of Leeches; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him,
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

*Anonymous.*

#### CHAP. XIII.

You talk of Gayety and Innocence!
The moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,
They parted ne'er to meet again; and Malice
Has ever since been playmate to light Gayety,
From the first moment when the smiling infant
Destroys the flower or butterfly he toys with,
To the last chuckle of the dying miser,
Who on his deathbed laughs his last to hear
His wealthy neighbor has become a bankrupt.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XVI.

'Tis not her sense—for sure, in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her wit is only chat,
Like any other woman.

*Song.*

#### CHAP. XVII.

Were every hair upon his head a life,
And every life were to be supplicated
By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,
Life after life should out like waning stars
Before the daybreak—or as festive lamps,
Which have lent luster to the midnight revel,
Each after each are quench'd when guests depart.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XIX.

Must we then sheath our still victorious sword;
Turn back our forward step which ever trode

O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory;
Unclasp the mail, which with a solemn vow,
In God's own house we hung upon our shoulders;
That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise
Which village nurses make to still their children,
And after think no more of?—

*The Crusade, a Tragedy.*

CHAP. XX.

When beauty leads the lion in her toils,
Such are her charms, he dare not raise his mane,
Far less expand the terror of his fangs.
So great Alcides made his club a distaff,
And spun to please fair Omphale.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves her hand,
To change the face of the mysterious land,
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
The vain productions of a feverish dream.

*Astolpho, a Romance.*

CHAP. XXIV.

—— A grain of dust
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst for;
A rusted nail placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy.
Even this small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst princes,
And wreck their noblest purposes.

*The Crusade.*

CHAP. XXVI.

The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those that loved their steps must tread
When death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name.

*Ballad.**

---

## OBEY THE DOOM.

1826.

By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
It is thy weird to follow me—
To follow me thro' the ghastly moonlight—
To follow me thro' the shadows of night—
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound:
I conjure thee by the unstanch'd wound—
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
When the body slept and the spirit awoke
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke.

*Woodstock*, chap. xiv.

* The last four lines of this ballad were written by Scott; the eight preceding are from "The Song of Genius," by Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, afterwards Mrs. Dugald Stewart.

## GLEE FOR KING CHARLES.

1826.

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt, ye base carles!
Were there death in the cup.
Here's a health to King Charles!

Tho' he wanders thro' dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Tho' 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honor and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round,
When mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpets shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!

*Woodstock*, chap. xx.

---

## ONE HOUR WITH THEE.*

1826.

AN hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labor on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?
One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labors of the day;
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
The increasing wants and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?
One hour with thee!

*Woodstock*, chap. xxvi.

* "He sung, but with more taste than execution, the air of a French rondelai, to which some of the wits or sonneteers in his gay and roving train had adapted English verses."

---

## WILDRAKE'S TOAST.

1826.

SON of a witch,
Mayst thou die in a ditch
With the butchers who backed thy quarrels;
And rot above ground,
While the world shall resound
A welcome to Royal King Charles.

*Woodstock*, chap. xxx.

---

## MOTTOES.

FROM "WOODSTOCK."

CHAP. II.

COME forth, old man—Thy daughter's side
Is now the fitting place for thee;
When time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruins of the parent tree.

CHAP. IV.

Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion :
There is no flint to gall thy tender foot ;
There's ready shelter from each breeze or shower.—
But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliffs.
Oft where she leads, thy blood must mark thy footsteps,
Oft where she leads, thy head must bear the storm,
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and hunger ;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet,
Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. V.

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.
They may be great in worth and weight, but hang
Upon the native glibness of my language
Like Saul's plate-armor on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering and not arming him.

*J. B.*

CHAP. X.

Here we have one head
Upon two bodies—your two-headed bullock
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
These two have but one meaning, thought, and counsel ;
And when the single noddle has spoke out,
The four legs scrape assent to it.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

Deeds are done on earth
Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

*Old Play,*

CHAP. XVII.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXIV.

The deadliest snakes are those which 'twin'd 'mongst flowers,
Blend their bright coloring with the varied blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dewdrops,
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

*Old Play.*

---

## VERSES FROM SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

1826.

PARODY ON MOORE'S "MINSTREL BOY."

O Land of Cakes ! said the Northern Bard,
Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One faithful pen thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.

ON HIS PROCRASTINATION.

HEIGHHO,
I can't say no,
But this piece of task-work off I can stave, O,
For Malachi's * posting into an octavo;
To correct the proof sheets only this night I have, O,
So, Madame Conscience, you've gotten as good as you gave, O;
But to-morrow's a new day, and we'll better behave, O,
So I lay down the pen, and your pardon I crave, O.

---

A SWIFTIANISM.

I LOLL in my chair,
And around me I stare
With a critical air,
Like a calf at a fair;
And, say I, Mrs. Duty,
Good morrow to your beauty;
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye.

---

ON LEAVING MRS. BROWN'S LODGINGS.

So goodby, Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not;
But all is fresh and clean and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play,
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
Which looks as if it had been sown only the other day,
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a boll they say;
But all's one for that, since I must and will away.

* The "Epistles of Malachi Malagrowther, Esq.," for writing which Scott neglected "Woodstock."

---

ON A DAY'S STINT.

AND long ere dinner-time I have
Full eight close pages wrote.
What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

---

ON HIS SON'S QUARTERS.

LOUGHREA is a blackguard place,
To Gort I give my curse;
Athlone itself is bad enough,
But Ballinrobe is worse.
I cannot tell which is the worst,
They're all so very bad;
But of all towns I ever saw,
Bad luck to Kinnegad.

---

ON A PROVOCATION FROM JOSEPH HUME.

I'M not a King nor nae sic thing;
My word it may not stand;
But Joseph may a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand.

---

ON HIGH PRICES.

AND so 'twill be when I am gone,
The increasing charge will still go on,
And other bards shall climb these hills,
And curse your charge, *dear* evening bills!

---

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

IT'S useless to murmur and pout,
There's no good in making ado;
'Tis well the old year is out,
And time to begin a new!

## MOTTO FROM "THE HIGHLAND WIDOW."

1827.

CHAP. II.

O, I'M come to the Low County,
Och, och, ohonochie,
Without a penny in my pouch
To buy a meal for me.
I was the proudest of my clan,
Long, long, may I repine;
And Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.
*Old Song.*

---

## MOTTO FROM "THE TWO DROVERS."

1827.

CHAP. II.

WERE ever two such loving friends!—
How could they disagree?
O thus it was, he loved him dear,
And thought how to requite him;
And having no friend left but he,
He did resolve to fight him.
*Duke upon Duke.*

---

## VERSES FROM SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

1827.

ON HIS WORK.

HE walk'd and wrought, poor soul! What then?
Why, then he walk'd and wrought again.

---

AFTER MORNING VISITORS.

I GROW vaporish and odd,
And would not do the least right thing,
Neither for goddess nor for god,
Nor paint nor jest nor laugh nor sing.

## THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

These stanzas were written for Hood's "Gem," 1828, and accompanied an engraving from Cooper's painting of the Death of Keeldar.

UP rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede,
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope, and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbor'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,

The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue:—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the gray goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sun of evil know,
And o'er his favorite, bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say:—
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

"And if it be, the shaft be blest,
Which sure some erring aim addrest,
Since in your service prized, carest
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch wilt ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied,
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colors drest,
The scene shall live forever.

---

## MOTTO FROM "MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR."

1828.

THERE are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition,
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,

As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.

*Anonymous.*

---

## MOTTOES.

FROM "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH."

1828.

CHAP. I.

"BEHOLD the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. VIII.

Within the bounds of Annandale,
The gentle Johnstones ride;
They have been there a thousand years,
A thousand more they'll bide.

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XI.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair,—
Sunny at distance gleams her smile;
Approach—the cloud of woeful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.

*Lucinda, a Ballad.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

The hour is nigh: now hearts beat high;
Each sword is sharpened well;
And who dares die, who stoops to fly,
To-morrow's light shall tell.

*Sir Edwald.*

## THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

1828.

AH, poor Louise! The livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye.
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldric was of silk and gold.
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hast thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succor have!
She will not long your bounty crave,

Or tire the gay with warning stave—
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave
For poor Louise.
*Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. x.

---

## OLIVER PROUDFUTE'S GLEE

1828.

My dog and I we have a trick
To visit maids when they are sick;
When they are sick and like to die,
O thither do come my dog and I!

And when I die, as needs must hap,
Then bury me under the good ale-tap;
With folded hands there let me lie,
Cheek for jowl, my dog and I.
*Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. xvi.

---

## CHANT OVER THE DEAD.

1828.

Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well-nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye,
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;
Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clotter'd flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood.
*Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. xxii.

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## A DIRGE.

1828.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the gray monk his soul mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.
*Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. xxx.

---

## VERSE FROM SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

1828.

ON THE COLNE.

For the Colne
Is black and swollen.
Snake-like he winds his way,
Unlike the burns
From Highland urns
That dance by crag and brae.

## GLENGARRY'S DEATH-SONG.*

1828.

LAND of the Gael, thy glory has flown!
For the star of the North from its orbit is thrown;
Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,
For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again.
Glengarry—Glengarry is gone evermore,
Glengarry—Glengarry we'll ever deplore.

O tell of the warrior who never did yield,
O tell of the chief who was falchion and shield,
O think of the patriot, most ardent and kind;
Then sigh for Glengarry, in whom all were joined.

The chieftains may gather—the combatants call,
One champion is absent—that champion was all;
The bright eye of genius and valor may flame,
But who now shall light it to honor and fame.

See the light bark how toss'd! she's wreck'd on the wave!
See dauntless Glengarry on the verge of the grave!
See his leap—see that gash, and that eye now so dim!
And thy heart must be steel'd, if it bleed not for him.

Arise, thou young branch of so noble a stem,
Obscurity marks not the worth of a gem;
O hear the last wish of thy father for thee:
"Be all to thy country, Glengarry should be."

Why sounds the loud pibroch, why tolls the death bell,
Why crowd our bold clansmen to Garry's green vale?
'Tis to mourn for their chief—for Glengarry the brave,
'Tis to tell that a hero is laid in his grave.

O! heard ye that anthem, slow, pealing on high!
The shades of the valiant are come from the sky,
And the Genii of Gaeldoch are first in the throng,
O list to the theme of their aerial song.

It's "Welcome Glengarry, thy clansmen's fast friend."
It's "Welcome to joys that shall ne'er have an end,
The halls of great Odin are open to thee,
O welcome Glengarry, the gallant and free."

* Miss Macdonell wrote from "MAVIS BANK, ROTHESAY, on the *17th of April*, 1893:—

"My father died in January, 1828, and my mother came to Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh, where she lived from May, 1828, to May, 1830. It was there I first saw the "Death-Song," and was told by mother that Sir Walter Scott had written it and sent it to her. I believe she got it soon after we all came South in May, 1828, and it has always been in whatever houses we lived ever since."

---

## THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

1829.

*The Initiated.*

MEASURERS of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—

Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

*Answer.*

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

*Judges.*

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, How wears the night?

*Answer.*

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood:
'Tis time we listen the behest.

*Chorus.*

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,
'Tis time that such as we are watchers:
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

*Anne of Geierstein*, chap. xx.

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## MOTTOES.

### FROM ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

### 1829.

#### CHAP. V.

I WAS one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revelers feast to feverheight. Believe me,
There ne'er was poison mixt in maple bowl.

*Anonymous.*

#### CHAP. VIII.

They saw that city welcoming the Rhine,
As from his mountain heritage he bursts,
As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,
Leaving the desert region of the hills,
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.

*Helvetia.*

#### CHAP. X.

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at naught the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

*Anonymous.*

#### CHAP. XI.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXII.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide
The mummery of all that forced civility.
"Pray, seat yourself, my lord," with cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier.—"Before you, sir?
It must be on the earth then." Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIX.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He hath doft
The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more galling diadem of gold:
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

CHAP. XXXI.

——Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose. He's a monk.
He hath forsworn the world and all its work—
The rather that he knows it passing well,
Special the worst of it; for he's a monk.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Toll, toll the bell!
Greatness is o'er,
The heart has broke,
To ache no more;
An unsubstantial pageant all—
Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

*Old Poem.*

CHAP. XXXV.

——Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.

*Old Play.*

---

## VERSES FROM SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

1829.

LATE FRIENDSHIP.

No after friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days.

---

ON THE CATASTROPHE TO "ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN."

It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,
Or rather indeed like an obstinate bolster,
Which I think I have seen you attempting, my dear,
In vain to cram into a small pillow-beer.

### JOY AND WEALTH.

Give me the joy that sickens not the heart,
Give me the wealth that has no wings to fly.

---

### A MORAL.

So there ends the tale
With a hey, with a hoy,
So there ends the tale
With a ho!
There is a moral. If you fail
To seize it by the tale,
Its import will exhale,
You must know.

---

### ON FAILING TO HEAR MADAME CARADORI SING JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

However, Madame Caradori,
To miss you I am very sorry;
I should have taken it for glory
To have heard you sing my Border story.

---

### LOCALITIES AT BLAIR-ADAM.

Lochornie and Lochornie Moss,
The Louting Stane and Dodgell's Cross,
Craigen Cat and Craigen Crow,
Craiggaveral, the King's Cross, and Dunglow.

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## INSCRIPTION.

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.

1830.

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent?—Reverence this bier—
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone!
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.

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## THE FORAY.

1830.

The last of our steers on our board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords, and begone!—
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mixt glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish, thro' tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud;
'Tis the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe Gray!
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march thro' the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropped, the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone!—
To their honor and peace, that shall rest with the slain!
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot again!

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## MOTTOES.

### FROM "COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS."

1831.

CHAP. II.

*Othus.* ——This superb successor
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly speakest,
Stands midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature has engulfed been,
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
In lonely majesty.

*Constantine Paleologus*, scene i.

CHAP. III.

Here, youth, thy foot unbrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraid,
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter's horn they hear.

*The Court.*

CHAP. V.

The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,
Fostered in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip with;
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it?

*The Deluge, a Poem.*

CHAP. VI.

Vain man, thou may'st esteem thy love as fair
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that's matchless in her person,
And all-divine in soul to match her body;
But take this from me—thou shalt never call her
Superior to her sex, while *one* survives,
And I am her true votary.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. IX.

Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent,
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer;
Then, for the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at.

*The Engineer.*

CHAP. X.

These were wild times—the antipodes of ours:
Ladies were there, who oftener saw themselves
In the broad luster of a foeman's shield
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought

To match themselves in battle than in dalliance
To meet a lover's onset. — But though Nature
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

*Feudal Times.*

CHAP. XI.

Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,
Within it was a little paradise,
Where Taste had made her dwelling. Statuary,
First-born of human art, molded her images,
And bade men mark and worship.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XII.

The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable;
Evading, arguing, equivocating.
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand sword,
Watching to see which way the balance sways,
That he may throw it in, and turn the scales.

*Palestine.*

CHAP. XVI.

Strange ape of man! who loathes thee while he scorns thee;
Half a reproach to us and half a jest.
What fancies can be ours ere we have pleasure.
In viewing our own form, our pride and passions
Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine!

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XVII.

'Tis strange that, in the dark sulphureous mine,
Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores
Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose
His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion
To burst, when the deviser's least aware.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XX.

She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,
Unequal'd love, and unsuspected truth.

CHAP. XXIV.

All is prepared—the chambers of the mine
Are crammed with the combustible, which, harmless
While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so,
That he who wakes it from its slumbrous mood,
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who knows
That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXV.

Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its billet,
Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose;
The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain
Have each their separate task.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Will you hear of a Spanish Lady,
How she woo'd an Englishman?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels, she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And birth and parentage of high degree.

*Old Ballad.*

## MOTTOES.

FROM "CASTLE DANGEROUS."

1831.

CHAP. V.

A TALE of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,
And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XI.

Where is he? Has the deep earth swallowed him?
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the young sun?
Or hath he wrapped him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows?

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XIV.

The way is long, my children, long and rough—
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVIII.

His talk was of another world—his bodements
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XX.

Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,
Do bravely each, and God defend the right;
Upon Saint Andrew thrice can they thus cry,
And thrice they shout on height,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.

*Old Ballad.*

# FRAGMENTS.

## OF VERY EARLY DATE.

### BOTHWELL CASTLE.

1799.

When fruitful Clydesdale's apple bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry;
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,
O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—
Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear,—

Then all beneath the spreading beech,
Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That mark'd the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While—— * * * * * * *

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### THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

1799.

* * * * *

And ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopt and turn'd his head,
As by fits the night wind blew;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams thro' the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Thro' the cloudy night the snow gleam'd white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;
But more rough and rude are the men of blood,
That hunt my life below.

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had lourd* melle with the fiends of hell,
Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd blood-hound bark,
He heard the horse's neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of the faulting hound,
And the mutter'd oath of balked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear:—

"O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering band;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!

"Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mixt with the sea-fowl's shrilly moans,
And ocean's bursting roar!

"O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O stretch him on the clay!

"His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones,
And crush them in the dust!"—

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice replied,
"Thrice welcome guest of mine!"
And glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine

An aged man, in amice brown,
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm, a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,
Arose a ghastly flame,
That waved not in the blast of light
Which thro' the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue,
That flamed the cavern o'er;
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

* *Lourd: i. e.*, liefer—rather

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold :—
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd :—
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate,
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie looked him in the face,
And his color fled with speed ;—
"I fear me," quoth he, "uneath it will be
To match thy word and deed.

"In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

"A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

"'Look, thou,' he said, 'from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe.'

"For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appeared December's snow ;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

"For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain,—
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him thro' an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which opened there.

Thro' the gloomy night flashed ruddy light,
A thousand torches glow ;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall
Stood a steed in barbing bright ;
At the foot of each steed, all arm'd save the head,
Lay stretch'd a stalwart knight.

In each mail'd hand was a naked brand ;
As they lay on the black bull's hide,
Each visage stern did upwards turn,
With eyeballs fixt and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood ax was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Thro' the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armor bright,
In noontide splendor shone.

And onward seen in luster sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Thro' the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earth-fast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds thro' all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape and giant size,
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his leader,
"Thy venturous fortune try;
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail:
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took
To 'say a gentle sound;
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast,
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with whoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"

The morning on the mountain shone,
And on the bloody ground,
Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,
Among the glidders gray,
A shapeless stone with lichens spread,
Marks where the wanderer lay.

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## CHEVIOT.

1799.

* * * * * *

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow

In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill,
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold,
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.

* * * * * *

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## THE PAGE'S SONG.

1799.

It was a little naughty page,
Ha! ha!
Would catch a bird was clos'd in cage,
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!

He seiz'd the cage, the latch did draw,
Ha! ha!
And in he thrust his knavish paw,
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!

The bird dash'd out and gain'd the thorn,
Ha! ha!
And laugh'd the silly fool to scorn,
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!

*Goetz of Berlichingen*, act iii. sc. xix.

## THE REIVER'S WEDDING.

1802.

O WILL ye hear a myrthful bourd?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will ye hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

"Ca' out the kye," quo' the village herd,
As he stood on the knowe,
"Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten?
And bauld Lord William's cow."—

"Ah! by my sooth," quoth William then,
"And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the lord has but his cow?

"I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,
And the might of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's kye."

He took a bugle frae his side,
With names carv'd o'er and o'er—
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore—

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,
Till rock and water rang around—
Threescore of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,
And ere she wan the full,
Ye might see by her light in Harden Glen
A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower,
And the English ale flowed merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviot side
And Yarrow's Braes was there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang, and quaff'd,
Till naught on board was seen,
When knight and squire were bound to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his berry brown steed—
A sore shent man was he;
"Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—
Weel feasted ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen
Beneath the trysting-tree,
On the smooth green was carved plain,
"To Lochwood bound are we."

"O, if they be gane to dark Lochwood
To drive the Warden's gear,
Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud;
I'll go and have my share;

"For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be."
So Lord William is away to dark Lochwood,
With riders barely three.

The Warden's daughters in Lochwood sate,
Were all both fair and gay,
All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and braw;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within,
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's wa'—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne.
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

"Of all the knights, the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne."
Soft sigh'd the maid, "is Harden's heir,
But ne'er can he be mine;

"Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah!" sighing sad, that lady said,
"Can ne'er young Harden's be."

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father's men
Yclad in the Johnstone gray.

O fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

* * * * * *

# DRAMATIC PIECES.

## HALIDON HILL;

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

### PREFACE.

THE subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, it may be sufficient to refer the reader to PINKERTON'S *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 72.

The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary. The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honor to be related, avers that the Swinton who fell at Homildon had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following dramatic sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

ABBOTSFORD, 1822. W. S.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

SCOTTISH.

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.
GORDON, SWINTON, LENNOX, SUTHERLAND, ROSS, MAXWELL, JOHNSTON, LINDESAY, — *Scottish chiefs and Nobles.*

ADAM DE VIPONT, *a Knight Templar.*
THE PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.
REYNALD, *Swinton's Squire.*
HOB HATTELY, *a Border Moss-Trooper.*
*Heralds.*

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD III.
CHANDOS, PERCY, RIBAUMONT, — *English and Norman Nobles.*
THE ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the Rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed Men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main Body.*

*Enter* DE VIPONT *and the* PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.

VIP. No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—
I have already brought your peaceful step
Too near the verge of battle.
PRI. Fain would I see you join some Baron's banner,
Before I say farewell. The honor'd sword
That fought so well in Syria, should not wave
Amid the ignoble crowd.
VIP. Each spot is noble in a pitched field,
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.
But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve years
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.
PRI. Alas! there have been changes since that time!
The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Grahame,
Then shook in field the banners which now moulder
Over their graves i' the chancel.
VIP. And thence comes it,
That while I look'd on many a well-known crest
And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came,
The faces of the Barons who display'd them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they seem'd;
Yet, surely, fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,
Young like themselves, seem like themselves unpractised—
Look at their battle-rank.
PRI. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,
So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,
And sword and battle-ax, and spear and pennon.
Sure, 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And worse appointed followers.
VIP. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Reverend Father,
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.
Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,
And all his champions now! Time call'd them not,
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brows of most were free from grizzl'd hair.
PRI. Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;
'Tis cowls like mine which hide them.
'Mongst the laity,
War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Well-nigh two generations of our nobles.
The race which holds yon summit is the third.
VIP. Thou mayst outlive them also.
PRI. Heaven forfend!
My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes,

Before they look upon the wrath to come.

VIP. Retire, retire, good Father! —Pray for Scotland—

Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.
Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood.
And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.

PRI. Heaven's blessing rest with thee,
Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country!

[*Exit* PRIOR. VIPONT *draws a little aside and lets down the beaver of his helmet.*

*Enter* SWINTON, *followed by* REYNALD *and others, to whom he speaks as he enters.*

SWI. Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the Regent
Assign our band its station in the host.

REY. That must be by the Standard. We have had
That right since good Saint David's reign at least.
Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

SWI. Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier,
There is his place of honor, and there only
His valor can win worship. Thou'rt of those
Who would have war's deep art bear the wild semblance
Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.
Yon steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

VIP. (*advancing*). There needed not, to blazon forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar
Chain'd to the gnarled oak,*—nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the pondrous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield;
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!

SWI. Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross'd shoulder speaks you;
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,
Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

VIP. (*unclosing his helmet*). No; one less worthy of our sacred Order,
Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd my features
Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

SWI. (*embracing him*). As the blithe reaper
Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe harvest
Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!
Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not?
'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the Boar-heads
Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,
Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

VIP. Have with them, ne'ertheless. The Stuart's Chequer,
The bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's Lymphads,

* "The armorial bearings of the ancient family of Swinton, are *sable*, a chevron, *or* between three boars' heads erased *argent*. Crest, a boar chained to a tree, and above, on a scroll, *J'espère*. Supporters—two boars standing on a compartment whereon are the words *Je pense*."—*Douglas's Baronage.*

Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from them.
We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round them
A chosen band of lances—some well-known to me.
Where's the main body of thy followers?

SWI. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them all
That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and graybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs them all,
And more and better men, were each a Hercules,
And yonder handful centupled.

VIP. A thousand followers—such, with friends and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space?—And thy brave sons, Sir Alan?
Alas! I fear to ask.

SWI. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home
A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother:—
"Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you weep?"
But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

VIP. All slain?—alas!

SWI. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,
John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the Ax—
Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-hair'd William—do but now survive
In measures which the gray-hair'd minstrels sing
When they make maidens weep.

VIP. These wars with England they have rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

SWI. Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou named it;
But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defense
Of their dear country;—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,
He with the Ax, and he men call'd the Ready,
Ay, and my fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath
Devour'd my gallant issue.

VIP. Since thou dost weep, their death is unavenged?

SWI. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, tho' waters flow from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They *are* avenged;
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,
In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon

Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends,
Had shared the banquet and the chase together,
Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one!

VIP. You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

SWI. At deadly feud. Here in this Borderland,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son,
As due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of justice,
Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,
Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

VIP. You, with some three-score lances—and the Gordon
Leading a thousand followers.

SWI. You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,
He hath had grants of baronies and lordships
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse
His southern friends and vassals always number'd.
Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dey and Spey,
He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De Vipont,
If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy
For lack of followers—seek yonder standard—
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it;
There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,
And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,
As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his pennon,
And grace him with thy presence.

VIP. When you were friends, I was the friend of both,
And now I can be enemy to neither;
But my poor person, tho' but slight the aid,
Joins on this field the banner of the two
Which hath the smallest following.

SWI. Spoke like the generous Knight, who gave up all,
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
To fight, a Christian soldier! Yet, in earnest,
I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and valiant;
Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use
His spurs too rashly in the wish to win them.
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valor
And temper it with prudence:—'tis the aged eagle
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,
With eye undazzled.

VIP. Alas! brave Swinton! Would'st thou train the hunter
That soon must bring thee to the bay? Your custom,
Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,
Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

SWI. Why, be it so! I look for nothing else;
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenging my four sons.—Young Gordon's sword,
If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there

A pang so poignant as his father's did.
But I would perish by a noble hand,
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

*Enter a* PURSUIVANT.

PUR. Sir Knights, to council!—'tis the Regent's order,
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly
Before the royal standard. Edward's army
Is seen from the hill summit.

SWI. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[*Exit* PURSUIVANT.

[*To* REYNALD.] Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up
Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them.
I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon
With aught that's like defiance.

VIP. Will he not know your features!

SWI. He never saw me. In the distant North,
Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain'd him
During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tusks.
It was a natural but needless caution;
I wage no war with children, for I think
Too deeply on mine own.

VIP. I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon
As we go hence to council. I do bear
A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest
As well as Christian champion. God may grant
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,
May make some peace betwixt you.

SWI. When that your priestly zeal and knightly valor
Shall force the grave to render up the dead. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

*The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's tent. The royal standard of Scotland is seen in the background, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.*

*Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs.* SUTHERLAND, ROSS, LENNOX, MAXWELL, *and other nobles of the highest rank, are close to the* REGENT'S *person, and in the act of keen debate.* VIPONT *with* GORDON *and others remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the Stage. On the left, standing also apart, is* SWINTON, *alone and bareheaded. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, etc., are in attendance.*

LEN. Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my counsels.
I did but say, if we retired a little,
We should have fairer field and better vantage.
I've seen King Robert—ay, the Bruce himself—
Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't.

REG. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message,
Defying us to battle on this field,
This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it
Unfought withal, it squares not with our honor.

SWI. (*apart*). A perilous honor that allows the enemy,
And such an enemy as this same Edward,
To choose our field of battle! He knows how
To make our Scottish pride betray its master
Into the pitfall.

[*During this speech the debate among the Nobles is continued.*]

SUTH. (*aloud*). We will not back
one furlong—not one yard,
No, nor one inch; where'er we
find the foe,
Or where the foe finds us, there
will we fight him.
Retreat will dull the spirit of our
followers,
Who now stand prompt for battle.

ROSS. My Lords, methinks great
Morarchat* has doubts,
That, if his Northern clans once
turn the seam
Of their check'd hose behind, it
will be hard
To halt and rally them.

SUTH. Say'st thou, MacDonnell?
—Add another falsehood,
And name when Morarchat was
coward or traitor?
Thine island race, as chronicles
can tell,
Were oft affianced to the Southron
cause;
Loving the weight and temper of
their gold,
More than the weight and temper
of their steel.

REG. Peace, my lords, ho.

ROSS (*throwing down his glove*).
MacDonnell will not peace! There
lies my pledge,
Proud Morarchat, to witness thee
a liar.

MAX. Brought I all Nithsdale
from the Western Border;
Left I my towers exposed to foray-
ing England,
And thieving Annandale, to see
such misrule?

JOHNSTONE. Who speaks of An-
nandale?
Dare Maxwell slander
The gentle House of Lochwood?†

REG. Peace, Lordings, once
again. We represent
The Majesty of Scotland—in our
presence
Brawling is treason.

SUTH. Were it in presence of
the King himself,
What should prevent my say-
ing——

*Enter* LINDESAY.

LIN. You must determine
quickly. Scarce a mile
Parts our vanguard from Edward's.
On the plain
Bright gleams of armor flash thro'
clouds of dust,
Like stars thro' frost-mist—steeds
neigh, and weapons clash—
And arrows soon will whistle—the
worst sound
That waits on English war.—You
must determine.

REG. We are determined. We
will spare proud Edward
Half of the ground that parts us.—
Onward, Lords;
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland!
We will lead
The middle ward ourselves, the
Royal Standard
Display'd beside us; and beneath
its shadow
Shall the young gallants, whom
we knight this day,
Fight for their golden spurs.—Len-
nox, thou'rt wise,
And wilt obey command—lead
thou the rear.

LEN. The rear?—why I the
rear? The van were fitter
For him who fought abreast with
Robert Bruce.

SWI. (*apart*). Discretion hath
forsaken Lennox too!
The wisdom he was forty years in
gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis
contagious
Even to witness frenzy.

SUTH. The Regent hath deter-
mined well. The rear
Suits him the best who counsel'd
our retreat.

LEN. Proud Northern Thane,
the van were soon the rear,
Were thy disorder'd followers
planted there.

* Morarchate is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls of Sutherland.

† Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the Johnstones, Lords of Annandale.

SUTH. Then, for that very word
I make a vow,
By my broad Earldom and my father's soul,
That, if I have not leading of the van,
I will not fight to-day!
ROSS. Morarchat! thou the leading of the van!
Not whilst MacDonnell lives.
SWI. (*apart*). Nay, then a stone would speak.
[*Addresses the* REGENT]. May't please your Grace,
And you, great Lords, to hear an old man's counsel,
That hath seen fights enow. These open bickerings
Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace
With these great Earls and Lords must needs debate,
Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement;
Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh.
REG. The old Knight counsels well. Let every Lord
Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or more,
Follow to council—others are excluded—
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our conduct— [*Looking at* SWINTON.
Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following
Give you a seat with us, tho' yet unknighted.
GORDON. I pray you, pardon me. My youth's unfit
To sit in council, when that Knight's gray hairs
And wisdom wait without.
REG. Do as you will; we deign not bid you twice.

[*The* REGENT, ROSS, SUTHERLAND, LENNOX, MAXWELL, *etc., enter the Tent. The rest remain grouped about the stage.*

GOR. (*observing* SWI). That helmetless old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.
VIP. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.
There's other work in hand——
GOR. I will but ask his name. There's in his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dote upon tales of superstitious dread,
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.
Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear naught earthly—and I fear naught.
I'll know who this man is—— [*Accosts* SWINTON.
Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honor'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.
SWINTON (*shows emotion, but instantly subdues it*). It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet, 'tis a name which ne'er hath been dishonor'd,
And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.
GOR. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,

And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

SWI. Worthy of all that openness and honor
May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sounds
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there
But at your own request. This day, at least,
Tho' seldom wont to keep it in concealment,
As there's no cause I should, *you* had not heard it.

GOR. This strange—

VIP. The mystery is needful. Follow me. [*They retire behind the side scene.*]

SWI. (*looking after them*). 'Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his noble cheek,
While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment
Of curiosity, combined with wonder,
And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen
Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators
Suspend the motion even of the eyelids,
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match
Approach'd the charged cannon in the act
To waken its dread slumbers—Now 'tis out;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will not seek nor shun him.

*Enter* GORDON, *withheld by* VIPONT.

VIP. Hold, for the sake of Heaven!—O, for the sake
Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain your father,
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,
And stand recorded as the selfish traitor,
Who in her hour of need, his country's cause
Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong?
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's standard;
Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's general;
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foemen!
Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland,
And think on naught beside.

GOR. He hath come here to brave me!—Off! unhand me!—
Thou canst not be my father's ancient friend,
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slew my father.

VIP. You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought
Of his high mind was with you; now, his soul
Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might slay him
At unawares, before he saw your blade drawn,—
Stand still, and watch him close.

*Enter* MAXWELL *from the tent.*

SWI. How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAX. As wild, as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and every billow battled
For their precedence.

SWI. Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil spirit,
To mock their valor, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie upon 't!—O, that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore
Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,
Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!
VIP. (*to* GOR). Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.
GOR. I see the giant form which all men speak of,
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,
Not the bloodthirsty look, that should belong
To him that made me orphan. I shall need
To name my father twice ere I can strike
At such gray hairs, and face of such command;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion hilt,
In token he shall die.
VIP. Need I again remind you, that the place
Permits not private quarrel?
GOR. I'm calm. I will not seek—nay, I will shun it—
And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.
You've heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,
The lie itself, have flown from mouth to mouth;
As if a band of peasants were disputing
About a foot-ball match, rather than Chiefs
Were ordering a battle. I am young,
And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,
Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?
VIP. Such it at times hath been; and then the Cross
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause
Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—
Behold yon English host come slowly on,
With equal front, rank marshal'd upon rank,
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;
The leaders, in their places, each prepared
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune
Of changeful battle needs; then look on ours,
Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges
Which the winds wake at random. Look on both,
And dread the issue; yet there might be succor.
GOR. We're fearfully o'ermatched in discipline;
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succor save in Heaven?
VIP. Heaven acts by human means. The artist's skill
Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts,
Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom,
And skill enough, live in one leader here,
As, flung into the balance, might avail
To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.
GOR. I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is yonder,
Arranged as closely as the English discipline
Hath marshal'd their best files?
VIP. Know'st thou not the pennon?
One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely;—
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.
GOR. These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,
And crush by numbers that determined handful,
When most my country needs their practised aid,
Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gordon;

His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,
And his is in his scabbard!" [*Muses.*
VIP. (*apart*). High blood and mettle, mix'd with early wisdom,
Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive
This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my word,
That, in the ruin which I now forebode,
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he eyes
Each look and step of Swinton! Is it hate,
Or is it admiration, or are both
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze?

[SWINTON *and* MAXWELL *return from the bottom of the stage.*

MAX. The storm is laid at length amongst these counselors;
See, they come forth.
SWI. And it is more than time;
For I can mark the vanguard archery
Handling their quivers—bending up their bows.

*Enter the* REGENT *and Scottish Lords.*

REG. Thou shall it be, then, since we may no better;
And, since no Lord may yield one jot of way
To this high urgency, or give the vanguard
Up to another's guidance, we will abide them
Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd,
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor Noble, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.
SWI. (*apart*). O, sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshaling of a battle!
GOR. Move him to speech, De Vipont.
VIP. Move *him!*—Move whom?
GOR. Even him, whom, but brief space since,
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.
VIP. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to them,
They lack thy counsel sorely.
SWI. Had I the thousand spears which once I led,
I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom
Is rated by their means. From the poor leader
Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight!
GOR. (*steps forward*). Swinton, there's that of wisdom on thy brow,
And valor in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake.
SWI. Nay, if that voice commands me, speak I will;
It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.
REG. (*to* LENNOX, *with whom he has been consulting*). 'Tis better than you think. This broad hillside
Affords fair compass for our power's display,
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers;
So that the rearward stands as fair and open—
SWI. As e'er stood mark before an English archer.
REG. Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare impeach
Our rule of discipline?
SWI. A poor Knight of these Marches, good my Lord;
Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here,
He and his ancestry, since the old days
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.
REG. You have brought here, even to this pitched field,

In which the Royal Banner is display'd,
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swinton;
Our musters name no more.
SWI. I brought each man I had; and Chief, or Earl,
Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more:
And with them brought I what may here be useful—
An aged eye; which, what in England, Scotland,
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles,
And ta'en some judgment of them; a stark hand too,
Which plays as with a straw with this same mace,—
Which if a young arm here can wield more lightly,
I never more will offer word of counsel.
LEN. Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble Swinton—
He hath had high experience.
MAX. He is noted
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway,—
I do beseech you, hear him.
JOHNSTONE. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout old Sir Alan,
Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.
REG. Where's your impatience now?
Late you were all for battle, would not hear
Ourself pronounce a word—and now you gaze
On yon old warrior, in his antique armor,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.
SWI. 'Tis a proud word to speak; but he who fought
Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,
Without communication with the dead,
At what he would have counsel'd. —Bruce had bidden ye
Review your battle order, marshal'd broadly
Here on the bare hillside, and bidden you mark
Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath;—
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,
While on our mainward, and upon the rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts,
And, tho' blind men discharge them, find a mark.
Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer,
Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease
By boys and women, while they toss aloft
All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.
REG. Tush, tell not me! if their shot fall like hail,
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.
SWI. Never did armorer temper steel on stithy
That made sure fence against an English arrow;
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good
Against a wasp-sting.
REG. Who fears a wasp-sting?
SWI. I, my lord, fear none;
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.
REG. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage ground
When the main battle joins.
SWI. It ne'er will join, while their light archery

Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse.
To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat
When he can conquer riskless, is to deem
Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe
In battle knowledge. Keep the hill my Lord,
With the main body, if it is your pleasure;
But let a body of your chosen horse
Make execution on yon waspish archers,
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Bannockburn,—
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word!—knows *that* great battle
Even thus was fought and won.

LEN. This is the shortest road to bandy blows;
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,
Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breath'd Southron.

SWI. I do not say the field will thus be won;
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal.
Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,
Skill'd, resolute, and wary—

REG. And if your scheme secure not victory,
What does it promise us?

SWI. This much at least,—
Darkling we shall not die: the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,
Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made their breasts
This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.
We'll meet these Southron bravely hand to hand,
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;
Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him.
While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are faithful,
Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—
We shall not bleed alone.

REG. And this is all
Your wisdom hath devised?

SWI. Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords,
(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might,)
For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,
That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe
Save Edward and his host:—days will remain,
Ay, days by far too many will remain,
To avenge old feuds or struggle for precedence;—
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,
If there is any here may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,
My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country
That's mother to us both.

[GORDON *shows much emotion during this and the preceding speech of* SWINTON.

REG. It is a dream—a vision !—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho !
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our sword ?
HER. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay.
And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.
REG. Gordon, stand forth.
GOR. I pray your Grace forgive me.
REG. How ! seek you not for knighthood ?
GOR. I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.
REG. It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a worthier ?
GOR.—Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,
How small soever—not the general stream,
Tho' it be deep and wide. My lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honor'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.
—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton.
[*Kneels.*]
REG. Degenerate boy ! Abject at once and insolent !—
See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father !
GOR. (*starting up*). Shame be on him who speaks such shameful word !
Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension,
When most the time demands that native Scotsmen
Forget each private wrong !
SWI. (*interrupting him*). Youth, since you crave me
To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you
War has its duties, Office has its reverence ;
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign ;
Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.
GOR. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon. [*Bows to the* REGENT.
His and these noble Lords' ; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence,
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge ;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's battle
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven.
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood.
SWI. (*affected and drawing his sword*).
Alas ! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets, be ready—in the Holiest name
And in our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,
[*Touching his shoulder with his sword.*
I dub thee knight !—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon !
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit !

[*The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry* "Largesse," *and the attendants shout* "A Gordon! A Gordon!"

REG. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I say!
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made
Who will with better reason crave your clamor.
LEN. What of Swinton's counsel!
Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.
REG. (*with concentrated indignation*).
Let the best knight, and let the sagest leader—
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,—
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,
We will not peril aught upon the measure,
GOR. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon Chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner
In this achievement.
REG. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece.
Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel,
Since none will list to mine.
ROSS. The Border cockerel fain would be on horseback;
'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight.
And this comes of it to give Northern lands
To the false Norman blood.
GOR. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within my stalls
I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders
Mount guard upon my castle, who would tread
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,
Nor count it a day's service.
SWI. Hear I this
From thee, young man, and on the day of battle?
And to the brave MacDonnell?
GOR. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am rebuked.
REG. He crouches like a leash-hound to his master!*
SWI. Each hound must do so that would head the deer—
'Tis mongrel curs that snatch at mate or master.
REG. Too much of this. Sirs, to the Royal Standard!
I bid you, in the name of good King David.
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King David!

[*The* REGENT *and the rest go off, and the Scene closes. Manent* GORDON, SWINTON, *and* VIPONT, *with* REYNALD *and followers.* LENNOX *follows the* REGENT; *but returns, and addresses* SWINTON.

LEN. O, were my western horsemen but come up,
I would take part with you!
SWI. Better that you remain;
They lack discretion; such gray head as yours
May best supply that want.
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honor'd lord,
Farewell, I think, forever!
LEN. Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell, noble Gordon,
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—
The Regent will not aid you.
SWI. We will so bear us, that as soon the bloodhound
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his comrade
Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,

* The laws of chivalry demanded this submission to a father in chivalry.

And see us overmatch'd.
LEN. Alas! thou dost not know how mean his pride is,
How strong his envy.
SWI. Then we will die, and leave the shame with him.
[*Exit* LENNOX.
VIP. (*to* GORDON). What ails thee, noble youth? What means this pause?
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?
GOR. I have been hurried on by strong impulse,
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not forgiven?
And am I not still fatherless?
SWI. Gordon, no;
For while we live I am a father to thee.
GOR. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.
SWI. Then change the phrase, and say that while we live,
Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless,
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon,
Our death-feud was not like the household fire,
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem,
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters;
But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd forever;
And spring shall hide the tract of devastation,
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.
GOR. My hand and heart!—And freely now!—to fight!
VIP. How will you act? [*To* SWINTON.] The Gordon's band and thine
Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn—
Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost:
SWI. We'll turn the scorn to vantage, and descend
Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be—
O, for a well-skill'd guide!

[HOB HATTELY *starts up from a thicket.*

HOB. So here he stands.—An ancient friend, Sir Alan.
Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.
SWI. An ancient friend?—a most notorious knave,
Whose throat I've destin'd to the dodder'd oak
Before my castle, these ten months and more.
Was it not you who drove from Simprim-mains,
And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?
HOB. What then, if now I lead your sixty lances
Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil
Is worth six hundred beeves?
SWI. Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee
With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,
And all my followers, on thine honest guidance.
HOB. There is a dingle, and a most discreet one
(I've trod each step by starlight), that sweeps round
The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly
Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve
Your present turn, Sir Alan?
SWI. Bravely! bravely!
GOR. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan:

Let all who love the Gordon follow me!
SWI. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow,
Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—
The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,
The dew-drop from the spray—
Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!"
Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hob;
On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body.* PERCY, CHANDOS, RIBAUMONT, *and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the Stage.*

PER. The Scots still keep the hill—the sun grows high;
Would that the charge would sound.
CHA. Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—Who comes here?

(*Enter the* ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.)

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow,
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!
See, he's about to bleat.
AB. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.
CHA. Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher,
Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.
AB. The metaphor is decent.
CHA. Reverend sir,
I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward
Will presently come to this battle-field,
And speak to you of the last tilting match,
Or of some feat he did a twenty years since;
But not a word of the day's work before him.
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,
Sits prosing o'er his can, until the trap fall,
Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then 'tis up, and on them.
PER. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a license.
CHA. Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,
And could not, if he would. I know my value.
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.
So men wear weighty swords in their defense,
Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is doff'd.
AB. My Lord of Chandos,
This is but idle speech on brink of battle,
When Christian men should think upon their sins;
For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton;
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church,
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee
In most paternal sort.
CHA. I thank you, Father, filially;
Though but a truant son of Holy Church,
I would not choose to undergo her censures,
When Scottish blades are waving at my throat.
I'll make fair composition.
AB. No composition; I'll have all, or none.

CHA. None, then—'tis soonest spoke. I'll take my chance,
And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—
My hour may not be come.
AB. Impious—impenitent—
PER. Hush! — the King — the King!

*Enter* KING EDWARD, *attended by* BALIOL *and others.*

KING (*apart to* CHA.). Hark hither, Chandos!—Have the Yorkshire archers
Yet join'd the vanguard?
CHA. They are marching thither.
K. ED. Bid them make haste, for shame—send a quick rider.
The loitering knaves! were it to steal my venison,
Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir Abbot?
Say, is your reverence come to study with us
The princely art of war?
AB. I've had a lecture from my Lord of Chandos,
In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.
K. ED. Chandos, how's this?
CHA. O, I will prove it, Sir!—These skipping Scots
Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and Baliol,
Quitting each House when it began to totter;
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too, as rats,
And we, as such, will smoke them in their fastnesses.
K. ED. These rats have seen your back, my Lord of Chandos,
And noble Percy's too.
PER. Ay; but the mass which now lies weltering
On yon hill-side, like a Leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had soul in't,
Order and discipline, and power of action.
Now 'tis a heedless corpse, which only shows,
By wild convulsions, that some life remains in't.
K. ED. True, they had once a head; and 'twas a wise,
Altho' a rebel head.
AB. (*bowing to the* KING). Would he were here! we should find one to match him.
K. ED. There's something in that wish which wakes an echo
Within my bosom. Yet it is as well,
Or better, that the Bruce is in his grave.
We have enough of powerful foes on earth,
No need to summon them from other worlds.
PER. Your Grace ne'er met the Bruce?
K. ED. Never himself; but in my earliest field
I did encounter with his famous captains,
Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd me hard.
AB. My Liege, if I might urge you with a question,
Will the Scots fight to-day?
K. ED. (*sharply*). Go look your breviary.
CHA. (*apart*). The Abbot has it —Edward will not answer
On that nice point. We must observe his humor.—[*Addresses the* KING.]
Your first campaign, my Liege?—That was in Weardale,
When Douglas gave our camp yon midnight ruffle,
And turn'd men's beds to biers.
K. ED. Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped right nearly.
I was a soldier then for holidays,
And slept not in mine armor; my safe rest
Was startled by the cry of "Douglas! Douglas!"
And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace;
It was a churchman saved me—my stout chaplain,

Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up,
And grappled with the giant.—How now, Louis!

*Enter an Officer, who whispers the* KING.

K. ED. Say to him,—thus—and thus—
[*Whispers.*
AB. That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours reported,
Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrimage,
The Lord of Gordon slew him.
PER. Father, and if your house stood on our borders,
You might have cause to know that Swinton lives,
And is on horseback yet.
CHA. He slew the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifle.
AB. Trifling to those who wage a war more noble
Than with the arm of flesh.
CHA. (*apart*). The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the sore for him.—
(*Aloud*). I have seen priests that used that arm of flesh,
And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms
In the King's tent at Weardale?
AB. It was most sinful, being against the canon
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,
Perchance his soul may rue it.
K. ED. (*overhearing the last words*). Who may rue?
And what is to be rued?
CHA. (*apart*). I'll match his Reverence for the tithes of Everingham.
—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was sinful,
By which your chaplain, wielding secular weapons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for 't in purgatory.
K. ED. (*to the* ABBOT). Say'st thou my chaplain is in purgatory?
AB. It is the canon speaks it, good my Liege.
K. ED. In purgatory! thou shalt pray him out on't.
Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.
AB. My Lord, perchance his soul is past the aid
Of all the Church may do;—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.
K. ED. And if I thought my faithful chaplain there,
Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch, fast, pray.
And let me have such prayers as will storm Heaven—
None of your maim'd and mutter'd hunting masses.
AB. (*apart to* CHA.). For God's sake take him off.
CHA. Wilt thou compound, then,
The tithes of Everingham?
K. ED. I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys of Heaven,
Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.
AB. (*to* CHA.). We will compound and grant thee, too, a share
I' the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much,
And greatly 'twill avail thee.
CHA. Enough—we're friends, and when occasion serves,
I will strike in.——
[*Looks as if towards the Scottish Army.*
K. ED. Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul,
If thou knowest aught on't, in the evil place?
CHA. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd the meadow.
I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.
K. ED. Then give the signal instant! We have lost

But too much time already.
AB. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul—
K. ED. To hell with it and thee! Is this a time
To speak of monks and chaplains?

[*Flourish of Trumpets answered by a distant sound of Bugles.*

See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,
Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts!
How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!
PER. The thick volley
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.
K. ED. It falls on those shall see the sun no more.
The winged, the resistless plague is with them.
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him,
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his scythe.
PER. Horses and riders are going down together.
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,
And by a peasant's arrow.
BAL. I could weep them,
Altho' they are my rebels.
CHA. (*aside to* PER.). His conquerors, he means, who cast him out
From his usurped kingdom.—(*Aloud.*) 'Tis the worst of it,
That knights can claim small honor in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lances.
K. ED. The battle is not ended.
[*Looks towards the field.*
Not ended?—scarce begun! What horse are these,
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?
PER. They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen Isabel.
K. ED. (*hastily*). Hainaulters!—thou art blind—wear Hainaulters
Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they charge
Full on our archers, and make havoc of them?—
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!
Who was't surveyed the ground?
RIBA. Most loyal Liege—
K. ED. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet,* Ribaumont.
RIBA. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it. [*Exit.*
K. ED. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,
And to rescue!—Percy, lead the billmen;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host should now bear down
Bold as their vanguard (*to the* ABBOT), thou mayst pray for us,
We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue,
Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A part of the field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes; alarums and cries of* "Gordon! a Gordon!" "Swinton!" etc.

* The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce censured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English body of cavalry to pass his flank on the day preceding the battle of Bannockburn.

*Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard,* VIPONT, REYNALD, *and others.*

VIP. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,—
Gordon and Swinton.
REY. 'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange withal.
Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it.

*Enter* SWINTON *and* GORDON.

SWI. Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bush.
GOR. Mine in the thorn beside it; let them wave,
As fought this morn their masters, side by side.
SWI. Let the men rally, and restore their ranks
Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part,
And if we're succor'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succor.
GOR. And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge
Had well-nigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote him.
I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell
Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, grooms!
[*To those behind the scenes.*
Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening
After so hot a course?
SWI. Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon,
For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us,
The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders;
But with swift succor we will bide them bravely.—
De Vipont, thou look'st sad.
VIP. It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.
SWI. The blood of English archers—what can gild
A Scottish blade more bravely?
VIP. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute,
Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness
Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.
SWI. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defense on't.
GOR. And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—

And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.
SWI. Do not believe it.—
Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.
[*Exit* VIPONT.
Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?
GOR. Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?
The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou know hers?
SWI. I would, nay must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.
GOR. Nay, then, her name is—hark—[*Whispers.*
SWI. I know it well, that ancient northern house.
GOR. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honor
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—
SWI. It did, before disasters had untuned me.
GOR. O, her notes
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And gray-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.
SWI. You speak her talent bravely.
GOR. Tho' you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks I hear her now!
SWI. Bless'd privilege
Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping! [*Enter* VIPONT. Where are thine, De Vipont?
VIP. On death—on judgment—on eternity!
For time is over with us.
SWI. There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid,
Of all that flutter yonder!

VIP. From the main English host come rushing forward
Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal Standard.
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.
SWI. (*to himself*). I'll rescue him at least. Young Lord of Gordon,
Spur to the Regent—show the instant need——
GOR. I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.
SWI. Not at my bidding? I thy sire in chivalry?
Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee!
GOR. No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety—
For such is thy kind meaning—at the expense
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.
While I abide no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,
What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,
What sword shall for an instant stem yon host,
And save the latest chance for victory?
VIP. The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.
GOR. No, bravely as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon blustering storm. If not for honor,
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.
SWI. Must it be so?
And I am forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life? O, Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,
Rather than such a victim!—(*Trumpets.*) Hark, they come!
That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.
GOR. Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gayly.—
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry "Gordon!—
Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"

[*Exeunt. Loud Alarums.*

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the Field of Battle, adjacent to the former Scene.*

*Alarums. Enter* SWINTON, *followed by* HOB HATTELY.

SWI. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day,
May bastards warm them at his household hearth!
HOB. That ne'er shall be my curse. My Magdalen
Is trusty as my broadsword.
SWI. Ha, thou knave,
Art thou dismounted too?
HOB. I know, Sir Alan,
You want no homeward guide; so threw my reins
Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.
Within an hour he stands before my gate;
And Magdalen will need no other token
To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.
SWI. Thou art resolved to cheat the halter, then?
HOB. It is my purpose,
Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's death,
And never had I a more glorious chance for't.
SWI. Here lies the way to it, knave. Make in, make in,

And aid young Gordon!

[*Exeunt. Loud and long Alarums. After which the back Scene rises, and discovers* SWINTON *on the ground,* GORDON *supporting him, both much wounded.*

SWI. All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,
And hie to distant harvest. My toil's over;
There lies my sickle. (*Dropping his sword.*) Hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!
GOR. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd?
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!
SWI. My lamp hath long been dim! But thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendor!—
GOR. Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpowered, and no one stirr'd to aid us!
SWI. It was the Regent's envy.—Out!—alas!
Why blame I him!—It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor country.—
Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,
As well his rank and valor might have claim'd it,
We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented—
GOR. Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And num'rous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.
SWI. May God assoil the dead, and him who follows!
We've drank the poison'd beverage which we brew'd!
Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold whirlwind!—
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgiveness,—
Why should'st thou share our punishment?
GOR. All need forgiveness—(*distant alarums.*)—Hark, in yonder shout,
Did the main battles counter!
SWI. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou canst,
And tell me how the day goes.—But I guess,
Too surely do I guess—
GOR. All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main Scottish host,
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward;
And some there are who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen.
SWI. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret treason
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valor,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't,—
Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will dream
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office! [*Dies.*
GOR. And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dead father.

*Enter* DE VIPONT.

VIP. Fly, fly, brave youth!—A handful of thy followers,
The scatter'd gleaning of this desperate day,

Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue—
O linger not!—I'll be your guide to them.
GOR. Look there, and bid me fly!
—The oak has fall'n;
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.
VIP. Swinton? Alas! the best, the bravest, strongest,
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.
—Gordon, bethink thee,
Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse
Of him who slew thy father.
GOR. Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry!
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-spot.
Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon. [*Trumpets.*
Save thée, De Vipont.—Hark! the Southron trumpets.
VIP. Nay, without thee I stir not.

*Enter* EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY, BALIOL, *etc.*

GOR. Ay, they come on—The Tyrant and the traitor,
Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[*He rushes on the English, but is made prisoner with* VIPONT.

K. ED. Disarm them—harm them not; though it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he?
CHA. Here lies the giant! Say his name, young Knight?
GOR. Let it suffice, he was a man this morning.
CHA. I question'd thee in sport. I do not need
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Thro' all these Scottish wars, but knows his crest?
The sable boar chained to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was wildest!
K. ED. 'Tis Alan Swinton!
Grim Chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch with torch and mace,
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my camp.
GOR. (*sinking down*). If thus thou know'st him,
Thou wilt respect his corpse.
K. ED. As belted Knight and crowned King, I will.
GOR. And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.
K. ED. It is the Gordon!—Is there aught beside.
Edward can do to honor bravery,
Even in an enemy?
GOR. Nothing but this;
Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath still.
Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [*Dies.*
CHA. Baliol, I would not brook such dying looks.
To buy the crown you aim at.
K. ED. (*to* VIP.). Vipont, thy crossed shield shows ill in warfare
Against a Christian King.
VIP. That Christian King is warring upon Scotland.
I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar.

Sworn to my country ere I knew my Order.
K. Ed. I will but know thee as a Christian champion,
And set thee free unransom'd.

*Enter* Abbot of Walthamstow.

Ab. Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this has been!
K. Ed. It is a day of much and high advantage;
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives,
Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Berwick's render'd—
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close.

# MACDUFF'S CROSS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THESE few scenes had the honor to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty.

The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angusshire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

ABBOTSFORD, *January*, 1830.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHORESS OF

"THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS."

## PRELUDE.

NAY, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say that still there lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that fragment,
I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
To the far distant Grampians.—Do not deem it
A loosen'd portion of the neighboring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder,—'twas the pedestal
On which, in ancient times, a Cross was rear'd,

Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark,—a wizard, born on Avon's bank,
Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,
Now, or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions; thoughts and words,
That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol;—
Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud phantoms
Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets not,
Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them.

Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold.—Our time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be of worth enough to please,
That work it owes to her who set the task;
If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

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*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

NINIAN, WALDHAVE, } *Monks of Lindores.*
LINDESAY, MAURICE BERKELEY, } *Scottish Barons.*

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SCENE.

*The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the center is MacDuff's Cross, an antique Monument; and at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel with a lamp burning.*

*Enter, as having ascended the Pass,* NINIAN *and* WALDHAVE, *Monks of Lindores.* NINIAN *crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions.* WALDHAVE *stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.*

NIN. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold Thane unto his patron saint

Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, tho' 'twas rough and toilsome.
WAL. I have trode a rougher.
NIN. On the Highland hills—
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.
WAL. I spoke not of the literal path, good father,
But of the road of life which I have travel'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket,
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.
NIN. 'Tis good morality.—But yet forget not,
That tho' we look on heaven from this high eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch-foe of man, possess the realms between.
WAL. Most true, good brother; and men may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't
NIN. (*after a pause*). You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect.
Yon is the Tay roll'd down from Highland hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie;—farther westward,
Proud Stirling rises;—yonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient towers—
WAL. Of Edzell.
NIN. How? know you the towers of Edzell?
WAL. I've heard of them.
NIN. Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the moldering and deserted walls?
WAL. Why, and by whom deserted?
NIN. Long the tale—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Louis Lindesay, had a wife, and found——
WAL. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.
NIN. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion: that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast,
And that the lady threw herself between:
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death-wound.
Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore, brother,
The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary.

And rights of Clan MacDuff.
WAL. What rights are these?
NIN. Most true; you are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know, then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
Stooping the scepter by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That first when Scotland's King assumes the crown,
MacDuff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth his host,
MacDuff's descendant leads the van in battle:
And last, in guerdon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,
For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.
WAL. And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of your place observed?
NIN. Even so;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since Saint Magridius—blessed be his memory!—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir.—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighboring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.
WAL. The Lindesay, then, was loved among his friends?
NIN. Honor'd and fear'd he was—but little loved;
For even his bounty bore a show of sternness;
And when his passion waked, he was a Sathan
Of wrath and injury.
WAL. How now, Sir Priest! (*fiercely*)—Forgive me—*recollecting himself*)—I was dreaming
Of an old baron who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.
NIN. Lindesay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold;—and, methinks, moreover,
That, as you spoke even now, he would have spoken,
I brought him a petition from our convent;
He granted straight, but in such tone and manner,
By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine:
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—e'en as swoln Jordan
Control'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.
WAL. Is this my charge?
NIN. Even so; and I am near, should chance require me.
At midnight I relieve you on your watch,

When we may taste together some refreshment:
I have cared for it; and for a flask of wine;—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lauds have toll'd.
Farewell a while, and peaceful watch be with you!—
[*Exit towards the Chapel.*
WAL. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
They say, are molded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die, but for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony,——
How now! what brings him back?
[*Re-enter* NINIAN.
NIN. Look to your watch, my brother,—horsemen come;
I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.
WAL. (*looking to a distance*) My thoughts have wrapt me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring bell;
But now in truth they come, flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.
NIN. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!
Yon gray steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the level meadow, while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Lashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown
And clench thy hand, as if it grasp'd a weapon?
WAL. 'Tis but for shame to see a man fly thus
While only one pursues him. Coward, turn!—
Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well mayst match thy single sword with his—
Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe!—
I am ashamed to look on them.
NIN. Yet look again; they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path: the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still. They strain toward us.
WAL. I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward who shunn'd an equal combat.—
How 's this?—that look, that mien—mine eyes grow dizzy!
NIN. He comes!—thou art a novice on this watch,—
Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Pluck down thy cowl: know that we spiritual champions
Have honor to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.
[WALDHAVE *lets down his cowl, and steps back.*
*Enter* MAURICE BERKELEY.
NIN. Who art thou, stranger! speak thy name and purpose.

BER. I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly with thy Thane of Fife.
NIN. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?
BER. Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.
*Enter* LINDESAY *with his sword drawn. He rushes at* BERKELEY: NINIAN *interposes.*
NIN. Peace, in the name of Saint Magridius!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheathe thy sword, and stir no contest here.
LIN. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbor'd in.—Hear you, De Berkeley,
This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows,—even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave-Marie,—
So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.
BER. Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought
That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever
Stept forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.
LIN. He quails, and shuns to look upon my weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!
BER. Lindesay, and if there were no deeper cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.
NIN. I charge you both, and in the name of Heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindesay, thou
Be first to speak them.
LIN. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,
The Northern Grampians—all things know my wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile.
NIN. It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell—
LIN. Ay, in his halls—
In his own halls, good father, that's the word.
In his own house he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! The gallant Thane
Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable murder,
Rear'd not yon Cross to sanction deeds like these.
BER. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a victim—
A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.

He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance,—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.
LIN. Wretch! thou didst first dishonor to thy victim,
And then didst slay him!
BER. There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to my lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.
Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.
LIN. Take worse and blacker—Murderer! adulterer!
Art thou not moved yet?
BER. Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can; but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd!

NIN. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill accord
With thy late pious patience.
BER. Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.
I loved this lady—fondly, truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Conferr'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallow'd
As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.
LIN. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the adulteress
By her right name. I'm glad there is yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggard mettle.
BER. Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.
[*They are going off.*
WAL. (*rushing forward*). Madmen, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, canst thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken truth?
BER. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our blest Lady's spotless!—Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood!—hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence!—hear me from penal fire,
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated)!
Stern ghost of her destroyer!—
WAL. (*throws back his cowl*)

He hears! he hears! thy spell hath raised the dead.

LIN. My brother! and alive!—

WAL. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to thee,
No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,
My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

LIN. I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother.

WAL. I ceased to be so when I left the world;
But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in my enemy,
To pray for me and with me. If thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand,—

BER. (*gives his hand*). It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit farther bloodshed; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice lays the title down.
Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her, Lindesay,
Woo her, and be successful.

# THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

## PREFACE.

THE first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry,* then manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation. I have called the piece a Melodrama, for want of a better name; but, as I learn from the unquestionable authority of Mr. Colman's "Random Records," that one species of the drama is termed an *extravaganza*, I am sorry I was not sooner aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for "Devorgoil."

The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar attempts of the same kind; and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Halidon Hill and Macduff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical Works.

The general story of the Doom of Devorgoil is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle, who is the principal personage of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's interesting ballad in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. iv. p. 307. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the fairies, or those who, for sins of a milder description, are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labor and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gayety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a specter of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called *Stumme Liebe*, among the legends of Musæus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

OSWALD OF DEVORGOIL, *a decayed Scottish Baron.*
LEONARD, *a Ranger.*
DURWARD, *a Palmer.*

* Mr. Daniel Terry, the Comedian, died June 22, 1829.

LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, *a Companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen.*
GULLCRAMMER, *a conceited Student.*
OWLSPIEGLE *and* COCKLEDEMOY, } *Maskers, represented by Blackthorn and Katleen.*
SPIRIT OF LORD ERICK OF DEVORGOIL.
*Peasants, Shepherds, and Vassals of inferior rank.*
ELEANOR, *Wife of Oswald, descended of obscure Parentage.*
FLORA, *Daughter of Oswald.*
KATLEEN, *Niece of Eleanor.*

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country in a frontier district of Scotland. The flat scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgoil, decayed, and partly ruinous, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.*

FLORA *enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.*

HE is not here—those pleasures are not ours
Which placid evening brings to all things else.

SONG.

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.
The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armor bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.
Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart:—
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side,
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

[KATLEEN *has come out of the Castle while* FLORA *was singing, and speaks when the song is ended.*

KAT. Ah, my dear coz!—if that your mother's niece
May so presume to call your father's daughter—
All these fond things have got some home of comfort
To tempt the rovers back—the lady's bower,
The shepherdess's hut, the wild swan's couch
Among the rushes, even the lark's low nest,
Has that of promise which lures home a lover,—
But we have naught of this.

FLO. How call you, then, this castle of my sire,
The towers of Devorgoil?

KAT. Dungeons for men, and palaces for owls;
Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's barn
For yonder hungry hall—our latest mouse,
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found
Starved in the pantry; and the reverend spider,
Sole living tenant of the Baron's halls,
Who, train'd to abstinence, lived a whole summer

Upon a single fly, he's famish'd, too;
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney, seated
Upon our last of fagots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewling mad with hunger.
FLO. D'ye mock our misery, Katleen?
KAT. No, but I am hysteric on the subject,
So I must laugh or cry, and laughing's lightest.
FLO. Why stay you with us, then, my merry cousin?
From you my sire can ask no filial duty.
KAT. No, thanks to Heaven!
No noble in wide Scotland, rich or poor,
Can claim an interest in the vulgar blood
That dances in my veins; and I might wed
A forester to-morrow, nothing fearing
The wrath of high-born kindred, and far less
That the dry bones of lead-lapp'd ancestors
Would clatter in their cerements at the tidings.
FLO. My mother, too, would gladly see you placed
Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,
Which, like a witch's circle, blights and taints
Whatever comes within it.
KAT. Ah! my good aunt!
She is a careful kinswoman, and prudent,
In all but marrying a ruin'd baron,
When she could take her choice of honest yeomen;
And now, to balance this ambitious error,
She presses on her daughter's love the suit
Of one who hath no touch of nobleness
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend him,—
Sage Master Gullcrammer, the new-dubb'd preacher.
FLO. Do not name him, Katleen!
KAT. Ay, but I must, and with some gratitude.
I said but now, I saw our last of fagots
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said not
That the repast consisted of choice dainties,
Sent to our larder by that liberal suitor,
The kind Melchisedek.
FLO. Were famishing the word
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the fop,
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant coxcomb!
KAT. There spoke the blood of long-descended sires!
My cottage wisdom ought to echo back,—
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid stipend!
The yew-hedged garden! bee-hive, pigs, and poultry!
But, to speak honestly, the peasant Katleen,
Valuing these good things justly, still would scorn
To wed, for such, the paltry Gullcrammer,
As much as Lady Flora.
FLO. Mock me not with a title, gentle cousin,
Which poverty has made ridiculous.—
[*Trumpets far off.*
Hark! they have broken up the weaponshawing;
The vassals are dismiss'd, and marching homeward.
KAT. Comes your sire back to-night?
FLO. He did propose
To tarry for the banquet. This day only,
Summon'd as a king's tenant, he resumes
The right of rank his birth assigns to him,

And mingles with the proudest.
KAT. To return
To his domestic wretchedness to-morrow—
I envy not the privilege. Let us go.
To yonder height, and see the marksmen practise;
They shoot their match down in the dale beyond,
Betwixt the Lowland and the Forest district,
By ancient custom, for a tun of wine.
Let us go and see which wins.
FLO. That were too forward.
KAT. Why, you may drop the screen before your face,
Which some chance breeze may happily blow aside
Just when a youth of special note takes aim.
It chanced even so that memorable morning,
When, nutting in the woods, we met young Leonard;—
And in good time here comes his sturdy comrade,
The rough Lance Blackthorn.

*Enter* LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, *a Forester, with the Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his hand.*

BLA. Save you, damsels!
KAT. Godden, good yeoman.—Come you from the Weapon-shaw?
BLA. Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at.
[*Lays down the Deer.*
The time has been I had not miss'd the sport,
Altho' Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted venison;
But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre,
Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize, tho':
The Forest district will not lose its honor,
And that is all I care for—(*some shots are heard*). Hark! they're at it,
I'll go see the issue.
FLO. Leave not here
The produce of your hunting.
BLA. But I must tho'.
This is his lair to-night, for Leonard Dacre
Charged me to leave the stag at Devorgoil;
Then show me quickly where to stow the quarry,
And let me to the sports—(*more shots*). Come, hasten, damsels!
FLO. It is impossible—we dare not take it.
BLA. There let it lie, then, and I'll wind my bugle,
That all within these tottering walls may know
That here lies venison, whoso likes to lift it. [*About to blow.*
KAT. (*to* FLO.) He will alarm your mother; and, besides,
Our Forest proverb teaches, that no question
Should ask where venison comes from.
Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence,
Will hold its presence plead its own apology.—
Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.

[*Exeunt* KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN *into the Castle—more shooting—then a distant shout—Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the stage, as if from the Weapon-shaw.*

FLO. The prize is won; that general shout proclaim'd it.
The marksmen and the vassals are dispersing.
[*She draws back.*
FIRST VASSAL (*a peasant*). Ay, ay,—'tis lost and won,—the Forest have it.
'Tis they have all the luck on't.
SECOND VAS. (*a shepherd*). Luck say'st thou, man? 'Tis patience, skill, and cunning.
THIRD VAS. 'Tis no such thing.—I had hit the mark precisely,

But for this cursed flint; and as I fired,
A swallow cross'd mine eye too.—Will you tell me
That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

FIRST VAS. Ay, and last year, when Lancelot Blackthorn won it,
Because my powder happen'd to be damp,
Was there no luck in that?—The worse luck mine.

SEC. VAS. Still I say, 'twas not chance; it might be witchcraft.

FIRST VAS. Faith, not unlikely, neighbors; for these foresters
Do not often haunt about this ruin'd castle.
I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard Dacre,—
Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day,
And after sunset, too, along this path;
And well you know the haunted towers of Devorgoil
Have no good reputation in the land.

SHEP. That have they not. I've heard my father say,
Ghosts dance as lightly in its moonlight halls,
As ever maiden did at Midsummer
Upon the village-green.

FIRST VAS. Those that frequent such spirit-haunted ruins
Must needs know more than simple Christians do.—
See, Lance this blessed moment leaves the castle,
And comes to triumph o'er us.

[BLACKTHORN *enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.*

THIRD VAS. A mighty triumph! What is't after all,
Except the driving of a piece of lead,
As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,
Just thro' the middle of a painted board?

BLACK. And if he so define it, by your leave,
Your learned Master Gullcrammer's an ass.

THIRD VAS. (*angrily*). He is a preacher, huntsman, under favor.

SEC. VAS. No quarreling, neighbors, you may both be right.

*Enter a* FOURTH VASSAL, *with a gallon stoup of wine.*

FOURTH VAS. Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Dacre
Has set abroach the tun of wine he gain'd
That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I sought you;
Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon
Where you have left the deer you kill'd this morning,

BLACK. And that I will; but first we will take toll
To see if it's worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn.
There must be due allowance made for leakage,
And that will come about a draught apiece.
Skink it about, and, when our throats are liquor'd,
We'll merrily trowl our song of Weaponshaw.

[*They drink about out of the* SHEPHERD'S *horn, and then sing.*

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbor that shares it—

If peril approach, 'tis our neighbor that dares it;
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbor.

Then close your ranks, comrades—the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

BLACK. Well, I must do mine errand. Master flagon.

[*Shaking it.*

Is too consumptive for another bleeding.

SHEP. I must to my fold.

THIRD VAS. I'll to the butt of wine,
And see if that has given up the ghost yet.

FIRST VAS. Have with you, neighbor.

[BLACKTHORN *enters the Castle, the rest exeunt severally.* MELCHISEDEK GULLCRAMMER *watches them off the stage, and then enters from the side-scene. His costume is a Geneva cloak and band, with a high-crowned hat; the rest of his dress in the fashion of James the First's time. He looks to the windows of the Castle, then draws back as if to escape observation, while he brushes his cloak, drives the white threads from his waistcoat with his wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would not willingly be observed engaged in these offices. He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward, and speaks.*

GULL. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;
As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man
Bewrays the labors of thy weary sole.

*Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.*

Quaint was that jest and pleasant! —Now will I
Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort;
But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advancement—
Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies;
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake.
And I must reach her, tho' I risk a ducking.

[*As* GULLCRAMMER *moves towards the drawbridge,* BAULDIE DURWARD *enters, and interposes himself betwixt him and the Castle.* GULLCRAMMER *stops and speaks.*

Whom have we here!—that ancient fortune-teller,
Papist and sorcerer, and sturdy beggar,
Old Bauldie Durward! Would I were well past him!

(DURWARD *advances, partly in the dress of a palmer, partly in that of an old Scottish mendicant, having coarse blue cloak and badge, white beard, etc.*

DUR. The blessing of the evening on your worship,
And on your taff'ty doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such grim garb, when tempests
Are gathering to the bursting.

(GULLCRAMMER *(looks to his dress, and then to the sky, with some apprehension)*. Surely, Bauldie,
Thou dost belie the evening;—in the west
The light sinks down as lovely as this band
Drops o'er this mantle. — Tush, man! 'twill be fair.

DUR. Ay, but the storm I bode is big with blows,
Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for thunderbolts;
And for the wailing of the midnight wind,
The unpitied howling of a cudgel'd coxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seek'st fair Flora Devorgoil.

GUL. And if I did, I do the damsel grace.
Her mother thinks so, and she has accepted
At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invited—she respects me.

DUR. But not so doth her father, haughty Oswald.
Bethink thee, he's a baron——

GUL. And a bare one;
Construe me that, old man:—The crofts of Mucklewhame—
Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nourish
Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each her follower,
A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern neighbors nickname donkeys——

DUR. She hath her follower too, —when thou art there.

GUL. I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,
In the mere tything of their stock and produce,
Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugged castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,
Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,
Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per annum,
Being eight pounds, seventeen eight in sterling coin—
Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek,
Thus highly graced by fortune—and by nature
E'en gifted as thou seest—aspire to woo
The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

DUR. Credit an old man's word, kind Master Gullcrammer,
You will not find it so.—Come, Sir, I've known
The hospitality of Mucklewhame;
It reach'd not to profuseness—yet, in gratitude
For the pure water of its living well,
And for the Barley loaves of its fair fields,
Wherein chopp'd straw contended with the grain
Which best should satisfy the appetite,
I would not see the hopeful heir of Mucklewhame
Thus fling himself in danger.

GUL. Danger! what danger!—
Know'st thou not old Oswald

This day attends the muster of the shire,
Where the crown-vassals meet to show their arms,
And their best horse of service?—'Twas good sport
(And if a man had dared but laugh at it)
To see old Oswald with his rusty morion,
And huge two-handed sword, that might have seen
The field of Bannockburn or Chevy-Chase,
Without a squire or vassal, page or groom,
Or e'en a single pikeman at his heels,
Mix with the proudest nobles of the county,
And claim precedence for his tatter'd person
O'er armors double gilt and ostrich-plumage.

DUR. Ay! 'twas the jest at which fools laugh the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I've seen an idiot clap his hands, and shout
To see a tower like yon (*points to a part of the Castle*) stoop to its base
In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,
And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fabric next should follow;
For when the turrets fall, the walls are tottering.

GUL. (*after pondering*). If that means aught, it means that thou saw'st old Oswald
Expell'd from the assembly.

DUR. Thy sharp wit
Hath glanced unwittingly right nigh the truth.
Expell'd he was not, but, his claim denied
At some contested point of ceremony,
He left the Weaponshaw in high displeasure,
And hither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of the day.
'Twere much like rashness should you wait his coming.
And thither tends my counsel.

GUL. And I'll take it;
Good Bauldie Durward, I will take thy counsel,
And will requite it with this minted farthing,
That bears our sovereign's head in purest copper.

DUR. Thanks to thy bounty! Haste thee, good young master;
Oswald, besides the old two-handed sword,
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purlieus.

GUL. I do abhor all charms, nor will abide
To hear or see, far less to feel their use.
Behold, I have departed.

[*Exit hastily.*

*Manet* DURWARD.

DUR. Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from scorching him
In the bright taper's flame—and Flora's beauty
Must, not unlike that taper, waste away,
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it kindled.
This was a shard-born beetle, heavy, drossy,
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded wing.
Here comes a flutterer of another stamp,
Whom the same ray is charming to his ruin.

*Enter* LEONARD, *dressed as a huntsman; he pauses before the Tower, and whistles a note or two at in-*

*tervals—drawing back, as if fearful of observation—yet waiting as if expecting some reply*—DURWARD, *whom he had not observed, moves around, so as to front* LEONARD *unexpectedly.*

LEON. I am too late—it was no easy task
To rid myself from yonder noisy revelers.
Flora?—I fear she's angry—Flora —Flora!

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true!

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drown'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was [mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!
DUR. But a friend hath heard—Leonard, I pity thee.
LEON. (*starts, but recovers himself*). Pity, good father, is for those in want,
In age, in sorrow, in distress of mind,
Or agony of body. I'm in health—
Can match my limbs against the stag in chase,
Have means enough to meet my simple wants,
And am so free of soul that I can carol
To woodland and to wild in notes as lively
As are my jolly bugle's.
DUR. Even therefore dost thou need my pity, Leonard,
And therefore I bestow it, praying thee,
Before thou feel'st the need, my mite of pity.
Leonard, thou lovest; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine,
And know what misplaced love is sure to end in.
LEON. Good father, thou art old, and even thy youth,
As thou hast told me, spent in cloister'd cells,
Fits thee but ill to judge the passions
Which are the joy and charm of social life.
Press me no farther, then, nor waste those moments
Whose worth thou canst not estimate.
[*As turning from him.*
DUR. (*detains him*). Stay, young man!
'Tis seldom that a beggar claims a debt;
Yet I bethink me of a gay young stripling,
That owes to these white locks and hoary beard
Something of reverence and of gratitude
More than he wills to pay.
LEON. Forgive me, father. Often hast thou told me,
That in the ruin of my father's house
You saved the orphan Leonard in his cradle;
And well I know, that to thy care alone—
Care seconded by means beyond thy seeming—
I owe whate'er of nurture I can boast.
DUR. Then for thy life preserved,
And for the means of knowledge I have furnish'd
(Which lacking, man is level'd with the brutes),
Grant me this boon—Avoid these fated walls!
A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and heavy;

Of power to split the massiest tower they boast
From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It rose
Upon the gay horizon of proud Devorgoil
As unregarded as the fleecy cloud,
The first forerunner of the hurricane,
Scarce seen amid the welkin's shadeless blue;
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the fortunes
Of this doom'd family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favor, and obscured
The luster of their service, gender'd hate
Betwixt them and the mighty of the land;
Till by degrees the waxing tempest rose,
And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit and flowers,
And buds, and boughs, and branches. There remains
A rugged trunk, dismember'd and unsightly,
Waiting the bursting of the final bolt
To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to enwreath thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to share the ruin!

LEON. This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited? and when?

DUR. 'Twas in the days
Of Oswald's grandsire,—mid Galwegian chiefs
The fellest foe, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red pennons scared the Cumbrian coasts,
And wasted towns and manors mark'd his progress.
His galleys stored with treasure, and their decks
Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore him homeward; but a tempest rose——

LEON. So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital:—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labor on the sea,
And loth to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the raging deep.

DUR. There sunk the lineage of a noble name,
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,
Mother and nursling, of the House of Aglionby,
Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets—hence the peasant,
Belated, hieing homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,
Which still, they say, roams thro' his empty halls,
And mourns their wasteness and their lonelihood.

LEON. Such is the dotage
Of superstition, father;—ay, and the cant
Of hoodwink'd prejudice.—Not for atonement
Of some foul deed done in the ancient warfare,
When war was butchery, and men were wolves,
Doth Heaven consign the innocent to suffering.
I tell thee, Flora's virtues might atone
For all the massacres her sires have done

Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs
Array'd in wolf's skin.
DUR. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and cloak
Supplied the place of miter and of crosier,
Which in these alter'd lands must not be worn,
I was superior of a brotherhood
Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.
Nobles then sought my footstool many a league,
There to unload their sins—questions of conscience
Of deepest import were not deem'd too nice
For my decision, youth.—But not even then,
With miter on my brow, and all the voice
Which Rome gives to a father of her church,
Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways
Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,
Whose chiefest knowledge is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.
LEON. Nay, I pray forgive me.
Father; thou know'st I meant not to presume——
DUR. Can I refuse thee pardon? —Thou art all
That war and change have left to the poor Durward.
Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune
Defending Lanercost, when its fair aisles
Were spoil'd by sacrilege—I blest his banner,
And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—
Thee from the wreck I saved, and for thy sake
Have still dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage
And penitence upon the hated shores
I else had left forever. Come with me,
And I will teach thee there is healing in
The wounds which friendship gives.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Scene changes to the interior of the Castle. An apartment is discovered, in which there is much appearance of present poverty, mixed with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs, amongst other things, a suit of ancient armor: by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the carcass of a roe-deer. There is a small latticed window, which, appearing to perforate a wall of great thickness, is supposed to look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop-hole for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that it is only approached by five or six narrow stone steps.*

ELEANOR, *the wife of* OSWALD *of* DEVORGOIL, FLORA *and* KATLEEN, *her Daughter and Niece, are discovered at work. The former spins, the latter are embroidering.* ELEANOR *quits her own labor to examine the manner in which* FLORA *is executing her task, and shakes her head as if dissatisfied.*

ELE. Fy on it, Flora! — this botch'd work of thine
Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task.
The finest tracery of our old cathedral
Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern,
Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts are wandering.
FLO. They're with my father. Broad upon the lake
The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of clouds,

Crimson and sable, rose upon his disk,
And quench'd him ere his setting, like some champion
In his last conflict, losing all his glory.
Sure signals those of storm. And if my father
Be on his homeward road—
ELE. But that he will not.
Baron of Devorgoil, this day at least
He banquets with the nobles—who, the next,
Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his household
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind friend,
For one brief space we shall not need their aid.
FLO. (*joyfully*). What! knew you then his gift?
How silly I that would, yet durst not tell it?
I fear my father will condemn us both,
That easily accepted such a present.
KAT. Now, here's the game a bystander sees better
Than those who play it.—My good aunt is pondering
On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has sent us,
And Flora thinks upon the forest venison. [*Aside.*
ELE. (*to* FLO.). Thy father need not know on't—'tis a boon
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence,
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped
Ere now a visit from the youthful donor,
That we might thank his bounty; and perhaps
My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's kerchief
And the best kirtle were sought out, and donn'd
To grace a work-day evening.
FLO. Nay, mother, that is judging all too close!
My work-day gown was torn—my kerchief sullied;
And thus—But, think you, will the gallant come?
ELE. He will, for with these dainties came a message
From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to intimate—
FLO. (*greatly disappointed*). Gullcrammer?
KAT. There burst the bubble—down fell house of cards,
And cousin's like to cry for 't! [*Aside.*
ELE. Gullcrammer! ay, Gullcrammer; thou scorn'st not at him?
'Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden,
Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,
And is disclaim'd by both the mouse and bird.
KAT. I am the poor mouse,
And may go creep into what hole I list,
And no one heed me—Yet I'll waste a word
Of counsel on my betters.—Kind my aunt,
And you, my gentle cousin, were't not better
We thought of dressing this same gear for supper,
Than quarreling about the worthless donor?
ELE. Peace, minx!
FLO. Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen.
KAT. So! I have brought them both on my poor shoulders:
So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:
E'en let them to 't again, and fight it out.
FLO. Mother, were I disclaim'd of every class,
I would not therefore so disclaim myself,
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste

On cloddish Gullcrammer.
ELE. List to me, love, and let adversity
Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around thee—
Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,
Which will incline to wed a dowerless damsel?
And of the yeomanry, who, think'st thou, Flora,
Would ask to share the labors of his farm
An high-born beggar?—This young man is modest ——
FLO. Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you will it.
ELE. E'en call it what you list—the softer temper,
The fitter to endure the bitter sallies
Of one whose wit is all too sharp for mine.
FLO. Mother, you cannot mean it as you say;
You cannot bid me prize conceited folly?
ELE. Content thee, child!—Each lot has its own blessings.
This youth, with his plain-dealing honest suit,
Proffers thee quiet, peace, and competence,
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fate
Stoops like a falcon.—Oh! if thou couldst choose
(As no such choice is given) 'twixt such a mate
And some proud noble!—Who, in sober judgment,
Would like to navigate the heady river,
Dashing in fury from its parent mountain,
More than the waters of the quiet lake'?
KAT. Now can I hold no longer —Lake, good aunt?
Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond, horse-pond;
Or if there be a pond more miry,
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than either,
Be such Gullcrammer's emblem—and his portion!
FLO. I would that he or I were in our grave,
Rather than thus his suit should goad me!—Mother,
Flora of Devorgoil, thò' low in fortunes,
Is still too high in mind to join her name
With such a base-born churl as Gullcrammer.
ELE. You are trim maidens both! (*To* FLORA.) Have you forgotten,
Or did you mean to call to *my* remembrance
Thy father chose a wife of peasant blood?
FLO. Will you speak thus to me, or think the stream
Can mock the fountain it derives its source from?
My venerated mother!—in that name
Lies all on earth a child should chiefest honor;
And with that name to mix reproach or taunt,
Were only short of blasphemy to Heaven.
ELE. Then listen, Flora, to that mother's counsel,
Or rather profit by that mother's fate.
Your father's fortunes were but bent, not broken,
Until he listen'd to his rash affection.
Means were afforded to redeem his house,
Ample and large—the hand of a rich heiress
Awaited, almost courted, his acceptance;
He saw my beauty—such it then was call'd,
Or such at least he thought it—the wither'd bush,
Whate'er it now may seem, had blossoms then,—
And he forsook the proud and wealthy heiress,
To wed with me and ruin—

KAT. (*aside*). The more fool,
Say I, apart, the peasant maiden then,
Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet.
ELE. Friends fell off,
And to his own resources, his own counsels,
Abandon'd, as they said, the thoughtless prodigal,
Who had exchanged rank, riches, pomp, and honor,
For the mean beauties of a cottage maid.
FLO. It was done like my father,
Who scorn'd to sell what wealth can never buy—
True love and free affections. And he loves you!
If you have suffer'd in a weary world,
Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love
Has made the load sit lighter.
ELE. Ay, but a misplaced match hath that deep curse in it,
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were peasants:
Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.
FLO. Why will you do so—well you know it chafes him.
ELE. Flora, thy mother is but mortal woman,
Nor can at all times check an eager tongue.
KAT. (*aside*). That's no new tidings to her niece and daughter.
ELE. O may'st thou never know the spited feelings
That gender discord in adversity
Betwixt the dearest friends and truest lovers!
In the chill damping gale of poverty,
If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams but palely,
And twinkles in the socket.
FLO. But tenderness can screen it with her veil,
Till it revive again. By gentleness, good mother,
How oft I've seen you soothe my father's mood!
KAT. Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy! [*Aside.*
ELE. That is an easier task in youth than age;
Our temper hardens, and our charms decay,
And both are needed in that art of soothing.
KAT. And there speaks sad experience. [*Aside.*
ELE. Besides, since that our state was utter desperate,
Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words:
Fain would I snatch thee from the woe and wrath
Which darken'd long my life, and soon must end it.

[*A knocking without;* ELEANOR *shows alarm.*

It was thy father's knock,—haste to the gate.

[*Exeunt* FLORA *and* KATLEEN.

What can have happen'd?—he thought to stay the night.
This gear must not be seen.

[*As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer.*

What have we here? a roe-deer!—as I fear it,
This was the gift of which poor Flora thought.
The young and handsome hunter ——But time presses.

[*She removes the basket and the roe into a closet. As she has done—*

*Enter* OSWALD *of* DEVORGOIL, FLORA, *and* KATLEEN.

[*He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a head-piece, and old-fashioned sword—the rest of his dress that of a peasant. His countenance and manner should express the moody and irritable haughtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult.*

OSW. (*addressing his wife*).—
The sun hath set—why is the draw-bridge lower'd?
ELE. The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength,
Katleen's, and mine united, could not raise it.
OSW. Flora and thou! a goodly garrison
To hold a castle, which, if fame says true,
Once foiled the King of Norse and all his rovers.
ELE. It might be so in ancient times, but now——
OSW. A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgoil.
KAT. (*aside to* FLO.) You, Flora, know full well, one deer already
Has enter'd at the breach; and, what is worse,
The escort is not yet march'd off, for Blackthorn
Is still within the castle.
FLO. In heaven's name, rid him out on't ere my father
Discovers he is here! Why went he not before?
KAT. Because I staid him on some little business;
I had a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer
Out of his paltry wits.
FLO. Well, haste ye now,
And try to get him off.
KAT. I will not promise that.
I would not turn an honest hunter's dog,
So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter
In such a night as this, far less his master:
But I'll do this,—I'll try to hide him for you.
OSW. (*whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap*)—
Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet
And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no further.
Let them erase my name from honor's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege,
To match a new-coin'd viscount, whose good-grandsire,
The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and Campvere—
Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight.
FLO. Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, my father?
What strife has been between you?
OSW. O, a trifle!
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about;—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition
About a table's end, joint-stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long descent,
And something to Galwegia's oldest baron,—
But let that pass—a dream of the old time.
ELE. It is indeed a dream.

Osw. (*turning upon her rather quickly*)—

Ha! said ye?—let me hear these words more plain.
ELE. Alas! they are but echoes of your own.
Match'd with the real woes that hover o'er us,
What are the idle visions of precedence,
But, as you term them, dreams, and toys and trifles,
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?
Osw. Ay, 'twas for you I framed that consolation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoe
And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive
Than what is linked with honor. Ribbons, tassels,
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel—
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honor, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them
O'er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach
And battle's headlong front—one in the paths
Of midnight study,—and, in gaining these
Emblems of honor, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labors, deeds, and dangers.
What then should he think, knowing them his own,
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,
The formal and establish'd marks of honor,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?
ELE. (*who has listened to the last speech with some impatience*)—
This is but empty declamation, Oswald.
The fragments left at yonder full-spread banquet,
Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the table,
Ought to be far more precious to a father,
Whose family lacks food, than the vain boast,
He sate at the board-head.
Osw. Thou'lt drive me frantic! —I will tell thee, woman—
Yet why to thee? There is another ear
Which that tale better suits, and he shall hear it.

[*Looks at his sword, which he has unbuckled, and addresses the rest of the speech to it.*

Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,
And often proved it—often told me of it.
Tho' thou and I be now held lightly of,
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,
I think we both may prove true metal still.
'Tis thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong:
Rest thou till time is fitting.

[*Hangs up the sword.*

[*The Women look at each other with anxiety during this speech, which they partly overhear. They both approach* OSWALD.

ELE. Oswald, my dearest husband!
FLO. My dear father!
Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of this. I go
To heave the drawbridge up.

[*Exit.*

KATLEEN *mounts the steps to-*

*wards the loop-hole, looks out, and speaks.*

KAT. The storm is gathering fast; broad, heavy drops
Fall plashing on the bosom of the lake,
And dash its inky surface into circles;
The distant hills are hid in wreaths of darkness.
'Twill be a fearful night.

OSWALD *re-enters and throws himself into a seat.*

ELE. More dark and dreadful
Than is our destiny, it cannot be.

OSW. (*to* FLO.) Such is Heaven's will—it is our part to bear it.
We're warranted, my child, from ancient story
And blessed writ, to say, that song assuages
The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,
And wake a strife betwixt our better feelings
And the fierce dictates of the headlong passions.
Sing, then, my love; for if a voice have influence
To mediate peace betwixt me and my destiny,
Flora, it must be thine.

FLO. My best to please you!

SONG.

WHEN the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
Thro' the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the range of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the flat scene, supposed to look on the Lake, which is occasionally illuminated by lightning. There is a couch-bed in the room, and an antique cabinet.*

*Enter* KATLEEN, *introducing* BLACKTHORN.

KAT. This was the destined scene of action, Blackthorn,
And here our properties. But all in vain,
For of Gullcrammer we'll see naught to-night,
Except the dainties that I told you of.

BLA. O, if he's left that same hog's face and sausages,
He will try back upon them, never fear it.
The cur will open on the trail of bacon,
Like my old brach-hound.

KAT. And should that hap, we'll play our comedy,
Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspiegle ——

BLA. And who may that hard-named person be?

KAT. I've told you nine times over.

BLA. Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy
In looking at you all the time you were talking;
And so I lost the tale.

KAT. Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears
Do their good office.

BLA. That were too hard penance.
Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken
As if I were thrown out, and listening for
My blood-hound's distant bay.

KAT. A civil simile!
Then, for the tenth time, and the last,—be told
Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber
To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.
BLA. The chief who drown'd his captives in the Solway?
We all have heard of him.
KAT. A hermit hoar, a venerable man—
So goes the legend—came to wake repentance
In the fierce lord, and tax'd him with his guilt;
But he, heart-harden'd, turn'd into derision
The man of heaven, and, as his dignity
Consisted much in a long reverend beard,
Which reach'd his girdle, Erick caused his barber,
This same Owlspiegle, violate its honors
With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair
After the fashion of a roguish fool.
BLA. This was reversing of our ancient proverb,
And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake.
KAT. True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punishment
Of this foul act of scorn, the barber's ghost
Is said to have no resting after death,
But haunts these halls, and chiefly this same chamber,
Where the profanity was acted, trimming
And clipping all such guests as sleep within it.
Such is at least the tale our elders tell,
With many others, of this haunted castle.
BLA. And you would have me take this shape of Owlspiegle,
And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wonnot.
KAT. You will not!
BLA. No—unless you bear a part.
KAT. What! can you not alone play such a farce?
BLA. Not I—I'm dull. Besides we foresters
Still hunt our game in couples. Look you, Katleen,
We danced at Shrovetide — then you were my partner;
We sung at Christmas — you kept time with me;
And if we go a mumming in this business,
By heaven, you must be one, or Master Gullcrammer
Is like to rest unshaven ——
KAT. Why, you fool,
What end can this serve?
BLA. Nay, I know not, I.
But if we keep this wont of being partners,
Why, use makes perfect — who knows what may happen?
KAT. Thou art a foolish patch — But sing our carol,
As I have alter'd it, with some few words
To suit the characters, and I will bear— [*Gives a paper.*
BLA. Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly.
Is there no other ghost, then, haunts the castle,
But this same barber shave-a-penny goblin?
I thought they glanced in every beam of moonshine,
As frequent as a bat.
KAT. I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of prophecies,
And fates impending o'er the house of Devorgoil;
Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition,
And render'd current by credulity
And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt,
And ne'er saw anything more mischievous
Than what I am myself.
BLA. And that is quite enough, I warrant you.

But, stay, where shall I find a dress
To play this—what d'ye call him—
Owlspiegle?
KAT. (*takes dresses out of the cabinet.*)
Why, there are his own clothes,
Preserved with other trumpery of the sort,
For we've kept naught but what is good for naught.

[*She drops a cap as she draws out the clothes. Blackthorn lifts it, and gives it to her.*

Nay, keep it for thy pains—it is a coxcomb,—
So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap,—
For you must know they kept a Fool at Devorgoil
In former days; but now are well contented
To play the fool themselves, to save expenses.
Yet give it me, I'll find a worthy use for 't.
I'll take this page's dress, to play the page
Cockledemoy, who waits on ghostly Owlspiegle;
And yet 'tis needless, too, for Gullcrammer
Will scarce be here to-night.
BLA. I tell you that he will—I will uphold
His plighted faith and true allegiance
Unto a sows'd sow's face and sausages,
And such the dainties that you say he sent you,
Against all other likings whatsoever,
Except a certain sneaking of affection,
Which makes some folks I know of play the fool,
To please some other folks.
KAT. Well, I do hope he'll come. There's first a chance.
He will be cudgel'd by my noble uncle—
I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,
Who did vow vengeance, knowing naught of him
But by report, and by a limping sonnet
Which he had fashion'd to my cousin's glory,
And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier;
So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,
Which failing, we've this after-plot of vengeance.
BLA. Kind damsel, how considerate and merciful!
But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd?
KAT. For that we are well fitted: —here's a trap-door
Sinks with a counterpoise;—you shall go that way.
I'll make my exit yonder—'neath the window,
A balcony communicates with the tower
That overhangs the lake.
BLA. 'Twere a rare place, this house of Devorgoil,
To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we
One day, my pretty Katleen?
KAT. Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no managed hawk
To stoop to lure of yours.—But bear you gallantly;
This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,—
I fain would have some vengeance.
BLA. I'll bear my part with glee; —he spoke irreverently
Of practice at a mark!
KAT. That cries for vengeance.
But I must go—I hear my aunt's shrill voice!
My cousin and her father will scream next.
ELE. (*at a distance*). Katleen! Katleen!
BLA. Hark to old Sweetlips.
Away with you before the full cry open—
But stay, what have you there?
KAT. (*with a bundle she has taken from the wardrobe*)—

My dress, my page's dress—let it alone.
BLA. Your tiring-room is not, I hope, far distant;
You're inexperienced in these new habiliments—
I am most ready to assist your toilet.
KAT. Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool! [*Runs off.*

BLA. (*sings*).

O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood.
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood.
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly puss, young Katleen,
And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my nose,
And flung me out a score of yards at once:
If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and mouth her,
And then! whoop! dead! dead! dead! She is the metal
To make a woodman's wife of!—
[*Pauses a moment.*
Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stalk a deer,
Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,
Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and wayward,
Can bait a wild cat,—sure the devil's in't
But I can match a woman—I'll to study.
[*Sits down on the couch to examine the paper.*

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the inhabited apartment of the Castle, as in the last Scene of the preceding Act. A fire is kindled, by which* OSWALD *sits in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought, without paying attention to what passes around him.* ELEANOR *is busy in covering a table;* FLORA *goes out and re-enters, as if busied in the kitchen. There should be some by-play—the Women whispering together, and watching the state of* OSWALD*; then separating and seeking to avoid his observation, when he casually raises his head and drops it again. This must be left to taste and management. The Women, in the first part of the scene, talk apart, and as if fearful of being overheard; the by-play of stopping occasionally, and attending to* OSWALD'S *movements, will give liveliness to the Scene.*

ELE. Is all prepared?
FLO. Ay: but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope for.
ELE. Tush, maid—I know thy father's humor better.
He was high-bred in gentle luxuries;
And when our griefs began, I've wept apart,
While lordly cheer and high-fill'd cups of wine
Were blinding him against the woe to come.
He has turn'd his back upon a princely banquet;
We will not spread his board—this night at least,
Since chance hath better furnish'd —with dry bread,
And water from the well.

*Enter* KATLEEN, *and hears the last speech.*

KAT. (*aside*). Considerate aunt! she deems that a good supper
Were not a thing indifferent even to him

Who is to hang to-morrow. Since she thinks so,
We must take care the venison has due honor—
So much I owe the sturdy knave, Lance Blackthorn.
FLO. Mother, alas! when Grief turns reveler,
Despair is cup-bearer. What shall hap to-morrow?
ELE. I have learn'd carelessness from fruitless care.
Too long I've watch'd to-morrow; let it come
And cater for itself—Thou hear'st the thunder.
[*Low and distant thunder.*
This is a gloomy night—within, alas!
[*Looking at her husband.*
Still gloomier and more threatening.—Let us use
Whatever means we have to drive it o'er,
And leave to Heaven to-morrow. Trust me, Flora,
'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,
And face one grief at once.
Away! I wish thine aid, and not thy counsel.

[*As* FLORA *is about to go off,* GULLCRAMMER'S *voice is heard behind the flat scene, as if from the drawbridge.*

GUL. (*behind*). Hillo — hillo — hilloa—hoa—hoa!

[OSWALD *raises himself and listens;* ELEANOR *goes up the steps and opens the window at the loop-hole:* GULLCRAMMER'S *voice is then heard more distinctly.*

GUL. Kind Lady Devorgoil—sweet Mistress Flora!—
The night grows fearful, I have lost my way,
And wander'd till the road turn'd round with me,
And brought me back. For Heaven's sake, give me shelter!
KAT. (*aside*). Now, as I live, the voice of Gullcrammer!
Now shall our gambol be played off with spirit;
I'll swear I am the only one to whom
That screech-owl whoop was e'er acceptable.
OSW. What bawling knave is this, that takes our dwelling
For some hedge-inn, the haunt of lated drunkards?
ELE. What shall I say?—Go, Katleen, speak to him.
KAT. (*aside*). The game is in my hands—I will say something
Will fret the Baron's pride—and then he enters.
(*She speaks from the window*)—Good sir, be patient!
We are poor folks—it is but six Scotch miles
To the next borough town, where your Reverence
May be accommodated to your wants;
We are poor folks, an't please your Reverence,
And keep a narrow household—there's no track
To lead your steps astray—
GUL. Nor none to lead them right.—You kill me, lady,
If you deny me harbor. To budge from hence,
And in my weary plight, were sudden death,
Interment, funeral-sermon, tombstone, epitaph.
OSW. Who's he that is thus clamorous without?
(*To* ELE.) Thou know'st him?
ELE. (*confused*). I know him?—No—yes—'tis a worthy clergyman,
Benighted on his way;—but think not of him.
KAT. The morn will rise when that the tempest's past,
And if he miss the marsh, and can avoid

The crags upon the left, the road is plain.

OSW. Then this is all your piety! —to leave
One whom the holy duties of his office
Have summon'd over moor and wilderness,
To pray beside some dying wretch's bed,
Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life,—
Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,—
To leave him, after offices like these,
To choose his way in darkness 'twixt the marsh
And dizzy precipice?

ELE. What can I do?

OSW. Do what thou canst—the wealthiest do no more;
And if so much, 'tis well. These crumbling walls,
While yet they bear a roof, shall now, as ever,
Give shelter to the wanderer.—Have we food?
He shall partake it.—Have we none? the fast
Shall be accounted with the good man's merits
And our misfortunes——

[*He goes to the loop-hole while he speaks, and places himself there in room of his Wife, who comes down with reluctance.*

GUL. (*without*). Hillo — hoa — hoa!
By my good faith, I cannot plod it farther;
The attempt were death.

OSW. (*speaks from the window*) —Patience, my friend, I come to lower the drawbridge. (*Descends and exit.*

ELE. O that the screaming bittern had his couch
Where he deserves it, in the deepest marsh!

KAT. I would not give this sport for all the rent
Of Devorgoil, when Devorgoil was richest!
(*To* ELE.) But now you chided me, my dearest aunt,
For wishing him a horse-pond for his portion?

ELE. Yes, saucy girl; but, an it please you, then
He was not fretting me. If he had sense enough,
And skill to bear him as some casual stranger,—
But he is dull as earth, and every hint
Is lost on him, as hail-shot on the cormorant,
Whose hide is proof except to musket-bullets!

FLO. (*apart*). And yet to such a one would my kind mother,
Whose chiefest fault is loving me too fondly,
Wed her poor daughter?

*Enter* GULLCRAMMER, *his dress damaged by the storm;* ELEANOR *runs to meet him, in order to explain to him that she wished him to behave as a stranger.* GULLCRAMMER, *mistaking her approach for an invitation to familiarity, advances with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his character, when* OSWALD *enters,—*ELEANOR *recovers herself, and assumes an air of distance—*GULLCRAMMER *is confounded, and does not know what to make of it.*

OSW. The counterpoise has clean given way; the bridge
Must e'en remain unraised, and leave us open,
For this night's course at least, to passing visitants.—
What have we here?—is this the reverend man?

[*He takes up the candle, and surveys* GULLCRAMMER, *who strives to sustain the inspection with confidence, while fear obviously contends with conceit and desire to show himself to the best advantage.*

GUL. Kind sir,—or good my lord,
—my band is ruffled,
But yet 'twas fresh this morning.
This fell shower
Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak,
but you may note
It rates five marks per yard; my
doublet
Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled
taffeta.

[*Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.*

OSW. A goodly inventory—Art
thou a preacher?
GUL. Yea—I laud Heaven and
good Saint Mungo for it.
OSW. 'Tis the time's plague, when
those that should weed follies
Out of the common field, have their
own minds
O'errun with foppery. — Envoys
'twixt heaven and earth,
Example should with precept join,
to show us
How we may scorn the world with
all its vanities.
GUL. Nay, the high heavens fore-
fend that I were vain!
When our learn'd Principal such
sounding laud
Gave to mine Essay on the hidden
qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I dis-
claim'd
All self-exaltment. And (*turning
to the women*) when at the
dance,
The lovely Saccharissa Kirken-
croft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirken-
croft,
Graced me with her soft hand,
credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal
man,
Though beauty smiled on me.
OSW. Come, sir, enough of this.
That you're our guest to-night,
thank the rough heavens,
And all our worser fortunes; be
conformable
Unto my rules; these are no Sac-
charissas
To gild with compliments. There's
in your profession,
As the best grain will have its piles
of chaff,
A certain whiffler, who hath dared
to bait
A noble maiden with love tales and
sonnets;
And if I meet him, his Geneva cap
May scarce be proof to save his
ass's ears.
KAT. (*aside*). Umph—I am strong-
ly tempted;
And yet I think I will be generous,
And give his brains a chance to
save his bones.
Then there's more humor in our
goblin plot,
Than in a simple drubbing.
ELE. (*apart to* FLO.). What
shall we do? If he discover
him,
He'll fling him out at window.
FLO. My father's hint to keep
himself unknown
Is all too broad, I think, to be neg-
lected.
ELE. But yet the fool, if we pro-
duce his bounty,
May claim the merit of present-
ing it;
And then we're but lost women for
accepting
A gift our needs made timely.
KAT. Do not produce them.
E'en let the fop go supperless to
bed,
And keep his bones whole.
OSW. (*to his Wife*)—Hast thou
aught
To place before him ere he seek re-
pose?
ELE. Alas! too well you know
our needful fare
Is of the narrowest now, and knows
no surplus.
OSW. Shame us not with thy nig-
gard housekeeping:
He is a stranger—were it our last
crust,
And he the veriest coxcomb e'er
wore taffeta,
A pitch he's little short of—he must
share it,

Tho' all should want to-morrow.

GUL. (*partly overhearing what passes between them*)—

Nay, I am no lover of your sauced dainties—
Plain food and plenty is my motto still.
Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite :
A soused sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,
Has ne'er a fellow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages ?

[*Makes signs to* ELEANOR.

FLO. Plague on the vulgar hind, and on his courtesies !
The whole truth will come out !

OSW. What should they think, but that you're like to lack
Your favorite dishes, sir, unless perchance
You bring such dainties with you.

GUL. No, not *with* me ; not indeed,
Directly *with* me ; but—Aha ! fair ladies ! [*Makes signs again.*

KAT. He'll draw the beating down—Were that the worst,
Heaven's will be done ! [*Aside.*

OSW. (*apart*). What can he mean ?—this is the veriest dog-whelp—
Still he's a stranger, and the latest act
Of hospitality in this old mansion
Shall not be sullied.

GUL. Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favor,
Without pretending still in second-sight,
Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers——

OSW. I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art none. [*Aside.*

GUL. I do opine, still with the ladies' favor,
That I could guess the nature of our supper :
I do not say in such and such precedence
The dishes will be placed—housewives, as you know,
On such forms have their fancies ; but, I say still,
That a sow's face and sausages——

OSW. Peace, sir !
O'er-driven jests (if this be one) are insolent.

FLO. (*apart, seeing her mother uneasy.*)

The old saw still holds true—a churl's benefits,
Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,
Savor like injuries.

[*A horn is winded without ; then a loud knocking at the gate.*

LEO. (*without*). Ope, for the sake of love and charity !

[OSWALD *goes to the loop-hole.*

GUL. Heaven's mercy ! should there come another stranger,
And he half-starved with wandering on the wolds,
The sow's face boasts no substance, nor the sausages,
To stand our reinforced attack ! I judge, too,
By this starved Baron's language, there's no hope
Of a reserve of victuals.

FLO. Go to the casement, cousin.

KAT. Go yourself,
And bid the gallant, who that bugle winded,
Sleep in the storm-swept waste ; as meet for him
As for Lance Blackthorn,—Come, I'll not distress you ;
I'll get admittance for this second suitor,
And we'll play out this gambol at cross purposes.
But see, your father has prevented me.

OSW. (*seems to have spoken with those without, and answers*)—

Well, I will ope the door ; one guest already,
Driven by the storm, has claim'd my hospitality,

And you, if you were fiends, were scarce less welcome
To this my moldering roof, than empty ignorance
And rank conceit. I hasten to admit you. [*Exit.*
ELE. (*to* FLO.). The tempest thickens. By that winded bugle,
I guess the guest that next will honor us.
Little deceiver, that didst mock my troubles,
'Tis now thy turn to fear!
FLO. Mother, if I knew less or more of this
Unthought-of and most perilous visitation,
I would your wishes were fulfill'd on me,
And I were wedded to a thing like yon.
GUL. (*approaching*). Come, ladies, now you see the jest is threadbare.
And you must own that same sow's face and sausages——

*Re-enter* OSWALD *with* LEONARD, *supporting* BAULDIE DURWARD. OSWALD *takes a view of them, as formerly of* GULLCRAMMER, *then speaks—*

OSW. (*to* LEO.). By thy green cassock, hunting-spear, and bugle,
I guess thou art a huntsman?
LEO. (*bowing with respect*)—
A ranger of the neighboring royal forest,
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman, therefore,
In time of peace; and when the land has war,
To my best powers a soldier.
OSW. Welcome, as either. I have loved the chase,
And was a soldier once.—This aged man,
What may he be?
DUR. (*recovering his breath*)—
Is but a beggar, sir, a humble mendicant,
Who feels it passing strange, that from this roof,
Above all others, he should now crave shelter.
OSW. Why so? You're welcome both—only the word
Warrants more courtesy than our present means
Permit us to bestow. A huntsman and a soldier
May be a prince's comrade, much more mine;
And for a beggar—friend, there little lacks,
Save that blue gown and badge, and clouted pouches,
To make us comrades too; then welcome both,
And to a beggar's feast. I fear, brown bread
And water from the spring, will be the best on't;
For we had cast to wend abroad this evening,
And left our larder empty.
GUL. Yet, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses.—
(*Apart.*) We'll not go supperless now—we're three to one.—
Still do I say, that a soused face and sausages ——
OSW. (*looks sternly at him, then at his wife*)—
There's something under this, but that the present
Is not a time to question.—(*To* ELE.) Wife, my mood
Is at such height of tide, that a turn'd feather
Would make me frantic now, with mirth or fury!
Tempt me no more—but if thou hast the things
This carrion crow so croaks for, bring them forth;
For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,
'Twill be a fearful banquet!
ELE. Your pleasure be obey'd—Come aid me, Flora.
[*Exeunt.*
[*During the following speeches,*

*the Women place dishes on the table.*

Osw. (*to* Dur.). How did you lose your path?
Dur. E'en when we thought to find it a wild meteor
Danced in the moss, and led our feet astray.—
I give small credence to the tales of old,
Of Friar's-lantern told, and Will-o'-Wisp,
Else would I say, that some malicious demon
Guided us in a round; for to the moat,
Which we had pass'd two hours since were we led,
And there the gleam flicker'd and disappear'd,
Even on your draw-bridge. I was so worn down,
So broke with laboring thro' marsh and moor,
That, wold I nold I, here my young conductor
Would needs implore for entrance; else, believe me,
I had not troubled you.
Osw. And why not, father?—have you e'er heard aught,
Or of my house or me, that wanderers,
Whom or their roving trade or sudden circumstance
Oblige to seek a shelter, should avoid
The House of Devorgoil?
Dur. Sir, I am English born—
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said
Why I should shun those towers, whose lords were hostile
To English blood, and unto Cumberland
Most hostile and most fatal.
Osw. Ay, father. Once my grandsire plow'd and harrow'd,
And sow'd with salt, the streets of your fair towns:
But what of that?—you have the 'vantage now.
Dur. True, Lord of Devorgoil, and well believe I,
That not in vain we sought these towers to-night,
So strangely guided, to behold their state.
Osw. Ay, thou wouldst say, 'twas fit a Cumbrian beggar
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls,
Whose fathers beggar'd Cumberland—Graybeard, let it be so,
I'll not dispute it with thee.

(*To* Leonard, *who was speaking to* Flora, *but, on being surprised, occupied himself with the suit of armor*)—

What makest thou there, young man?
Leo. I marvel'd at this harness; it is larger
Than arms of modern days. How richly carved
With gold inlaid on steel—how close the rivets—
How justly fit the joints! I think the gauntlet
Would swallow twice my hand.

[*He is about to take down some part of the armor;* Oswald *interferes.*

Osw. Do not displace it.
My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength,
And almost human size—and human knowledge,
And human vice, and human virtue also,
As storm or sunshine chanced to occupy
His mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed,
He hung his armor on the wall, forbidding
It e'er should be ta'en down. There is a prophecy,
That of itself 'twill fall, upon the night
When, in the fiftieth year from his decease,
Devorgoil's feast is full. This is the era;

But, as too well you see, no meet occasion
Will do the downfall of the armor justice,
Or grace it with a feast. There let it bide,
Trying its strength with the old walls it hangs on,
Which shall fall soonest.

DUR. (*looking at the trophy with a mixture of feeling*)—
Then there stern Erick's harness hangs untouch'd,
Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!

OSW. Ay, waste and want, and recklessness—a comrade
Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd these walls
Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulls,
Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals told
Of desperate chases—partisans and spears—
Knights' barred helms and shields—the shafts and bows,
Axes and breastplates, of the hardy yeomanry—
The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these arms
Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd;
Yes, one by one they all have disappear'd;—
And now Lord Erick's harness hangs alone,
Midst implements of vulgar husbandry
And mean economy; as some old warrior,
Whom want hath made an inmate of an almshouse,
Shows, mid the beggar'd spendthrifts, base mechanics,
And bankrupt pedlers, with whom fate has mix'd him.

DUR, Or rather like a pirate, whom the prison-house,
Prime leveler next the grave, hath for the first time
Mingled with peaceful captives, low in fortunes,
But fair in innocence.

OSW. (*looking at* DURWARD *with surprise*)—Friend, thou art bitter!

DUR. Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper coinage,
Despised amongst the gentry, still finds value
And currency with beggars.

OSW. Be it so.
I will not trench on the immunities
I soon may claim to share. Thy features, too,
Tho' weather-beaten, and thy strain of language,
Relish of better days. Come hither, friend,
[*They speak apart.*
And let me ask thee of thine occupation.

[LEONARD *looks round, and, seeing* OSWALD *engaged with* DURWARD, *and* GULLCRAMMER *with* ELEANOR, *approaches towards* FLORA, *who must give him an opportunity of doing so, with obvious attention on her part to give it the air of chance. The by-play here will rest with the Lady, who must engage the attention of the audience by playing off a little female hypocrisy and simple coquetry.*

LEO. Flora——

FLO. Ay, gallant huntsman, may she deign to question
Why Leonard came not at the appointed hour;
Or why he came at midnight?

LEO. Love has no certain lodestar, gentle Flora,
And oft gives up the helm to wayward pilotage.
To say the sooth—A beggar forced me hence,
And Will-o'-Wisp did guide us back again.

FLO. Ay, ay, your beggar was the faded spectre

Of Poverty, that sits upon the threshold
Of these our ruin'd walls. I've been unwise,
Leonard, to let you speak so oft with me;
And you a fool to say what you have said.
E'en let us here break short; and, wise at length,
Hold each our separate way thro' life's wide ocean.

LEO. Nay, let us rather join our course together,
And share the breeze or tempest, doubling joys,
Relieving sorrows, warding evils off
With mutual effort, or enduring them
With mutual patience.

FLO. This is but flattering counsel—sweet and baneful;
But mine had wholesome bitter in't.

KAT. Ay, ay; but like the sly apothecary,
You'll be the last to take the bitter drug
That you prescribe to others.

[*They whisper.* ELEANOR *advances to interrupt them, followed by* GULLCRAMMER.

ELE. What, maid, no household cares? Leave to your elders
The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

GUL. Be it thine,
O, Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substantials;
That is to say,—for learned commentators
Do so expound substantials in some places,—
With a soused bacon-face and sausages.

FLO. (*apart*). Would thou wert soused, intolerable pedant,
Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb!

KAT. Hush, coz, for we'll be well avenged on him,
And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot o'ertake her wishes.

[*She proceeds to arrange seats.* OSWALD *and* DURWARD *come forward in conversation.*

OSW. I like thine humor well.—So all men beg——

DUR. Yes—I can make it good by proof. Your soldier
Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the Gazette;—he brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar.—
The courtier begs a ribbon or a star,
And, like our gentler mumpers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service.—For your lover
Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of hair,
A buskin-point, he maunds upon the pad,
With the true cant of pure mendicity.
"The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,
And if it like your ladyship!"
[*In a begging tone.*

KAT. (*apart*). This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humor
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honor'd uncle. I will try a question.—
Your man of merit tho', who serves the commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?——
[*To* DURWARD.

DUR. Is a dumb beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double guerdon.—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage

O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendicity
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's ribbon, and the lady's favor,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, canted for them;
Whereas your charitable half-penny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth *two* farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

FLO. (*interrupting him and addressing her father*)—

Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,
And pray you come to supper.

ELE. (*to* OSWALD, *apart*). Must *he* sit with us? [*Looking at* DURWARD.

OSW. Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all?
When cloaks are ragged, sure their worth is equal,
Whether at first they were of silk or woolen.

ELE. Thou art scarce consistent.
This day thou didst refuse a princely banquet,
Because a new-made lord was placed above thee;
And now——

OSW. Wife, I have seen, at public executions,
A wretch that could not brook the hand of violence
Should push him from the scaffold, pluck up courage,
And, with a desperate sort of cheerfulness,
Take the fell plunge himself—
Welcome then, beggars, to a beggar's feast!

GUL. (*who has in the meanwhile seated himself*)—

But this is more.—A better countenance,
Fair fall the hands that soused it!—than this hog's,
Or prettier provender than these same sausages,
(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless—
Doubtless some youth whom love hath made profuse,)

[*Smiling significantly at* ELEANOR *and* FLORA.]

No prince need wish to peck at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house (by metaphor,
I mean the chimneys) smell'd a steam so grateful.—
By your good leave I cannot dally longer. [*Helps himself.*

OSW. (*places* DURWARD *above* GULLCRAMMER). Meanwhile, sir,
Please it your youthful learning to give place
To gray hairs and to wisdom; and, moreover,
If you had tarried for the benediction——

GUL. (*somewhat abashed*). I said grace to myself.

OSW. (*not minding him*)—And waited for the company of others,
It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgoil,
Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.

[*He seats himself, and helps the company and himself in dumb-show. There should be a contrast betwixt the precision of his aristocratic civility and the rude underbreeding of* GULLCRAMMER.

OSW. (*having tasted the dish next him*)—Why, this is venison, Eleanor!

GUL. Eh! What! Let's see—(*Pushes across* OSWALD *and helps himself.*) It may be venison—

I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb, or pork;
Eke am I sure, that be it what it will,
It is not half so good as sausages,
Or as a sow's face soused.
Osw. Eleanor, whence all this?——
Ele. Wait till to-morrow,
You shall know all. It was a happy chance
That furnish'd us to meet so many guests—(*Fills wine*).
Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your trencher.*
Kat. (*apart*). My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim
Of "Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."
Osw. (*tastes the wine*). It is the grape of Bordeaux.
Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from 't long.

[*He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.*

Fill round, my friends — here is a treacherous friend, now,
Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel,
Which is distinction between man and brute —
I mean our reason; this he does, and smiles.
But are not all friends treacherous? One shall cross you
Even in your dearest interests — one shall slander you —
This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse;
But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow
Your sense of mortal sorrows for a season,
And leave, instead, a gay delirium.
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visitants,
The influence feels already! — we will revel! —
Our banquet shall be loud! — it is our last.
Katleen, thy song.
Kat. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing to-night
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;
I'll keep my voice till then.
Ele. Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding.
Kat. Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage-nurtured,
And taught, I think, to prize my own wild will
Above all sacrifice to compliment.
Here is a huntsman — in his eyes I read it,
He sings the martial song my uncle loves,
What time fierce Claver'se with his Cavaliers,
Abjuring the new change of government,
Forcing his fearless way thro' timorous friends,
And enemies as timorous, left the capital
To rouse in James's cause the distant Highlands.
Have you ne'er heard the song, my noble uncle?
Osw. Have I not heard, wench? —It was I rode next him —
'Tis thirty summers since — rode by his rein;
We marched on thro' the alarmed city,
As sweeps the osprey thro' a flock of gulls,
Who scream and flutter, but dare no resistance
Against the bold sea-empress. They did murmur,
The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,
And those whom we had pass'd, gathering fresh courage,
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded them
E'en as the brave bark minds the bursting billows,

* Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quaigh, a Scottish drinking cup: whence our word quaff.

Which, yielding to her bows, burst on her sides,
And ripple in her wake.—Sing me that strain, (*To* LEO.)
And thou shalt have a meed I seldom tender,
Because they 're all I have to give —my thanks.

LEO. Nay, if you'll bear with what I cannot help,
A voice that's rough with hollowing to the hounds,
I'll sing the song even as old Rowland taught me.

SONG.

AIR, — "*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.*"

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke:
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat:
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd,*
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

* Previous to 1784 the Grassmarket was the common place of execution at Edinburgh.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox!—
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

ELE. Katleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle's cheerful;
We must not let his humor ebb again.

KAT. But I'll do better, aunt, than if I sung,
For Flora can sing blithe; so can this huntsman,
As he has shown e'en now; let them duet it.

OSW. Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish maiden
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol,
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drown'd;

When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,
Then is our banquet crown'd,
Ah gay,
Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
Then is our feast at full,
Ah gay,
Then is our feast at full.

OSW. (*rises with his cup in his hand*)—Devorgoil's feast is full—Drink to the pledge!

[*A tremendous burst of thunder follows these words of the Song; and the Lightning should seem to strike the suit of black Armor, which falls with a crash. All rise in surprise and fear except* GULLCRAMMER, *who tumbles over backwards and lies still.*

OSW. That sounded like the judgment peal—the roof
Still trembles with the volley.
DUR. Happy those,
Who are prepared to meet such fearful summons.
Leonard, what dost thou there?

LEO. (*supporting* FLO.) The duty of a man—

Supporting innocence. Were it the final call,
I were not misemploy'd.
OSW. The armor of my grandsire hath fall'n down,
And old saws have spoke truth.—(*Musing.*) The fiftieth year—
Devorgoil's feast at fullest! What to think of it—
LEO. (*lifting a scroll which had fallen with the armor*)—
This may inform us.—(*Attempts to read the manuscript, shakes his head and gives it to* OSWALD)—
But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its tidings.
OSW. Hawks, hounds, and reveling consumed the hours
I should have given to study. (*Looks at the manuscript.*)
These characters I spell not more than thou.
They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language.—Where's our scholar now,
So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard
Upon a point of learning?
LEO. Here is the man of letter'd dignity,
E'en in a piteous case. (*Drags* GULLCRAMMER *forward.*)
OSW. Art waking, craven? Canst thou read this scroll?
Or art thou only learn'd in sousing swine's flesh,
And prompt in eating it?
GULL. Eh—ah!—oh—ho!—Have you no better time
To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he's dead or living?
OSW. Confound the pedant?—Can you read the scroll,
Or can you not, sir? If you *can*, pronounce
Its meaning speedily.
GUL. *Can* I read it, quotha?
When at our learned University,
I gain'd first premium for Hebrew learning,—
Which was a pound of high-dried Scottish snuff,
And half a peck of onions, with a bushel
Of curious oatmeal,—our learned Principal
Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst do anything!"
Now comes he with his paltry scroll of parchment,
And, "*Can* you read it?"—After such affront,
The point is, if I *will*.
OSW. A point soon solved,
Unless you choose to sleep among the frogs;
For look you, sir, there is the chamber window,—
Beneath it lies the lake.
ELE. Kind master Gullcrammer, beware my husband.
He brooks no contradiction.—'tis his fault,
And in his wrath he's dangerous.
GULL. (*looks at the scroll, and mutters as if reading—*
*Hashgaboth hotch-potch—*
A simple matter this to make a rout of—
*Ten rashersen bacon, mish-mash venison,*
*Sausagian soused-face*—'Tis a simple catalogue
Of our small supper—made by the grave sage
Whose prescience knew this night that we should feast
On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages,
And hung his steel coat for a supper bell.
E'en let us to our provender again,
For it is written we shall finish it,
And bless our stars the lightning left it us.
OSW. This must be impudence or ignorance!
The spirit of rough Erick stirs within me,
And I will knock thy brains out if thou falterest!
Expound the scroll to me!
GUL. You're over-hasty;

And yet you may be right too—'Tis Samaritan,
Now I look closer on't, and I did take it
For simple Hebrew,
DUR. 'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,
That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll.
GUL. Alas, good friend! what would you do with it?
DUR. (*takes it from him.*)
My best to read it, sir—The character is Saxon,
Used at no distant date within this district;
And thus the tenor runs—not in Samaritan,
Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome English:—

"Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneth,
And the rust thy harness staineth;
Servile guests the banquet soil
Of the once proud Devorgoil.
But should Black Erick's armor fall,
Look for guests shall scare you all!
They shall come ere peep of day,—
Wake and watch, and hope and pray."

KAT. (*to* FLO.) Here is fine foolery? An old wall shakes
At a loud thunder-clap — down comes a suit
Of ancient armor, when its wasted braces
Were all too rotten to sustain its weight—
A beggar cries out, Miracle!—and your father,
Weighing the importance of his name and lineage,
Must needs believe the dotard!
FLO. Mock not, I pray you; this may be too serious.
KAT. And if I live till morning, I will have
The power to tell a better tale of wonder
Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll go prepare me.

[*Exit.*

FLO. I have not Katleen's spirit, yet I hate
This Gullcrammer too heartily to stop
Any disgrace that's hasting towards him.
OSW. (*to whom the Beggar has been again reading the scroll*).
'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon,
Now waning sorely, is our ancient bearing—
Strange and unfitting guests—
GUL. (*interrupting him*). Ay, ay, the matter
Is, as you say, all moonshine in the water.
OSW. How mean you, sir? (*threatening.*)
GUL. To show that I can rhyme
With yonder bluegown. Give me breath and time,
I will maintain, in spite of his pretense,
Mine exposition had the better sense—
It spoke good victuals and increase of cheer;
And his, more guests to eat what we have here—
An increment right needless,
OSW. Get thee gone!
To kennel, hound!
GUL. The hound will have his bone.

[*Takes up the platter of meat and a flask.*

OSW. Flora, show him his chamber—take him hence,
Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his brains!
GUL. Ladies, good-night?—I spare you, sir, the pains.

[*Exit, lighted by* FLORA *with a lamp.*

OSW. The owl is fled.—I'll not to bed to-night.
There is some change impending o'er this house,
For good or ill. I would some holy man
Were here, to counsel us what we should do.

Yon witless thin-faced gull is but a cassock
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.
DUR. (*assuming an air of dignity*). I have been wont,
In other days, to point to erring mortals
The rock which they should anchor on.

[*He holds up a Cross—the rest take a posture of devotion, and the Scene closes.*

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A ruinous Anteroom in the Castle.*

*Enter* KATLEEN, *fantastically dressed to play the character of Cockledemoy, with the visor in her hand.*

KAT. I've scarce had time to glance at my sweet person,
Yet this much could I see, with half a glance,
My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not mask me
Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn. Lance, I say! [*Calls.*
Blackthorn, make haste!

*Enter* BLACKTHORN, *half dressed as Owlspiegle.*

BLA. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half,
Much at your service; but my nether parts
Are goblinized and Owlspiegled. I had much ado
To get these trankums on. I judge Lord Erick
Kept no good house, and starved his quondam barber.
KAT. Peace, ass, and hide you—Gullcrammer is coming;
He left the hall before, but then took fright,
And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady Flora lights him—
Trim occupation for her ladyship!
Had you seen Leonard, when she left the hall
On such fine errand!
BLA. This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extraordinary
For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Katleen,
What dress is this of yours?
KAT. A page's, fool!
BLA. I am accounted no great scholar,
But 'tis a page that I would fain peruse
A little closer. [*Approaches her.*
KAT. Put on your spectacles,
And try if you can read it at this distance,
For you shall come no nearer.
BLA. But is there nothing, then, save rank imposture,
In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?
KAT. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, supposing
That his great name so interests the Heavens,
That miracles must needs bespeak its fall.
I would that I were in a lowly cottage,
Beneath the greenwood, on its walls no armor
To court the levin-bolt——
BLA. And a kind husband, Katleen,
To ward such dangers as must needs come nigh.—
My father's cottage stands so low and lone,
That you would think it solitude itself;
The greenwood shields it from the northern blast,
And, in the woodbine round its latticed casement,
The linnet's sure to build the earliest nest
In all the forest.
KAT. Peace, you fool,—they come.
[FLORA *lights* GULLCRAMMER *across the Stage.*
KAT. (*when they have passed*)—Away with you!
On with your cloak—be ready at the signal.
BLA. And shall we talk of that same cottage, Katleen,
At better leisure? I have much to say

In favor of my cottage.
KAT. If you will be talking,
You know I can't prevent you.
BLA. That's enough.
(*Aside.*) I shall have leave, I see, to spell the page
A little closer, when the due time comes.

SCENE II.

*Scene changes to* GULLCRAMMER'S *sleeping Apartment. He enters, ushered in by* FLORA, *who sets on the table a flask, with the lamp.*

FLO. A flask, in case your Reverence be athirsty ;
A light, in case your Reverence be afear'd ;—
And so, sweet slumber to your Reverence.
GUL. Kind Mistress Flora, will you?—eh! eh! eh!
FLO. Will I what?
GUL. Tarry a little?
FLO. (*smiling*). Kind Master Gullcrammer,
How can you ask me aught so unbecoming?
GUL. Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me, Mistress Flora,
'Tis not for that—but being guided through
Such dreary galleries, stairs, and suites of rooms,
To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat loth
To bid adieu to pleasant company.
FLO. A flattering compliment! —In plain truth, you are frighten'd.
GUL. What! frighten'd?—I—I—am not timorous.
FLO. Perhaps you've heard this is our haunted chamber?
But then it is our best.—Your Reverence knows,
That in all tales which turn upon a ghost,
Your traveler belated has the luck
To enjoy the haunted room—it is a rule :—
To some it were a hardship, but to you,
Who are a scholar, and not timorous,
GUL. I did not say I was not timorous,
I said I was not temerarious,—
I'll to the hall again.
FLO. You'll do your pleasure,
But you have somehow moved my father's anger;
And you had better meet our playful Owlspiegle—
So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.
GUL. Owlspiegle?—
It is an uncouth and outlandish name,
And in mine ears sounds fiendish.
FLO. Hush, hush, hush!
Perhaps he hears us now—(*in an undertone*)—A merry spirit;
None of your elves that pinch folks black and blue,
For lack of cleanliness.
GUL. As for that, Mistress Flora,
My taffeta doublet hath been duly brush'd,
My shirt hebdomadal put on this morning.
FLO. Why, you need fear no goblins.
But this Owlspiegle
Is of another class ;—yet has his frolics :
Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics
The office of a sinful mortal barber.
Such is at least the rumor.
GUL. He will not cut my clothes, or scar my face,
Or draw my blood?
FLO. Enormities like these
Were never charged against him.
GUL. And, Mistress Flora, would you smile on me,
If, prick'd by the fond hope of your approval.
I should endure this venture?
FLO. I do hope
I shall have cause to smile.
GUL. Well! in that hope

I will embrace the achievement for thy sake. [*She is going.*
Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not—
I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel
Rather endure than face the ghostly razor!
Your crab-tree's tough, but blunt, —your razor's polish'd,
But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp.
I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure
Submit these destined shoulders.

FLO. But you shall not—
Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate,
And better far be trimm'd by ghost or goblin,
Than by my sire in anger;—there are stores
Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven knows what,
Buried among these ruins—you shall stay.
(*Apart.*) And if indeed there be such sprite as Owlspiegle,
And, lacking him, that thy fear plague thee not
Worse than a goblin, I have miss'd my purpose,
Which else stands good in either case.—Good-night, sir.

[*Exit, and double locks the door.*

GUL. Nay, hold ye, hold! Nay, gentle Mistress Flora,
Wherefore this ceremony?—She has lock'd me in,
And left me to the goblin!—(*Listening.*) So, so, so!
I hear her light foot trip to such a distance,
That I believe the castle's breadth divides me
From human company.—I'm ill at ease—
But if this citadel (*laying his hand on his stomach*) were better victual'd,
It would be better mann'd.

[*Sits down and drinks.*

She has a footstep light, and taper ankle. [*Chuckles.*
Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too,
But for those charms Melchisedek had been
Snug in his bed at Mucklewhame—I say,
Confound her footstep, and her instep too,
To use a cobbler's phrase.—There I was quaint.
Now, what to do in this vile circumstance,
To watch or go to bed, I can't determine;
Were I a-bed, the ghost might catch me napping,
And if I watch, my terrors will increase
As ghostly hours approach. I'll to my bed
E'en in my taffeta doublet, shrink my head
Beneath the clothes—leave the lamp burning there,

[*Sets it on the table.*

And trust to fate the issue.

[*He lays aside his cloak, and brushes it, as from habit, starting at every moment; ties a napkin over his head; then springs beneath the bed-clothes. He starts once or twice, and at length seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls* ONE. *He leaps up in his bed.*

GUL. I had just coax'd myself to sweet forgetfulness,
And that confounded bell. I hate all bells,
Except a dinner-bell—and yet I lie, too,—
I love the bell that soon shall tell the parish
Of Gabblegoose, Melchisedek's incumbent—
And shall the future minister of Gabblegoose,
Whom his parishioners will soon require

To exorcise their ghosts, detect their witches,
Lie shivering in his bed for a pert goblin,
Whom, be he switch'd or cock-tail'd, horn'd or poll'd,
A few tight Hebrew words will soon send packing?
Tush! I will rouse the parson up within me,
And bid defiance——(*A distant noise.*) In the name of Heaven,
What sounds are these?—O Lord! this comes of rashness!

[*Draws his head down under the bed-clothes.*

*Duet without, between* OWLSPIEGLE *and* COCKLEDEMOY.

OWLS. Cockledemoy,
My boy, my boy,
COCKL. Here, father, here.
OWLS. Now the pole-star's red and burning,
And the witch's spindle turning,
Appear, appear!

GUL. (*who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet*)—

I have heard of the devil's dam before,
But never of his child. Now Heaven deliver me,
The Papists have the better of us there,—
They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,
And pat for such occasion.—I can think
On naught but the vernacular.

OWLS. Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
We'll sport us here—
COCKL. Our gambols play,
Like elve and fay;
OWLS. And domineer,
BOTH. Laugh, frolic, and frisk,
till the morning appear.

COCKL. Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!

[*The door opens with violence. Enter* BLACKTHORN *as* OWLSPIEGLE, *fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly;* KATLEEN, *as* COCKLEDEMOY, *attends as his page. All their manners, tones, and motions are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the Room, without seeming to see* GULLCRAMMER. *They then resume their Chant, or Recitative.*

OWLS. Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?
COCKL. No; for the weather is stormy and foul.
OWLS. Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,
Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?
COCKL. Oh no! she has claws, and I like not that.
GUL. I see the devil is a doting father,
And spoils his children—'tis the surest way
To make curst imps of them. They see me not—
What will they think on next? It must be own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.
OWLS. Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

COCKL. That's best, that's best!
BOTH About, about,
Like an elvish scout,
The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

[*They search the room with mops and mows. At length* COCKLEDEMOY *jumps on the bed.* GULLCRAMMER *raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands.* COCKLEDEMOY *does the same, and grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to* OWLSPIEGLE.

COCKL. I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and drest,
To please the eyes he loves the best.
OWLS. That's best, that's best.
BOTH. He must be shaved, and trimm'd and drest,
To please the eyes he loves the best

[*They arrange shaving things ou the table, and sing as they prepare them.*

BOTH. Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
OWLS. (*sharpening his razor*)—
The sword this is made of was lost in a fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.
BOTH. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

COCKL. (*placing the napkin*)—
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.

[*Drops something from a vial, as going to make suds.*

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,
Which wept, while she ogled the parson with t'other.
BOTH. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

OWLS. (*arranging the lather and the basin*)—
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.
BOTH. For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo.
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath the raven,
Here ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven?

*Da capo.*

GUL. (*who has been observing them*).
I'll pluck a spirit up, they're merry goblins,
And will deal mildly. I will soothe their humor;
Besides, my beard lacks trimming.

[*He rises from his bed, and*

*advances with great symptoms of trepidation, but affecting an air of composure. The Goblins receive him with fantastic ceremony.*

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
E'en do your pleasure.
[*They point to a seat—he sits.*
Think, howsoe'er,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech you, signior,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those barbers,
One would have harrows, driven across his visnomy.
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

OWLSPIEGLE *shaves* GULLCRAMMER *while* COCKLEDEMOY *sings.*

Father never started hair,
Shaved too close, or left too bare
Father's razor slips as glib
As from courtly tongue a fib.
Whiskers, mustache, he can trim in
Fashion meet to please the women;
Sharp's his blade, perfumed his lather!
Happy those are trimm'd by father!

GUL. That's a good boy. I love to hear a child
Stand for his father, if he were the devil.
[*He motions to rise.*
Craving your pardon, sir.—What! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.
[OWLSPIEGLE *insists on his sitting.*
Nay, if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
E'en trim me to your fashion.

[OWLSPIEGLE *cuts his hair, and shaves his head ridiculously.*

COCKLEDEMOY (*sings as before*).

Hair-breadth 'scapes, and hair-breadth snares,
Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic;—
If threescore seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's vows,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
Owlspiegle shall trim their noddle.

[*They take the napkin from about* GULLCRAMMER'S *neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, and sing—*

Thrice crow'd hath the blackcock, thrice croak'd hath the raven,
And Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer's shaven!

GUL. My friends, you are too musical for me,
But though I cannot cope with you in song,
I would, in humble prose, inquire of you,
If that you will permit me to acquit
Even with the barber's pence the barber's service?
[*They shake their heads.*
Or if there is aught else that I can do for you,
Sweet Master Owlspiegle, or your loving child,
The hopeful Cockle'moy?

COCKL. Sir, you have been trimm'd of late;
Smooth's your chin, and bald your pate;
Lest cold rheums should work you harm,
Here's a cap to keep you warm.

GUL. Welcome, as Fortunatus' wishing cap,
For 'twas a cap that I was wishing for.

(There I was quaint in spite of mortal terror.)

[*As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears disengage themselves.*

Upon my faith, it is a dainty headdress,
And might become an alderman!—
Thanks, sweet Monsieur,
Thou'rt a considerate youth.

[*Both Goblins bow with ceremony to* GULLCRAMMER, *who returns their salutation.* OWLSPIEGLE *descends by the trap-door.* COCKLEDEMOY *springs out at window.*

SONG (*without*).

OWL. Cockledemoy, my hope, my care,
Where art thou now, O tell me where?
COCKL. Up in the sky,
On the bonny dragonfly,
Come, father, come you too—
She has four wings and strength enow,
And her long body has room for two.

GUL. Cockledemoy now is a naughty brat—
Would have the poor old stiff-rump'd devil, his father,
Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thoughtless.

SONG.

OWL. Which way didst thou take?
COCKL. I have fallen in the lake—
Help, father, for Beelzebub's sake.

GUL. The imp is drown'd — a strange death for a devil!
O, may all boys take warning, and be civil;
Respect their loving sires, endure a chiding,
Nor roam by night on dragonflies a-riding!

COCKL. (*sings*). Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,
My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for an oar.
OWL. (*sings*), My life, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!

GUL. I can bear this no longer — thus children are spoil'd.
(*Strikes into the tune*). — Master Owlspiegle, hoy!
He deserves to be whipp'd, little Cockledemoy!
[*Their voices are heard as if dying away.*
GUL. They're gone!—Now, am I scared, or am I not?
I think the very desperate ecstasy
Of fear has given me courage. This is strange, now!
When they were here I was not half so frighten'd
As now they are gone — they were a sort of company.
What a strange thing is use!—A horn, a claw,
The tip of a fiend's tail, was wont to scare me;—
Now am I with the devil hand and glove;
His soap has lather'd, and his razor shaved me;
I've joined him in a catch, kept time and tune,
Could dine with him, nor ask for a long spoon;
And if I keep not better company,
What will become of me when I shall die? [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*A Gothic Hall, waste and ruinous. The moonlight is at times seen through the shafted windows. Enter* KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN — *They have thrown off the more ludicrous parts of their disguise.*

KAT. This way—this way. Was ever fool so gull'd!
BLA. I play'd the barber better than I thought for.
Well, I've an occupation in reserve,

When the long bow and merry musket fail me.—
But hark ye, pretty Katleen.
KAT. What should I hearken to?
BLA. Art thou not afraid,
In these wild halls while playing feigned goblins,
That we may meet with real ones?
KAT. Not a jot.
My spirit is too light, my heart too bold,
To fear a visit from the other world.
BLA. But is not this the place, the very hall
In which men say that Oswald's grandfather,
The black Lord Erick, walks his penance round?
Credit me, Katleen, these half-moulder'd columns
Have in their ruin something very fiendish,
And, if you'll take an honest friend's advice,
The sooner that you change their shatter'd splendor
For the snug cottage that I told you of,
Believe me, it will prove the blither dwelling.
KAT. If I e'er see that cottage, honest Blackthorn,
Believe me, it shall be from other motive
Than fear of Erick's specter.

[*A rustling sound is heard.*

BLA. I heard a rustling sound—
Upon my life, there's something in the hall,
Katleen, besides us two!
KAT. A yeoman thou,
A forester, and frighten'd! I am sorry
I gave the fool's-cap to poor Gull-crammer,
And let thy head go bare.
[*The same rushing sound is repeated.*
BLA. Why, are you mad, or hear you not the sound?
KAT. And if I do, I take small heed of it.
Will you allow a maiden to be bolder
Than you, with beard on chin and sword at girdle?
BLA. Nay, if I had my sword, I would not care;
Tho' I ne'er heard of master of defense,
So active at his weapon as to brave
The devil, or a ghost — See! see! see yonder!

[*A Figure is imperfectly seen between two of the pillars.*

KAT. There's something moves, that's certain, and the moonlight,
Chased by the flitting gale, is too imperfect
To show its form; but, in the name of God,
I'll venture on it boldly.
BLA. Wilt thou so?
Were I alone, now, I were strongly tempted
To trust my heels for safety; but with thee,
Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to meet it.
KAT. It stands full in our path, and we must pass it,
Or tarry here all night.
BLA. In its vile company?

[*As they advance towards the Figure, it is more plainly distinguished, which might, I think, be contrived by raising successive screens of crape. The Figure is wrapped in a long robe, like the mantle of a Hermit, or Palmer.*

PALMER. Ho! ye who thread by night these wildering scenes,
In garb of those who long have slept in death,
Fear ye the company of those you imitate?
BLA. This is the devil, Katleen, let us fly! [*Runs off.*
KAT. I will not fly—why should I? My nerves shake
To look on this strange vision, but my heart

Partakes not the alarm.—If thou
dost come in Heaven's name,
In Heaven's name art thou welcome!

PAL. I come, by Heaven permitted. Quit this castle:
There is a fate on't—if for good or evil,
Brief space shall soon determine. In that fate,
If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim,
If evil, much may'st suffer.—Leave these precincts.

KAT. Whate'er thou art, be answer'd—Know, I will not
Desert the kinswoman who train'd my youth;
Know, that I will not quit my friend, my Flora;
Know, that I will not leave the aged man
Whose roof has shelter'd me. This is my resolve—
If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;
If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,
A portion in their happiness from which
No fiend can bar me.

PAL. Maid, before thy courage,
Firm built on innocence, even beings of nature,
More powerful far than thine give place and way;
Take then this key, and wait the event with courage.

[*He drops the key.—He disappears gradually—the moonlight failing at the same time.*

KAT. (*after a pause*). Whate'er it was, 'tis gone! My head turns round—
The blood that lately fortified my heart
Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,
And makes wild work with reason. I will haste,
If that my steps can bear me so far safe,
To living company. What if I meet it
Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?
And if I do, the strong support that bore me
Thro' this appalling interview, again
Shall strengthen and uphold me.

[*As she steps forward, she stumbles over the key.*

What's this? The key?—there may be mystery in't.
I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit
Will give me leave to choose my way aright.

[*She sits down exhausted.*

*Re-enter* BLACKTHORN, *with a drawn sword and torch.*

BLA. Katleen!—what, Katleen!—What a wretch was I
To leave her!—Katleen!—I am weapon'd now,
And fear nor dog nor devil,—She replies not!
Beast that I was!—nay, worse than beast! The stag,
As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.
What's to be done?—I'll search this cursed castle
From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her not,
I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—

KATLEEN (*who has somewhat gathered her spirits in consequence of his entrance, comes behind and touches him: he starts*). Brave sir!
I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold woodsman!
Surely I hope that from this night henceforward
You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to them.
O I could laugh—but that my head's so dizzy.

BLA. Lean on me, Katleen—By my honest word

I thought you close behind—I was surprised,
Not a jot frightened.
KAT. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,
And then to show me at what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.
BLA. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin business
Came rather unexpectedly; the best horse
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,
Hang me in mine own bowstring.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The Scene returns to the Apartment at the beginning of Act Second.* OSWALD *and* DURWARD *are discovered with* ELEANOR, FLORA, *and* LEONARD—DURWARD *shuts a Prayer-book, which he seems to have been reading.*

DUR. 'Tis true—the difference betwixt the churches,
Which zealots love to dwell on, to the wise
Of either flock are of far less importance
Than those great truths to which all Christian men
Subscribe with equal reverence.
OSW. We thank thee, father, for the holy office,
Still best performed when the pastor's tongue
Is echo to his breast: of jarring creeds
It ill beseems a layman's tongue to speak—
Where have you stow'd yon prater?
[*To* FLORA.
FLO. Safe in the goblin-chamber.
ELE. The goblin-chamber!
Maiden, wert thou frantic?—if his Reverence
Have suffer'd harm by waspish Owlspiegle,
Be sure thou shalt abye it.
Here he comes.
Can answer for himself!

*Enter* GULLCRAMMER *in the fashion in which* OWLSPIEGLE *had put him; having the fool's-cap on his head, and towel about his neck, etc. His manner through the scene is wild and extravagant, as if the fright had a little affected his brain.*

DUR. A goodly spectacle!—Is there such a goblin?
(*To* OSW.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?
OSW. There is a sort of wavering tradition
Of a malicious imp who teased all strangers;
My father wont to call him Owlspiegle.
GUL. Who talks of Owlspiegle?
He is an honest fellow for a devil.
So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'-moy.
(*Sings.*) "My hope, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!"
LEO. The fool's bewitch'd—the goblin hath furnish'd him
A cap which well befits his reverend wisdom.
FLO. If I could think he had lost his slender wits,
I should be sorry for the trick they play'd him.
LEO. O fear him not; it were a foul reflection
On any fiend of sense and reputation,
To filch such petty wares as his poor brains.
DUR. What saw'st thou, sir?—what heard'st thou?
GUL. What was't I saw and heard?
That which old graybeards,
Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon,
To cheat starved barons with, can little guess at.
FLO. If he begin so roundly with my father,

His madness is not like to save his bones.

GUL. Sirs, midnight came, and with it came the goblin.
I had reposed me after some brief study;
But as the soldier, sleeping in the trench,
Keeps sword and musket by him, so I had
My little Hebrew manual prompt for service.

FLO. *Sausagian soused-face;* that much of your Hebrew
Even I can bear in memory.

GUL. We counter'd,
The goblin and myself, even in mid-chamber,
And each stept back a pace, as 'twere to study
The foe he had to deal with!—I bethought me,
Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and so I took it,
And fired a volley of round Greek at him.
He stood his ground, and answer'd in the Syriac;
I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and compell'd him—

[*A noise heard.*

OSW. Peace, idle prater!—Hark—what sounds are these?
Amid the growling of the storm without,
I hear strange notes of music, and the clash
Of coursers' trampling feet.

VOICES (*without*). We come, dark riders of the night,
And flit before the dawning light;
Hill and valley, far aloof,
Shake to hear our chargers' hoof;
But not a foot-stamp on the green
At morn shall show where we have been.

OSW. These must be revelers belated—
Let them pass on; the ruin'd halls of Devorgoil
Open to no such guests.—

[*Flourish of trumpets at a distance, then nearer.*

They sound a summons;
What can they lack at this dead hour of night!
Look out, and see their number, and their bearing.

LEO. (*goes up to the window*)—
'Tis strange—one single shadowy form alone
Is hovering on the drawbridge—far apart
Flit thro' the tempest banners, horse, and riders,
In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning.—
Hither the figure moves—the bolts revolve—
The gate uncloses to him.

ELE. Heaven protect us!

*The* PALMER *enters.* GULLCRAMMER *runs off.*

OSW. Whence, and what art thou?—for what end come hither?

PAL. I come from a far land, where the storm howls not,
And the sun sets not, to pronounce to thee,
Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's fate.

DUR. I charge thee, in the name we late have kneel'd to——

PAL. Abbot of Lanercost, I bid thee peace!
Uninterrupted let me do mine errand:
Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the proud,
The warlike and the mighty, wherefore wear'st thou
The habit of a peasant? Tell me, wherefore
Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy chambers bare?—
Where are the tapestries, where the conquer'd banners,
Trophies, and gilded arms, that deck'd the walls
Of once proud Devorgoil?

[*He advances, and places himself where the Armor hung,*

*so as to be nearly in the center of the Scene.*

DUR. Whoe'er thou art—if thou dost know so much,
Needs must thou know——
OSW. Peace! I will answer here; to me he spoke—
Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply:
A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune;
And 'twere vain mockery to array these walls
In trophies, of whose memory naught remains,
Save that the cruelty outvied the valor
Of those who wore them.
PAL. Degenerate as thou art,
Know'st thou to whom thou say'st this?

[*He drops his mantle, and is discovered armed as nearly as may be to the suit which hung on the wall; all express terror.*

OSW. It is himself—the spirit of mine Ancestor!
ERI. Tremble not, son, but hear me!

[*He strikes the wall; it opens, and discovers the Treasure-Chamber.*

There lies piled
The wealth I brought from wasted Cumberland,
Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd fortunes.—
Cast from thine high-born brows that peasant bonnet,
Throw from thy noble grasp the peasant's staff—
O'er all, withdraw thine hand from that mean mate,
Whom in an hour of reckless desperation
Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do,
And be as great as e'er was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest!
DUR. Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest side,—
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of grandeur.
Stand fast — resist — contemn his fatal offers!
ELE. Urge him not, father; if the sacrifice
Of such a wasted woe-worn wretch as I am
Can save him from the abyss of misery,
Upon whose verge he's tottering, let me wander
An unacknowledged outcast from his castle,
Even to the humble cottage I was born in.
OSW. No, Ellen, no—it is not thus they part,
Whose hearts and souls, disasters borne in common
Have knit together, close as summer saplings
Are twined in union by the eddying tempest.—
Spirit of Erick, while thou bear'st his shape,
I'll answer with no ruder conjuration
Thy impious counsel, other than with these words,
Depart, and tempt me not!
ERI. Then Fate will have her course.—Fall, massive grate,
Yield them the tempting view of these rich treasures,
But bar them from possession!
(*A portcullis falls before the door of the Treasure-Chamber.*)
Mortals, hear!
No hand may ope that gate, except the heir
Of plunder'd Aglionby, whose mighty wealth,
Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yonder piled;
And not his hand prevails without the key
Of Black Lord Erick. Brief space is given
To save proud Devorgoil—so wills high Heaven.

[*Thunder; he disappears.*

DUR. Gaze not so wildly; you have stood the trial
That his commission bore, and Heaven designs,
If I may spell his will, to rescue Devorgoil
Even by the Heir of Aglionby—Behold him
In that young forester, unto whose hand
Those bars shall yield the treasures of his house,
Destined to ransom yours.—Advance, young Leonard,
And prove the adventure.

LEO. (*advances, and attempts the grate*). It is fast
As is the tower, rock-seated.

OSW. We will fetch other means, and prove its strength,
Nor starve in poverty, with wealth before us.

DUR. Think what the vision spoke;
The key—the fated key——

*Enter* GULLCRAMMER.

GUL. A key?—I say a quay is what we want,
Thus by the learn'd orthographized Q, u, a, y.
The lake is overflow'd!—a quay, a boat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me!—
We shall be drown'd, good people!!!

*Enter* KATLEEN *and* BLACKTHORN,

KAT. Deliver us!
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is rising fast.

BLA. 'T has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes,
And still is swelling strangely.

GUL. (*who has stood astonished upon seeing them*)—
We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.
Sweet Master Owlspiegle, your dragonfly—
Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentle Cockle'moy!

LEO. (*looking from the shot-hole*).
'Tis true, by all that's fearful. The proud lake
Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er his bounds,
And soon will whelm the castle—even the drawbridge
Is under water now.

KAT. Let us escape! Why stand you gazing there?

DUR. Upon the opening of that fatal grate
Depends the fearful spell that now entraps us.
The key of Black Lord Erick—ere we find it,
The castle will be whelm'd beneath the waves,
And we shall perish in it!

KAT. (*giving the key*). Here, prove this:
A chance most strange and fearful gave it me.

[OSWALD *puts it into the lock, and attempts to turn it—a loud clap of thunder.*

FLO. The lake still rises faster.—Leonard, Leonard,
Canst thou not save us!

[LEONARD *tries the lock—it opens with a violent noise, and the Portcullis rises. A loud strain of wild music.—There may be a Chorus here.*

[OSWALD *enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.*

LEO. The lake is ebbing with as wondrous haste
As late it rose—the drawbridge is left dry!

OSW. This may explain the cause—GULLCRAMMER *offers to take it.*) But soft you, sir,
We'll not disturb your learning for the matter;
Yet, since you've borne a part in this strange drama,
You shall not go unguerdon'd. Wise or learn'd,
Modest or gentle, Heaven alone can make thee,

Being so much otherwise ; but from this abundance
Thou shalt have that shall gild thine ignorance,
Exalt thy base descent, make thy presumption
Seem modest confidence, and find thee hundreds
Ready to swear the same fool's cap of thine
Is reverend as a miter.

GULL. Thanks, mighty baron, now no more a bare one !
I will be quaint with him, for all his quips. [*Aside.*

OSW. Nor shall kind Katleen lack
Her portion in our happiness.

KAT. Thanks, my good lord, but Katleen's fate is fix'd—
There is a certain valiant forester,
Too much afear'd of ghosts to sleep anights
In his lone cottage, without one to guard him.—

LEO. If I forgot my comrade's faithful friendship,
May I be lost to fortune, hope, and love !

DUR. Peace, all ! and hear the blessing which this scroll
Speaks unto faith, and constancy, and virtue :—

"No more this castle's troubled guest,
Dark Erick's spirit hath found rest.
The storms of angry Fate are past,
For Constancy defies their blast.
Of Devorgoil the daughter free
Shall wed the heir of Aglionby ;
Nor ever more dishonor soil
The rescued house of Devorgoil !"

## AUCHINDRANE : OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Cur aliquid vidi ? cur noxia lumina feci !
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est ?
*Ovidii Tristium, Liber Secundus.*

### PREFACE.

THERE is not perhaps, upon record, a tale of horror which gives us a more perfect picture than is afforded by the present, of the violence of our ancestors, or the complicated crimes into which they were hurried, by what their wise, but ill-enforced, laws termed the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Feud. The author has tried to extract some dramatic scenes out of it ; but he is conscious no exertions of his can increase the horror of that which is in itself so iniquitous. Yet, if we look at modern events, we must not too hastily venture to conclude that our own times have so much the superiority over former days as we might at first be tempted to infer. Our great object has been obtained. The power of the laws extends over the country universally, and if criminals at present sometimes escape punishment, this can only be by eluding justice,—not, as of old, by defying it.

But the motives which influence modern ruffians to commit actions at which we pause with wonder and horror, arise, in a great measure, from the thirst of gain. For the hope of lucre, we have seen a wretch

seduced to his fate, under the pretext that he was to share in amusement and conviviality ; and, for gold, we have seen the meanest of wretches deprived of life, and their miserable remains cheated of the grave.

The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caitiffs of our city bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a loftier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the frenzy of ungratified revenge, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, stigmatized by our jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath ; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and a good estate in the west of Scotland ; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious, a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and remorse. His view was to raise the power and extend the grandeur of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme :—

> "'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
> Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
> No man need think for to bide there,
> Unless he court Saint Kennedie."

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law, Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother of the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided), and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son,

in testimony of the closest friendship in the future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie (the old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, the hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about two hundred and fifty men on each side. Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted, and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connection with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honorable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practises against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favored his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the impost committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to

take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws ; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called " being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindrane was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Cullayne's journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. On the contrary, he saw that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks. But the youth tiring of his confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery, of Skellmorly, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents, Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassilis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland ; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindrane until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment, trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, had left, or been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connection of his, called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple forever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honor were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand, with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the hole which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed to their terrified consciences to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold, bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of the murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt ; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred ; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the

object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offense been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbor, would not plead for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize ; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he well-nigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon a feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by Act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne (the accomplice of Dalrymple's murder) telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He therefore hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighboring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the mean time to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under

the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or of a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favorable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy councillors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life becam inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan by which one Pennycuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up the train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and by his caution disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behavior seemed sincere and simple,

that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honor God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehood against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all these were found guilty. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counseling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the young Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived ;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, seems to have busied himself much in drawing up a statement of this foul transaction for the purpose of vindicating to the people of Scotland the severe course of justice observed by King James VI. He assumes the task in a high tone of prerogative law, and on the whole, seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence, or to his most sacred Majesty, the greatest share in bringing to light these mysterious villanies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published ; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next *fasciculus* of Mr. Robert Pitcairn's very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation :—

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash-tree, called the Dule-tree (*mourning-tree*) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree in the neighborhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt ; and unable to discharge it, was preparing to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. " What," said the debtor, " sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane. I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

JOHN MURE OF AUCHINDRANE, *an Ayrshire Baron. He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some presences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.*

PHILIP MURE, *his Son, a wild, debauched profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.*

GIFFORD, *their Relation, a Courtier.*

QUENTIN BLANE, *a Youth, educated for a clergyman, but sent by* AUCHINDRANE *to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the wars of the Netherlands, and lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—disbanded, however, and on his return to his native Country. He is of a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gaiety, according to the impulse of the moment; an amiable hypochondriac.*

HILDEBRAND, *a stout old Englishman, who, by feats of courage, has raised himself to the rank of Sergeant-Major (then of greater consequence than at present). He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.*

ABRAHAM, WILLIAMS, JENKINS, *And Others.* } *Privates dismissed from the same Regiment in which* QUENTIN *and* HILDEBRAND *had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late officers.*

NEIL MACLELLAN, *Keeper of Auchindrane Forest and Game.*

EARL OF DUNBAR, *commanding an Army as Lieutenant of James I., for execution of Justice on Offenders.*

*Guards, Attendants, etc., etc.*

MARION, *Wife of* NEIL MACLELLAN.
ISABEL, *their daughter, a Girl of six years old.*
*Other Children and Peasant Women.*

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ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry. The sea comes in upon a bold, rocky Shore. The remains of a small half-ruined Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the sea. There is a Vessel at a distance in the offing. A Boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten persons, dressed like disbanded, and in one or two cases like disabled, Soldiers. They come straggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles.* HILDEBRAND, *the Sergeant belonging to the party, a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation.* QUENTIN *remains apart.*

ABRAHAM. Farewell the flats of Holland, and right welcome

The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee
well, black beer
And Schiedam gin! and welcome
twopenny,
Oatcakes and usquebaugh.
WILLIAMS (*who wants an arm*).
Farewell the gallant field, and
"Forward, pikemen!"
For the bridge-end, the suburb,
and the lane—
And, "Bless your honor, noble
gentleman,
Remember a poor soldier!"
ABR. My tongue shall never need
to smooth itself
To such poor sounds, while it can
boldly say,
"Stand and deliver!"
WIL. Hush! the sergeant hears
you.
ABR. And let him hear; he
makes a bustle yonder,
And dreams of his authority, for-
getting
We are disbanded men, o'er whom
his halberd
Has not such influence as the bea-
dle's baton.
We are no soldiers now, but every
one
The lord of his own person.
WIL. A wretched lordship—and
our freedom such
As that of the old cart-horse, when
the owner
Turns him upon the common. I
for one
Will still continue to respect the
sergeant,
And the comptroller, too,—while
the cash lasts.
ABR. I scorn them both. I am
too stout a Scotsman
To bear a Southron's rule an in-
stant longer
Than discipline obliges; and for
Quentin,
Quentin, the quillman, Quentin, the
comptroller,
We have no regiment now; or, if
we had,
Quentin's no longer clerk to
it.
WIL. For shame! for shame!—
What, shall old comrades jar
thus,
And on the verge of parting, and
forever?—
Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham,
tho' a bad one.—
Good Master Quentin, let thy song
last night
Give us once more our welcome to
old Scotland.
ABR. Ay, they sing light whose
task is telling money,
When dollars clink for chorus.
QUE. I've done with counting
silver, honest Abraham,
As thou, I fear, with pouching thy
small share on't.
But lend your voices, lads, and I
will sing
As blithely yet as if a town were
won;
As if upon a field of battle gain'd,
Our banners waved victorious.—
(*He sings, and the rest bear
chorus.*)

SONG.

Hither we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle;
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars,
The march, and the storm, and the
battle.

There are some of us maim'd,
And some that are lamed,
And some of old aches are com-
plaining;
But we'll take up the tools,
Which we flung by like fools,
'Gainst Don Spaniard to go a-cam-
paigning.

Dick Hawthorn doth vow
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and ham-
mer;
The weaver shall find room
At the wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing
and grammar.

ABR. And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?
To swagger o'er a herd of parish brats,
Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard,
And turn the sheath into a ferula?
QUE. I am the prodigal in holy writ:
I cannot work, to beg I am ashamed.
Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it,
I'm e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting,
As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles
By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers;
Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel,
And welcome poverty, and peaceful labor.
ABR. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,
By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,
For thou'st seen but little on't.
WIL. Thou dost belie him — I have seen him fight
Bravely enough for one in his condition.
ABR. What! he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?
What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,
With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;
With cipherings unjust to cheat his comrades,
And cloak false musters for our noble captain?
*He* bid farewell to sword and petronel!
He should have said, farewell my pen and standish.
These, with the rosin used to hide erasures,
Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.
QUE. The sword you scoff at is not far, but scorns
The threats of an unmanner'd mutineer.
SER. (*interposes*). We'll have no brawling.—Shall it e'er be said,
That being comrades six long years together,
While gulping down the frowsy fogs of Holland,
We tilted at each other's throats so soon
As the first draught of native air refresh'd them?
No! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the combat.
You all, methinks, do know this trusty halberd;
For I opine, that every back amongst you
Hath felt the weight of the tough ashen staff,
Endlong or overthwart. Who is it wishes
A remembrancer now. (*Raises his halberd.*)
ABR. Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? — eyes to see
His staff rear'd o'er your heads, as o'er the hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?
WIL. Well said! — stout Abraham has the right on't.—
I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee,
And pardon the rash humors thou has caught,
Like wiser men, from thy authority,
'Tis ended, howsoe'er, and we'll not suffer
A word of sergeantry, or halberd-staff,
Nor the most petty threat of discipline.
If thou wilt lay aside thy pride of office,
And drop thy wont of swaggering and commanding,
Thou art our comrade still for good or evil.
Else take thy course apart, or with the clerk there—
A sergeant thou, and he being all thy regiment.
SER. Is't come to this, false knaves?

That if you bear a name o'er other soldiers,
It was because you follow'd to the charge
One that had zeal and skill enough to lead you
Where fame was won by danger?

WIL. We grant thy skill in leading, noble sergeant,
Witness some empty boots and sleeves amongst us,
Which else had still been tenanted with limbs
In the full quantity; and for the arguments
With which you used to back our resolution,
Our shoulders do record them. At a word,
Will you conform, or must we part our company?

SER. Conform to you? Base dogs! I would not lead you
A bolt-flight farther to be made a general.
Mean mutineers! when you swill'd off the dregs
Of my poor sea-stores, it was:—"Noble Sergeant!—
Heaven bless old Hildebrand!—we'll follow him,
At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own England!"

WIL. Ay, truly, sir; but, mark, the ale was mighty,
And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent protestations. Skink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

ABR. We lose our time. — Tell us at once, old man,
If thou wilt march with us, or stay with Quentin?

SER. Out, mutineers! Dishonor dog your heels!

ABR. Wilful will have his way. Adieu, stout Hildebrand!

[*The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking leave, with mockery, of the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN, *who remain on the stage.*]

SER. (*after a pause*). Fly you not with the rest! — fail you to follow
Yon goodly friendship and fair example?
Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know you Scots,
Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course together.

QUE. Faith, a poor heron I, who wing my flight
In loneliness, or with a single partner;
And right it is that I should seek for solitude,
Bringing but evil luck on them I herd with.

SER. Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on the coast,
Where our course bore us, thou wert far from home;
But the fierce wind that drove us round the island,
Barring each port and inlet that we aim'd at,
Hath wafted thee to harbor; for I judge
This is thy native land we disembark on.

QUE. True, worthy friend. Each rock, each stream I look on,
Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,
Awakens some young dream of infancy.
Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe
Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom.

SER. Thou dream'st, young man. Unreal terrors haunt,
As I have noted, giddy brains like thine —
Flighty, poetic, and imaginative —
To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,

And, when it fades, fantastic misery.
QUE. But mine is not fantastic. I can tell thee,
Since I have known thee still my faithful friend,
In part at least the dangerous plight I stand in.
SER. And I will hear thee willingly, the rather,
That I would let these vagabonds march on,
Nor join their troop again. Besides, good sooth,
I'm wearied with the toil of yesterday,
And revel of last night.—And I may aid thee;
Yes, I may aid thee, comrade, and perchance
Thou may'st advantage me.
QUE. May it prove well for both! —But note, my friend,
I can but intimate my mystic story.
Some of it lies so secret,—even the winds
That whistle round us must not know the whole—
An oath!—an oath!—
SER. That must be kept, of course.
I ask but that which thou may'st freely tell.
QUE. I was an orphan boy, and first saw light
Not far from where we stand—my lineage low,
But honest in its poverty. A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the humble, whom they love to point to
As objects not unworthy their protection,
Whose progress is some honor to their patron—
A cure was spoken of, which I might serve,
My manners, doctrine, and acquirements fitting.
SER. Hitherto thy luck
Was of the best, good friend. Few lords had cared
If thou couldst read thy grammar or thy psalter:
Thou hadst been valued couldst thou scour a harness,
And dress a steed distinctly.
QUE. My old master
Held different doctrine, at least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became
Unwitting and unwilling, the depositary,
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge on't
Has wreck'd my peace forever. It became
My patron's will, that I, as one who knew
More than I should, must leave the realm of Scotland,
And live or die within a distant land.
SER. Ah! thou hast done a fault in some wild raid,
As you wild Scotsmen call them.
QUE. Comrade, nay;
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by chance.
I must not tell you more. Enough, my presence
Brought danger to my benefactor's house.
Tower after tower conceal'd me, willing still
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls and ravens,
And let my patron's safety be the purchase
Of my severe and desolate captivity.
So thought I, when dark Arran, with its walls
Of native rock, enclosed me. There I lurk'd,

A peaceful stranger amid armed clans,
Without a friend to love or to defend me,
Where all beside were link'd by close alliances.
At length I made my option to take service
In that same legion of auxiliaries
In which we lately served the Belgian.
Our leader, stout Montgomery, hath been kind
Thro' full six years of warfare, and assign'd me
More peaceful tasks than the rough front of war,
For which my education little suited me.

SER. Ay, therein was Montgomery kind indeed;
Nay, kinder than you think, my simple Quentin.
The letters which you brought to the Montgomery,
Pointed to thrust thee on some desperate service,
Which should most likely end thee.

QUE. Bore I such letters?—Surely, comrade, no.
Full deeply was the writer bound to aid me.
Perchance he only meant to prove my mettle;
And it was but a trick of my bad fortune
That gave his letters ill interpretation.

SER. Ay, but thy better angel wrought for good,
Whatever ill thy evil fate design'd thee.
Montgomery pitied thee, and changed thy service
In the rough field for labor in the tent.
More fit for thy green years and peaceful habits.

QUE. Even there his well-meant kindness injured me.
My comrades hated, undervalued me,
And whatsoe'er of service I could do them,
They guerdon'd with ingratitude and envy—
Such my strange doom, that if I serve a man
At deepest risk, he is my foe forever!

SER. Hast thou worse fate than others if it were so?
Worse even than me, thy friend, thine officer,—
Whom yon ungrateful slaves have pitch'd ashore,
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,
And left him here, as if he had the pest
Or leprosy, and death were in his company?

QUE. They think at least you have the worst of plagues,
The worst of leprosies,—they think you poor.

SER. They think like lying villains then;—I'm rich,
And they too might have felt it. I've a thought—
But stay—what plans your wisdom for yourself?

QUE. My thoughts are well-nigh desperate. But I purpose
Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd his pleasure,
And cast me on the shore from whence he banish'd me;
Then let him do his will and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.

SER. Now, by the rood, thou art a simple fool!
I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,
Has call'd me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire. where the wealth

Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend Quentin,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?

QUE. Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?

SER. The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection.
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halberd hung above the chimney?
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread
Duly, and honorably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient school-house with its yew-trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries older,—
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, man,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holydays I'd tell,
To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou shouldst say Amen, and be my warrant
That I speak truth to them.

QUE. Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!

SER. Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

QUE. If I do,
'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.
Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment, can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopp'd with me,
When once 'twas set a rolling.

SER. I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

QUE. Does the lark sing her descant when the falcon
Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st noted
Was all deception, fraud.—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd, sung, and carolld,
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.

SER. Thou'rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

QUE. But harmless as the innoxious snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison,
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,

Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.
SER. Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.
QUE. See'st thou, my friend, yon brook dance down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—
Where, thinkst thou, is its source, the bonny brook?—
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.
SER. If such wild fancies dog thee, wherefore leave
The trade where thou wert safe midst others' dangers,
And venture to thy native land, where fate
Lies on the watch for thee? Had old Montgomery
Been with the regiment, thou hadst had no congé.
QUE. No, 'tis most likely.—But I had a hope,
A poor, vain hope, that I might live obscurely
In some far corner of my native Scotland,
Which, of all others, splinter'd into districts,
Differing in manners, families, even language,
Seem'd a safe refuge for the humble wretch
Whose highest hope was to remain unheard of.
But fate has baffled me—the winds and waves,
With force resistless, have impell'd me hither—
Have driven me to the clime most dangerous to me:
And I obey the call, like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native lair,
Tho' his heart tells him it is but to die there.
SER. 'Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This same despair,
Tho' showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.
Wise men have said, that tho' our stars incline,
They cannot force us.—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.
You lend an ear to idle auguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sunshine.
QUE. No, by my honest word. I join'd the revel,
And aided it with laugh and song and shout,
But my heart revel'd not; and, when the mirth
Was at the loudest, on yon galliot's prow
I stood unmarked, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.
"Behold me now," I said, "your destined victim!"
So greets the sentenced criminal the headman,
Who slow approaches with his lifted ax.
"Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumbers; here I stand, thou ocean,

Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams, required me ;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive wail,
On yonder distant shores, appear'd to call me—
Summon'd, behold me." And the winds and waves,
And the deep echoes of the distant mountain,
Made answer :—" Come and die ! "
SER. Fantastic all ! Poor boy, thou art distracted
With the vain terrors of some feudal tyrant,
Whose frown hath been from infancy thy bugbear.
Why seek his presence?
QUE. Wherefore does the moth
Fly to the scorching taper ?—why the bird,
Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek the net ?—
Why does the prey, which feels the fascination
Of the snake's glaring eye, drop in his jaws ?
SER. Such wild examples but refute themselves.
Let bird, let moth, let the coil'd adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe.
Thou goest not near this Baron—if thou goest,
I will go with thee. Known in many a field,
Which he in a whole life of petty feud
Has never dream'd of, I will teach the knight
To rule him in this matter—be thy warrant,
That far from him, and from his petty lordship,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.
QUE. 'Twere desperate risk for both. I will far rather
Hastily guide thee thro' this dangerous province,
And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy churchyard ;—
The last, perchance, will be the first I find.
SER. I would rather face him,
Like a bold Englishman that knows his right,
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis folly—
Fancies like these are not to be resisted ;
'Tis better to escape them. Many a presage,
Too rashly braved, becomes its own accomplishment.
Then let us go—But whither ? My old head
As little knows where it shall lie to-night
As yonder mutineers that left their officer ;
As reckless of his quarters as these billows,
That leave the wither'd sea-weed on the beach,
And care not where they pile it.
QUE. Think not for that, good friend. We are in Scotland,
And if it is no tvaried from its wont,
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke to heaven,
Will yield a stranger quarters for the night,
Simply because he needs them.
SER. But are there none within an easy walk
Give lodgings here for hire ? for I have left
Some of the Don's piastres (tho' I kept
The secret from yon gulls), and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford,
And my host takes with pleasure, than I'd cumber
Some poor man's roof with me and all my wants,
And tax his charity beyond discretion.
QUE. Some six miles hence there is a town and hostelry.
But you are wayworn, and it is most likely

Our comrades must have fill'd it.
SER. Out upon them!—
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend me
Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel,
I would help Honesty to pick his bones,
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup
On jolly fare with these base varlets!
QUE. We'll manage better; for our Scottish dogs,
Tho' stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed
In hospitable rights.—Here is a maiden,
A little maid, will tell us of the country,
And sorely it is changed since I left it,
If we should fail to find a harborage.

*Enter* ISABEL MACLELLAN, *a girl of about six years old, bearing a milk-pail on her head; she stops on seeing the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN.

QUE. There's something in her look that doth remind me—
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—
SER. You're slow, and hesitate. I will be spokesman.—
Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,
Is there a Christian house would render strangers,
For love or guerdon, a night's meal and lodging?
ISA. Full surely, sir; we dwell in yon old house
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapeldonan.

(*Points to the building.*)

Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scant, you shall have half of mine,
For, as I think, sir, you have been a soldier.
Up yonder lies our house; I'll trip before,
And tell my mother she has guests a-coming;
The path is something steep, but you shall see
I'll be there first. I must chain up the dogs, too;
Nimrod and Bloodylass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.

[*Exit, and is seen partially ascending to the Castle.*

SER. You have spoke
Your country folk aright, both for the dogs
And for the people. We had luck to light
On one too young for cunning and for selfishness.—
He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,
Since the gibe on his country wakes him not.—
Bestir thee, Quentin!
QUE. 'Twas a wondrous likeness!
SER. Likeness! of whom? I'll warrant thee of one
Whom thou hast loved and lost. Such fantasies
Live long in brains like thine, which fashion visions
Of woe and death when they are cross'd in love,
As most men are or have been.
QUE. The guess has touch'd me, tho' it is but slightly,
'Mongst other woes: I knew in former days,
A maid that view'd me with some glance of favor;
But my fate carried me to other shores,
And she has since been wedded. I did think on't
But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanish'd;
It adds no deeper shade to the dark gloom
Which chills the springs of hope and life within me.

Our guide hath got a trick of voice and feature
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.
SER. She bounds before us like a gamesome doe,
Or rather as the rock-bred eaglet soars
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will,
Without an effort. Now a Netherlander,
One of our Frogland friends, viewing the scene,
Would take his oath that tower, and rock, and maiden,
Were forms too light and lofty to be real,
And only some delusion of the fancy,
Such as men dream at sunset. I myself
Have kept the level ground so many years,
I have well-nigh forgot the art to climb,
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.

[*They go off as if to ascend to the Tower, the* SERGEANT *leaning upon* QUENTIN.

## SCENE II.

*Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower.* ISABEL *comes forward with her Mother,—*MARION *speaking as they advance.*

MAR. I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers
Come share our food and shelter, if thy father
Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchindrane,
And comes not home to-night.
ISA. What then, my mother?
The travelers do not ask to see my father;
Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor men want,
And we can give them these without my father.
MAR. Thou canst not understand, nor I explain,
Why a lone female asks not visitants
What time her husband's absent.—(*Apart.*) My poor child,
And if thou'rt wedded to a jealous husband,
Thou'lt know too soon the cause.
ISA. (*partly overhearing what her mother says*)—
Ay, but I know already—Jealousy
Is when my father chides, and you sit weeping.
MAR. Out, little spy! thy father never chides;
Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife deserves it.
But to our strangers; they are old men, Isabel,
That seek this shelter, are they not?
ISA. One is old—
Old as this tower of ours, and worn like that,
Bearing deep marks of battles long since fought.
MAR. Some remnant of the wars; he's welcome, surely,
Bringing no quality along with him
Which can alarm suspicion.—Well, the other?
ISA. A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed,
Who looks and speaks like one the world has frown'd on;
But smiles when you smile, seeming that he feels
Joy in your joy, tho' he himself is sad.
Brown hair, and downcast looks.
MAR. (*alarmed*). 'Tis but an idle thought—it cannot be!
(*Listens.*) I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!—I'll compose myself,
And then accost him firmly. Thus it must be.

[*She retires hastily into the Tower.—The voices of the* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN *are*

*heard ascending behind the Scenes.*

QUE. One effort more—we stand upon the level.
I've seen thee work thee up glacis and cavalier
Steeper than this ascent, when cannon, culverine,
Musket, and hackbut, shower'd their shot upon thee,
And form'd, with ceaseless blaze, a fiery garland
Round the defenses of the post you storm'd.

[*They come on the Stage, and at the same time* MARION *re-enters from the Tower.*

SER. Truly thou speak'st. I am the tardier
That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire,
Which wont to tell me there was death in loitering.—
Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[*He goes forward to address* MARION. QUENTIN, *struck on seeing her, keeps back.*

SER. Kind dame, yon little lass hath brought you strangers,
Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you.
We are disbanded soldiers, but have means
Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.
MAR. We keep no house of general entertainment,
But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours,
Whiten'd and thinn'd by many a long campaign.
Ill chances that my husband should be absent—
(*Apart.*)—Courage alone can make me struggle thro' it—
For in your comrade, tho' he hath forgot me,
I spy a friend whom I have known in school-days,
And whom I think MacLellan well remembers.

(*She goes up to* QUENTIN.) You see a woman's memory.
Is faithfuller than yours; for Quentin Blane
Hath not a greeting left for Marion Harkness.
QUE. (*with effort*). I seek, indeed, my native land, good Marion,
But seek it like a stranger. All is changed,
And thou, thyself—
MAR. You left a giddy maiden,
And find, on your return, a wife and mother.
Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—
Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord,
The Knight of Auchindrane. He's absent now,
But will rejoice to see his former comrade,
If, as I trust, you tarry his return.
(*Apart.*) Heaven grant he understand my words by contraries!
He must remember Niel and he were rivals;
He must remember Niel and he were foes;
He must remember Niel is warm of temper,
And think, instead of welcome, I would blithely
Bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple
And void of guile as ever.
QUE. Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage,
And gladly wait return of Niel McLellan,
To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.
Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this—
But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends
Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it;
I can wish others joy and happiness,
Though I must ne'er partake them.
MAR. But if it grieve you—

QUE. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams of hope
That shine on me are such as are reflected
From those which shine on others.

[*The* SERGEANT *and* QUENTIN *enter the Tower with the little girl.*

MAR. (*comes forward, and speaks in agitation*)—
Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my meaning:
I shame to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Pass on.—Heaven guide the bark,
For we are on the breakers!

[*Exit into the Tower.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A Withdrawing Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table, with a Flask of Wine and Drinking-Cups.*

*Enter* MURE *of* AUCHINDRANE, *with* ALBERT GIFFORD, *his Relation and Visitor. They place themselves by the Table, after some complimentary ceremony. At some distance is heard the noise of reveling.*

AUCH. We're better placed for confidential talk,
Than in the hall filled with disbanded soldiers,
And fools and fiddlers gathered on the highway,—
The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,
And with them spends his evening.

GIF. But think you not, my friend, that your son Philip
Should be participant of these our counsels,
Being so deeply mingled in the danger—
Your house's only heir—your only son?

AUCH. Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lacks't good counsel
At race, at cockpit, or at gambling table,
Or any freak by which men cheat themselves
As well of life as of the means to live,
Call for assistance upon Philip Mure;
But in all serious parley spare invoking him.

GIF. You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip;
All name him brave in arms.

AUCH. A second Bevis;
But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions,
Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends,
Or rather dissipates, his time and substance.
No vagabond escapes his search—The soldier
Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be ruffian
Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade;
The fiddler, whose crack'd crowd has still three strings on't;
The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes left;
Whate'er is roguish, and whate'er is vile,
Are welcome to the board of Auchindrane,
And Philip will return them shout for shout,
And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for song,
Until the shame-faced sun peep at our windows,
And ask: "What have we here?"

GIF. You take such revel deeply;—we are Scotsmen,
Far known for rustic hospitality,
That mind not birth or titles in our guests:
The harper has his seat beside our hearth,
The wanderer must find comfort at our board,
His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown;
So did our ancestors, and so must we.

AUCH. All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman;

And prithee do not think me churl enough
To count how many sit beneath my salt.
I've wealth enough to fill my father's hall
Each day at noon, and feed the guests who crowd it;
I am near mate with those whom men call Lord,
Tho' a rude western knight. But mark me, cousin,
Altho' I feed wayfaring vagabonds,
I make them not my comrades. Such as I,
Who have advanced the fortunes of my line,
And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace,
Have oft the curse awaiting on our thrift,
To see, while yet we live, the things which must be
At our decease—the downfall of our family,
The loss of land and lordship, name and knighthood,
The wreck of the fair fabric we have built,
By a degenerate heir. Philip has that
Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not
The company of betters nor of equals;
Never at ease, unless he bears the bell,
And crows the loudest in the company.
He's mesh'd, too, in the snares of every female
Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him—
Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and profligate.

GIF. Come, my good coz, think we too have been young,
And I will swear that in your father's lifetime
You have yourself been trapp'd by toys like these.

AUCH. A fool I may have been—but not a madman;
I never play'd the rake among my followers,
Pursuing this man's sister, that man's wife:
And therefore never saw I man of mine,
When summon'd to obey my hest, grow restive,
Talk of his honor, of his peace destroy'd,
And, while obeying, mutter threats of vengeance.
But now the humor of an idle youth,
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependants,
Plays football with his honor and my safety.

GIF. I'm sorry to find discord in your house,
For I had hoped, while bringing you cold news,
To find you arm'd in union gainst the danger.

AUCH. What can man speak that I would shrink to hear,
And where the danger I would deign to shun? (*He rises.*)
What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,
One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with him!
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock
The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak.

GIF. And so I trust
Thou wilt surmount the danger now approaching,
Which scarcely can I frame my tongue to tell you,
Though I rode here on purpose.

AUCH. Cousin, I think thy heart was never coward,

And strange it seems thy tongue should take such semblance.
I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd, noisy braggart,
Whose hand gave feeble sanction to his tongue;
But thou art one whose heart can think bold things,
Whose hand can act them—but who shrinks to speak them!

GIF. And if I speak them not, 'tis that I shame
To tell thee of the calumnies that load thee.
Things loudly spoken at the city Cross—
Things closely whisper'd in our Sovereign's ear—
Things which the plumed lord and flat-capp'd citizen
Do circulate amid their different ranks—
Things false, no doubt; but, falsehoods while I deem them,
Still honoring thee, I shun the odious topic.

AUCH. Shun it not, cousin; 'tis a friend's best office
To bring the news we hear unwillingly.
The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,
And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his duty:
Be thou as bold in telling me of danger,
As I shall be in facing danger told of.

GIF. I need not bid thee recollect the death-feud
That raged so long betwixt thy house and Cassilis;
I need not bid thee recollect the league,
When royal James himself stood mediator
Between thee and Earl Gilbert.

AUCH. Call you these news?—You might as well have told me
That old King Coil is dead, and graved at Kylesfeld,
I'll help thee out—King James commanded us
Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp hands too.
O, sir, when such an union hath been made,
In heart and hand conjoining mortal foes,
Under a monarch's royal mediation,
The league is not forgotten. And with this
What is there to be told? The King commanded—
"Be friends." No doubt we were so—Who dares doubt it?

GIF. You speak but half the tale.

AUCH. By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell the whole!
There is no terror in the tale for me—
Go speak of ghosts to children!—This Earl Gilbert
(God sain him) loved Heaven's peace as well as I did,
And we were wondrous friends whene'er we met
At church or market, or in burrows town.
Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis,
Takes purpose he would journey forth to Edinburgh.
The King was doling gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that thrifty house was wont to fish for.
Our mighty Earl forsakes his sea-wash'd castle,
Passes our borders some four miles from hence;
And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters
Long after sunrise, lo! the Earl and train
Dismount, to rest their nags and eat their breakfast.
The morning rose, the small birds carol'd sweetly—
The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks incision—
His lordship jests, his train are choked with laughter;
When,—wondrous change of cheer, and most unlook'd for,

QUEEN ... DENVER
LIBRARY
DENVER, COLO.

Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked meat!—
Flash'd from the greenwood half a score of carabines;
And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once,
Even in the morning that he closed his journey;
And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,
Made him the bed which rests the head forever.

GIF. Told with much spirit, cousin—some there are
Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph,
And would that with these long established facts
My tale began and ended! I must tell you,
That evil-deeming censures of the events,
Both at the time and now, throw blame on thee—
Time, place, and circumstance, they say, proclaim thee,
Alike, the author of that morning's ambush.

AUCH. Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrick here,
Where natives do not always die in bed,
That if a Kennedy shall not attain
Methuselah's last span, a Mure has slain him;
Such is the general creed of all their clan.
Thank Heaven, that they are bound to prove the charge
They are so prompt in making. They have clamor'd
Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what said these coward pickthanks when I came
Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebutting all their calumnies, and daring them
To show that I knew aught of Cassilis' journey—
Which way he meant to travel—where to halt—
Without which knowledge I possess'd no means
To dress an ambush for him? Did I not
Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys,
To show, by proof direct or inferential,
Wherefore they slander'd me with this foul charge?
My gauntlet rung before them in the court,
And I did dare the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one—Did I not?

GIF. I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Who looked on it as men do on an adder,
Longing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled—not a foot advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

AUCH. Then, wherefore do the hildings murmur now?
Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure
Can baffle and defy their assembled valor?

GIF. No; but they speak of evidence suppress'd.

AUCH. Suppress'd!—what evidence?—by whom suppress'd?
What Will-o'-Wisp—what idiot of a witness,
Is he to whom they trace an empty voice,
But cannot show his person?

GIF. They pretend,
With the King's leave, to bring it to a trial;
Averring that a lad named Quentin Blane
Brought thee a letter from the murder'd Earl,
With friendly greetings, telling of his journey,
The hour which he set forth, the place he halted at,—

Affording thee the means to form the ambush,
Of which your hatred made the application.
AUCH. A prudent Earl, indeed, if such his practice,
When dealing with a recent enemy!
And what should he propose by such strange confidence
In one who sought it not?
GIF. His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—
Desiring you would meet him where he halted,
Offering to undertake whate'er commissions
You listed trust him with, for court or city:
And, thus apprised of Cassilis' purposed journey,
And of his halting-place, you placed the ambush,
Prepared the homicides——
AUCH. They're free to say their pleasure. They are men
Of the new court—and I am but a fragment
Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason
That such as I be rooted from the earth,
That they may have full room to spread their branches.
No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling vagrants
To prove whate'er they prompt. This Quentin Blane—
Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?
And wherefore not before? This must be answer'd—
(*Abruptly.*)—Where is he now?
GIF. Abroad—they say—kidnapp'd.
By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in Flanders.
But orders have been sent for his discharge,
And his transmission hither.
AUCH. (*assuming an air of composure*).—
When they produce such witness, cousin Gifford,
We'll be prepared to meet it. In the meanwhile,
The King doth ill to throw his royal scepter
In the accuser's scale, ere he can know
How justice shall incline it.
GIF. Our sage prince
Resents, it may be, less the death of Cassilis,
Than he is angry that the feud should burn,
After his royal voice had said, "Be quench'd:"
Thus urging prosecution less for slaughter,
Than that, being done against the King's command,
Treason is mix'd with homicide.
AUCH. Ha! ha! most true, my cousin.
Why, well consider'd, 'tis a crime so great
To slay one's enemy, the King forbidding it,
Like parricide, it should be held impossible.
'Tis just as if a wretch retain'd the evil,
When the King's touch had bid the sores be heal'd;
And such a crime merits the stake at least.
What! can there be within a Scottish bosom
A feud so deadly, that it kept its ground
When the King said, "Be friends!"
It is not credible.
Were I King James, I never would believe it;
I'd rather think the story all a dream,
And that there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,
No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis.
Than dream anointed Majesty has wrong!—
GIF. Speak within door, coz.
AUCH. O, true.—(*Aside*)—I shall betray myself
Even to this half-bred fool.—I must have room,

Room for an instant, or I suffocate.—
Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—
Forgive me; 'twere more meet I summon'd him
Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel
Would chafe my blood, and I have need of coolness.
GIF. I understand thee—I will bring him straight. [*Exit.*
AUCH. And if thou dost, he's lost his ancient trick
To fathom, as he wont, his five-pint flagons.—
This space is mine—O for the power to fill it,
Instead of senseless rage and empty curses,
With the dark spell which witches learn from fiends,
That smites the object of their hate afar,
Nor leaves a token of its mystic action,
Stealing the soul from out the unscathed body,
As lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scabbard!
—'Tis vain to wish for it—Each curse of mine
Falls to the ground as harmless as the arrows
Which children shoot at stars! The time for thought,
If thought could aught avail me, melts away,
Like to a snowball in a schoolboy's hand,
That melts the faster the more close he grasps it!—
If I had time, this Scottish Solomon,
Whom some call son of David the Musician,*
Might find it perilous work to march to Carrick.
There's many a feud still slumbering in its ashes,
Whose embers are yet red. Nobles we have,
Stout as old Graysteel, and as hot as Bothwell;
Here too are castles look from crags as high
On seas as wide as Logan's. So the King—
Pshaw! He is here again—

*Enter* GIFFORD.

GIF. I heard you name
The King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither.
AUCH. (*affecting indifference*). Nay, then we need not broach our barrels, cousin,
Nor purchase us new jerkins.—Comes not Philip?
GIF. Yes, sir. He tarries but to drink a service
To his good friends at parting.
AUCH. Friends for the beadle or the sheriff-officer.
Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended,
Since James designs not westward?
GIF. O you shall have, instead, his fiery functionary,
George Home that was, but now Dunbar's great Earl;
He leads a royal host, and comes to show you
How he distributes justice on the Border,
Where judge and hangman oft reverse their office,
And the noose does its work before the sentence.
But I have said my tidings best and worst.
None but yourself can know what course the time
And peril may demand. To lift your banner,
If I might be a judge, were desperate game:
Ireland and Galloway offer you convenience
For flight, if flight be thought the better remedy;
To face the court requires the consciousness
And confidence of innocence. You alone

* An allusion to the calumnious report that James VI. was son to Queen Mary by Rizzio.

Can judge if you possess these attributes.

(*A noise behind the scenes*).

AUCH. Philip, I think, has broken up his revels;
His ragged regiment are dispersing them,
Well liquor'd doubtless. They're disbanded soldiers,
Or some such vagabonds. — Here comes the gallant.

*Enter* PHILIP. *He has a buff-coat and head-piece, wears a sword and dagger, with pistols at his girdle. He appears to be affected by liquor, but to be by no means intoxicated.*

AUCH. You scarce have been made known to one another,
Altho' you sate together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.
PHI. (*tastes the wine on the table*).—
If you had praised him, sir, you had been loth
To have welcomed him in bastard Alicant.
I'll make amends, by pledging his good journey
In glorious Burgundy.—The stirrup-cup, ho!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.
AUCH. (*draws him aside*).—
The stirrup-cup! He doth not ride to-night—
Shame on such churlish conduct to a kinsman!
PHI. (*aside to his father*). I've news of pressing import.
Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for you.
(*To* GIF.) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is better,
On a night-ride, to those who thread our moors,
And we may deal it freely to our friends,
For we came freely by it. Yonder ocean
Rolls many a purple cask upon our shore
Rough with embossed shells and shagged sea-weed,
When the good skipper and his careful crew
Have had their latest earthly draught of brine,
And gone to quench, or to endure their thirst,
Where nectar's plenty, or even water's scarce,
And filter'd to the parched crew by dropsful.
AUCH. Thou'rt mad, son Philip! Gifford's no intruder,
That we should rid him hence by such wild rants;
My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hasting to us,
With a strong force, and with the King's commission,
To enforce against our house a hateful charge,
With every measure of extremity.
PHI. And is this all that our good cousin tells us?
I can say more, thanks to the ragged regiment,
With whose good company you have upbraided me,
On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.
GIF. Already?
PHI. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be hasty
In what you think to do.
AUCH. I think thou darest not jest on such a subject.
Where hadst thou these fair tidings?
PHI. Where you, too, might have heard them, noble father,
Save that your ears, nail'd to our kinsman's lips,
Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, forever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore

Upon this coast like unregarded sea-weed,
They had not been two hours on Scottish land,
When, lo! they met a military friend,
An ancient fourier, known to them of old,
Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching wine,
Inform'd his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-morrow;
Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.

AUCH. (*to* GIF.). If this be sooth, good kinsman, thou must claim
To take a part with us for life and death,
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our fortune.

GIF. In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the instant—
But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,
For mine is overtired, and, save my page,
There's not a man to back me. But I'll hie
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to your aid.

PHI. 'Twill be when the rats,
That on these tidings fly this house of ours,
Come back to pay their rents.—(*Apart.*)
Courage, cousin!—
Thou goest not hence ill mounted for thy need;
Full forty coursers feed in my wide stalls—
The best of them is yours to speed your journey.

PHI. Stand not on ceremony, good our cousin,
When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

GIF. (*to* AUCH.). Farewell, then, cousin; for my tarrying here
Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet loving well your name and family,
I'd fain—

PHI. Be gone?—that is our object, too—
Kinsman, adieu.

[*Exit* GIFFORD, PHILIP *calls after him.*

You Yeoman of the stable,
Give Master Gifford there my fleetest steed,
Yon cut-tail'd roan, that trembles at a spear.—
(*Trampling of the horse heard going off.*)
Hark! he departs. How swift the dastard rides,
To shun the neighborhood of jeopardy!

(*He lays aside the appearance of levity which he has hitherto worn, and says very seriously*)—

And, now, my father—

AUCH. And now, my son—thou'st ta'en a perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel,—
How dost thou mean to play it?

PHI. Sir, good gamesters play not
Till they review the cards which fate has dealt them,
Computing thus the chances of the game,
And woefully they seem to weigh against us.

AUCH. Exile's a passing ill, and may be borne;
And when Dunbar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own again.

PHI. Would that were all the risk we had to stand to!
But more and worse,—a doom of treason, forfeiture,
Death to ourselves, dishonor to our house,

Is what the stern Justiciary menaces;
And, fatally for us, he hath the means
To make his threatenings good.
AUCH. It cannot be. I tell thee, there's no force
In Scottish law to raze a house like mine,
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish scepter,
Renouncing rights of Tanistry and Brehon.
Some dreams they have of evidence —some suspicion;
But old Montgomery knows my purpose well,
And long before their mandate reach the camp
To crave the presence of this mighty witness,
He will be fitted with an answer to it.
PHI. Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glowworm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate, at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.
AUCH. If thou hast naught to speak but drunken folly,
I cannot listen longer.
PHI. I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,
Could rend the roof off our fathers' castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us,
AUCH. (*who had looked on* PHILIP *with much appearance of astonishment and doubt, exclaims*)—
Then thou art mad indeed! Ha! ha! I'm glad on't.
I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the frenzy of my only son.
PHI. I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.
You rest on what yon civet cat has said:
Yon silken doublet, stuff'd with rotten straw,
Told you but half the truth, and knew no more.
But my good vagrants had a perfect tale.
They told me, little judging the importance,
That Quentin Blane had been discharged with them.
They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at landing,
And that the youngster and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapeldonan, where our ranger dwells:
They saw him scale the cliff on which it stands,
Ere they were out of sight; the old man with him,
And therefore laugh no more at me as mad;
But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,
To think he stands on the same land with us,

Whose absence thou wouldst deem
were cheaply purchased
With thy soul's ransom and thy
body's danger.
AUCH. 'Tis then a fatal truth.
Thou art no yelper
To open rashly on so wild a scent;
Thou'rt the young bloodhound,
which careers and springs,
Frolics and fawns, as if the friend
of man,
But seizes on his victim like a
tiger.
PHI. No matter what I am — I'm
as you bred me;
So let that pass till there be time
to mend me,
And let us speak like men, and to
the purpose.
This object of our fear and of our
dread,
Since such our pride must own him,
sleeps to-night
Within our power: — to-morrow in
Dunbar's,
And we are then his victims.
AUCH. He is *ours* to-night.
PHI. He is. I'll answer that
MacLellan's trusty.
AUCH. Yet he replied to you to-
day full rudely.
PHI. Yes! the poor knave has
got a handsome wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.
AUCH. Fool! —when we need the
utmost faith, allegiance,
Obedience, and attachment in our
vassals,
Thy wild intrigues pour gall into
their hearts,
And turn their love to hatred!
PHI. Most reverend sire, you
talk of ancient morals,
Preach'd on by Knox, and practised
by Glencairn.*
Respectable, indeed, but somewhat
musty
In these our modern nostrils. In
our days
If a young baron chance to leave
his vassal
The sole possessor of a handsome
wife,
'Tis sign he loves his follower; and
if not,
He loves his follower's wife, which
often proves
The surer bond of patronage. Take
either case,
Favor flows in of course, and vas-
sals rise.
AUCH. Philip, this is infamous,
And what is worse, impolitic. Take
example:
Break not God's laws or man's for
each temptation
That youth and blood suggest. I
am a man—
A weak and erring man;—full well
thou know'st
That I may hardly term myself a
pattern
Even to my son; yet thus far will
I say,
I never swerved from my integrity,
Save at the voice of strong neces-
sity,
Or such o'erpowering view of high
advantage
As wise men liken to necessity,
In strength and force compulsive.
No one saw me
Exchange my reputation for my
pleasure,
Or do the devil's work without his
wages.
I practised prudence, and paid tax
to virtue,
By following her behests, save
where strong reason
Compell'd a deviation. Then, if
preachers
At times look'd sour, or elders
shook their heads,
They could not term my walk ir-
regular;

* Alexander, Fifth Earl of Glencairn, called "The Good Earl," concurred in the Reformation, assisting the Reformers with pen and sword. He had a chief command in the army raised against Queen Mary in June, 1567, and demolished the altar, broke the images, tore down the pictures and committed other acts of iconoclastic vandalism in the Chapel royal of Holyrood-house after the Queen was conducted to Lochleven. He was the author of a satirical poem against the Roman Catholics called "The Hermit of Allareit" (Loretto). He died in 1574.

For I stood up still for the worthier cause,
A pillar, tho' a flaw'd one, of the altar,
Kept a strict walk, and led three hundred horse.
PHI. Ah, these three hundred horse in such rough times
Were better commendation to a party
Than all your efforts at hypocrisy,
Betray'd so oft by avarice and ambition,
And dragg'd to open shame. But, righteous father,
When sire and son unite in mutual crime,
And join their efforts to the same enormity,
It is no time to measure other's faults,
Or fix the amount of each. Most moral father,
Think if it be a moment to weigh
The vices of the Heir of Auchindrane,
Or take precaution that the ancient house
Shall have another heir than the sly courtier
That's gaping for the forfeiture.
AUCH. We'll disappoint him, Philip,—
We'll disappoint him yet. It is a folly,
A wilful cheat, to cast our eyes behind,
When time, and the fast flitting opportunity,
Call loudly—nay, compel us to look forward:
Why are we not already at MacLellan's,
Since there the victim sleeps?
PHI. Nay, soft, I pray thee.
I had not made your piety my confessor,
Nor enter'd in debate on these sage counsels,
Which you're more like to give than I to profit by,
Could I have used the time more usefully;
But first an interval must pass between
The fate of Quentin and the little artifice
That shall detach him from his comrade,
The stout old soldier that I told you of.
AUCH. How work a point so difficult—so dangerous?
PHI. 'Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the convenience
Arising from mean company. My agents
Are at my hand, like a good workman's tools,
And if I mean a mischief, ten to one
That they anticipate the deed and guilt.
Well knowing this, when first the vagrants' tattle
Gave me the hint that Quentin was so near us,
Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges
To stop him for the night, and bring me word,
Like an accomplish'd spy, how all things stood,
Lulling the enemy into security.
AUCH. There was a prudent general!
PHI. MacLellan went and came within the hour.
The jealous bee, which buzzes in his night-cap.
Has humm'd to him, this fellow, Quentin Blane,
Had been in schoolboy days an humble lover
Of his own pretty wife—
AUCH. Most fortunate!
The knave will be more prompt to serve our purpose.
PHI. No doubt on't. Mid the tidings he brought back,
Was one of some importance. The old man
Is flush of dollars; this I caused him tell
Among his comrades, who became as eager
To have him in their company, as e'er

They had been wild to part with him. And in brief space,
A letter's framed by an old hand amongst them,
Familiar with such feats. It bore the name
And character of old Montgomery,
Whom he might well suppose at no great distance,
Commanding his old Sergeant Hildebrand,
By all the ties of late authority,
Conjuring him by ancient soldiership,
To hasten to his mansion instantly,
On business of high import, with a charge
To come alone—
AUCH. Well, he sets out, I doubt it not: what follows?
PHI. I am not curious into others' practices,—
So far I'm an economist in guilt,
As you, my sire, advise. But on the road
To old Montgomery's he meets his comrades;
They nourish grudge against him and his dollars,
And things may hap, which counsel, learn'd in law,
Call Robbery and Murder. Should he live,
He has seen naught that we would hide from him.
AUCH. Who carries the forged letter to the veteran?
PHI. Why, Niel MacLellan, who return'd again
To his own tower, as if to pass the night there.
They pass'd on him, or tried to pass, a story,
As if they wish'd the sergeant's company,
Without the young comptroller's—that is Quentin's,
And he became an agent of their plot, [own.
That he might better carry on our
AUCH. There's life in it—yes, there is life in't;
And we will have a mounted party ready
To scour the moors in quest of the banditti
That kill'd the poor old man—they shall die instantly.
Dunbar shall see us use sharp justice here
As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure
You gave no hint nor impulse to their purpose?
PHI. It needed not. The whole pack oped at once
Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes
When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel
What farther's to be done.
AUCH. Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—
Thou art my only son, and on a night
When such wild passions are so free abroad,
When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but natural
I guarantee thy safety.—I'll ride with thee.
PHI. E'en as you will, my lord. But—pardon me—
If you will come, let us not have a word
Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness;
Fine words to-morrow, out of place to-night.
Take counsel, then—leave all this work to me;
Call up your household, make fit preparation,
In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Justiciar,
As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle
As for an honor'd guest. Hallow the chapel
(If they have power to hallow it) with thy prayers.
Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun
Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost him:
"Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,
Here's naught thou canst discover."

AUCH. Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan!
He deems thou bearest will to injure him,
And seek'st occasion suiting to such will.
Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,
Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father;
Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man,—
Come weal, come woe, myself will go with thee.

[*Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene.*

PHI. (*alone*). Now would I give my fleetest horse to know
What sudden thought roused this paternal care,
And if 'tis on his own account or mine;
'Tis true, he hath the deepest share in all
That's likely now to hap, or which has happen'd.
Yet strong thro' Nature's universal reign,
The link which binds the parent to the offspring:
The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns it.
So that dark man, who, shunning what is vicious,
Ne'er turned aside from an atrocity,
Hath still some care left for his hapless offspring.
Therefore 'tis meet, tho' wayward, light, and stubborn,
That I should do for him all that a son
Can do for sire—and his dark wisdom join'd
To influence my bold courses, 'twill be hard
To break our mutual purpose.—Horses there! [*Exit.*

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*It is Moonlight. The Scene is the Beach beneath the Tower which was exhibited in the first scene,—the Vessel is gone from her anchorage.* AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP, *as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.*

PHI. The nags are safely stow'd. Their noise might scare him;
Let them be safe, and ready when we need them.
The business is but short. We'll call MacLellan,
To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,
If he be so disposed; for here are waters
Enough to drown, and sand enough to cover him.
But if he hesitate, or fear to meet us,
By heaven I'll deal on him in Chapeldonan
With my own hand!—

AUCH. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undoes us:
Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.
Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter
Confirms the very worst of accusations
Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore should we,
Who by birth and fortune mate with nobles,
And are allied with them, take this lad's life,—
His peasant life,—unless to quash his evidence,
Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fix'd a crime upon us.

PHI. Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd
The execution cannot be too rapid.
But do we still keep purpose? Is't determined
He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry?
Salt water is his passport—is it not so?

AUCH. I would it could be otherwise!
Might he not go there while in life and limb,
And breathe his span out in another air?
Many seek Ulster never to return —
Why might this wretched youth not harbor there?
PHI. With all my heart. It is small honor to me
To be the agent in a work like this.—
Yet this poor caitiff, having thrust himself
Into the secrets of a noble house,
And twined himself so closely with our safety,
That we must perish, or that he must die,
I'll hesitate as little on the action,
As I would do to slay the animal
Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as harmless,
That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—so we slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.
AUCH. 'Tis not my son, the feeling call'd remorse,
That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
Engendering thoughts, that stop the lifted hand.
Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his thunders
Against the oppressor and the man of blood
In accents of a minister of vengeance?
Were not his fiery eyeballs turned on me,
As if he said expressly: "Thou'rt the man?"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listened,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.
PHI. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not remorse,—
As 'tis a foible little known to thee,—
That interrupts thy purpose. What, then, is it?
Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One thing's certain,—
Either the feeling must have free indulgence,
Or fully be subjected to your reason—
There is no room for these same treacherous courses,
Which men call moderate measures.
We must confide in Quentin, or must slay him.
AUCH. In Ireland he might live live afar from us.
PHI. Among Queen Mary's faithful partisans,
Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
The stern MacDonnells, and resentful Græmes—
With these around him, and with Cassilis' death
Exasperating them against you, think, my father,
What chance of Quentin's silence.
AUCH. Too true—too true. He is a silly youth, too,
Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
A bashful lover, whom his rivals laugh'd at—
Of pliant temper, which companions played on—
A moonlight waker, and a noontide dreamer—
A torturer of phrases into sonnets,
Whom all might lead that chose to praise his rhymes.
PHI. I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.
AUCH. Base in himself, and yet so strangely linked
With me and with my fortunes, that I've studied,
To read him thro' and thro', as I would read
Some paltry rhyme of vulgar prophecy,

Said to contain the fortunes of my house;
And let me speak him truly:—He is grateful,
Kind, tractable, obedient—a child
Might lead him by a thread—He shall not die!
PHI. Indeed!—Then have we had our midnight ride
To wondrous little purpose.
AUCH. By the blue heaven,
Thou shalt not murder him, cold, selfish sensualist!
Yon pure vault speaks it—yonder summer moon,
With its ten million sparklers, cries, Forbear!
The deep earth sighs it forth—Thou shalt not murder!
Thou shalt not mar the image of thy maker!
Thou shalt not from thy brother take the life,
The gracious gift which God alone can give!
PHI. Here is a worthy guerdon now, for stuffing
His memory with old saws and holy sayings!
They come upon him in the very crisis,
And when his resolution should be firmest,
They shake it like a palsy.—Let it be,
He'll end at last by yielding to temptation,
Consenting to the thing which must be done,
With more remorse the more he hesitates.—

*(To his Father, who has stood fixed after his last speech.)*—

Well, sir, 'tis fitting you resolve at last,
How the young clerk should be disposed upon;
Unless you would ride home to Auchindrane,
And bid them rear the Maiden in the courtyard,
That when Dunbar comes, he have naught to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and the headsman.
AUCH. It is too true.—There is no safety for us,
Consistent with the unhappy wretch's life!
In Ireland he is sure to find my enemies.
Arran, I've proved—the Netherlands I've tried,
But wilds and wars return him on my hands.
PHI. Yet fear not, father, we'll make surer work;
The land has caves, the sea has whirlpools,
Where that which they suck in returns no more.
AUCH. I will know naught of it, hard-hearted boy!
PHI. Hard-hearted! Why — my heart is soft as yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once—
We can't afford such wasteful tenderness:
I can mouth forth remorse as well as you.
Be executioner, and I'll be chaplain,
And say as mild and moving things as you can;
But one of us must keep his steely temper.
AUCH. Do thou the deed—I cannot look on it.
PHI. So be it. Walk with me—MacLellan brings him.
The boat lies moor'd within that reach of rock,
And 'twill require our greatest strength combined
To launch it from the beach. Meantime, MacLellan
Brings our man hither.—See the twinkling light
That glances in the tower.
AUCH. Let us withdraw—for should he spy us suddenly,
He may suspect us, and alarm the family.
PHI. Fear not—MacLellan has his trust and confidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes home.

AUCH. But think you that the Ranger may be trusted?
PHI. I'll answer for him,—Let's go float the shallop.

[*They go off, and as they leave the Stage,* MACLELLAN *is seen descending from the Tower with* QUENTIN. *The former bears a dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.*

MAC. (*showing the light*).—
So—bravely done—that's the last ledge of rocks,
And we are on the sands.—I have broke your slumbers
Somewhat untimely.
QUE. Do not think so, friend.
These six years past I have been used to stir
When the reveillé rung; and that believe me,
Chooses the hours for rousing me at random,
And, having given it summons, yields no license
To indulge a second slumber. Nay more, I'll tell thee,
That, like a pleased child, I was e'en too happy
For sound repose.
MAC. The greater fool were you.
Men should enjoy the moments given to slumber;
For who can tell how soon may be the waking,
Or where we shall have leave to sleep again?
QUE. The God of Slumber comes not at command.
Last night the blood danced merry thro' my veins:
Instead of finding this our land of Carrick
The dreary waste my fears had apprehended,
I saw thy wife, MacLellan, and thy daughter,
And had a brother's welcome; saw thee, too,
Renew'd my early friendship with you both,
And felt once more that I had friends and country.
So keen the joy that tingled thro' my system,
Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,
That I am glad to leave my feverish lair,
Altho' my hostess smooth'd my couch herself,
To cool my brow upon this moonlight beach,
Gaze on the moonlight dancing on the waves.
Such scenes are wont to soothe me into melancholy;
But such the hurry of my spirits now,
That everything I look on makes me laugh.
MAC. I've seen but few so gamesome, Master Quentin,
Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were.
QUE. Why, there's the jest on't.
Your old castle's haunted.
In vain the host—in vain the lovely hostess,
In kind addition to all means of rest,
Add their best wishes for our sound repose,
When some hobgoblin brings a pressing message:—
Montgomery presently must see his sergeant,
And up gets Hildebrand, and off he trudges.
I can't but laugh to think upon the grin
With which he doff'd the kerchief he had twisted
Around his brows, and put his morion on—
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
MAC. I'm glad to see you merry, Quentin.
QUE. Why, faith, my spirits are but transitory,
And you may live with me a month or more,
And never see me smile. Then some such trifle

As yonder little maid of yours would laugh at,
Will serve me for a theme of merriment—
Even now, I scarce can keep my gravity;
We were so snugly settled in our quarters,
With full intent to let the sun be high
Ere we should leave our beds—and first the one
And then the other's summon'd briefly forth
To the old tune, "Black Bandsmen, up and march!"

MAC. Well, you shall sleep anon—rely upon it—
And make up time misspent. Meantime, methinks,
You are so merry on your broken slumbers,
You ask'd not why I call'd you.

QUE. I can guess.
You lack my aid to search the weir for seals,
You lack my company to stalk a deer.
Think you I have forgot your sylvan tasks,
Which oft you have permitted me to share,
Till days that we were rivals?

MAC. You have memory
Of that too!—

QUE. Like the memory of a dream,
Delusion far too exquisite to last.

MAC. You guess not then for what I call you forth!
It was to meet a friend—

QUE. What friend? Thyself excepted,
The good old man who's gone to see Montgomery,
And one to whom I once gave dearer title,
I know not in wide Scotland man or woman
Whom I could name a friend.

MAC. Thou art mistaken.
There is a Baron, and a powerful one—

QUE. There flies my fit of mirth. You have a grave
And alter'd man before you.

MAC. Compose yourself, there is no cause for fear,—
He will and must speak with you.

QUE. Spare me the meeting, Niel,—I cannot see him.
Say, I'm just landed on my native earth;
Say, that I will not cumber it a day;
Say, that my wretched thread of poor existence
Shall be drawn out in solitude and exile,
Where never memory of so mean a thing
Again shall cross his path—but do not ask me
To seek or speak again with that dark man!

MAC. Your fears are now as foolish as your mirth—
What should the powerful knight of Auchindrane
In common have with such a man as thou?

QUE. No matter what—Enough, I will not see him.

MAC. He is thy master, and he claims obedience.

QUE. My master? Ay, my taskmaster—Ever since
I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;
No step I've made but cumber'd with his chain.
And I am weary on't—I will not see him.

MAC. You must and shall—there is no remedy.

QUE. Take heed that you compel me not to find one.
I've seen the wars since we had strife together;
To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha! I am betray'd!

[*While the latter part of this dialogue is passing,* AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP *enter*

*on the Stage from behind and suddenly present themselves.*

AUCH. What says the runagate?
QUE. (*laying aside all appearance of resistance*).—
Nothing. You are my fate;
And in a shape more fearfully resistless
My evil angel could not stand before me.
AUCH. And so you scruple, slave, at my command,
To meet me when I deign to ask thy presence?
QUE. No, sir; I had forgot—I am your bond-slave;
But sure a passing thought of independence,
For which I've seen whole nations doing battle,
Was not, in one who has so long enjoyed it,
A crime beyond forgiveness.
AUCH. We shall see;
Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,
Bred by my bounty.—It concern'd me highly,
Thou knows't it did—and yet, against my charge,
Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.
QUE. Alas! the wealthy and the powerful know not
How very dear to those who have least share in't
Is that sweet word of country! The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;
The language—nay, the music jars his ear.
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?
AUCH. Hear ye the serf I bred begin to reckon
Upon his rights and pleasures! Who am I—
Thou abject, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?
PHI. Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes remorse!
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.
QUE. Your words are deadly, and your power resistless;
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.
AUCH. Who is't would deign to think upon thy life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou may'st sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.
QUE. Noble my lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mother,
Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,
And I'll take boat as gayly as the bird
That soars to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!
PHI. A modest favor, friend, is this you ask!

Are we to pace the beach like watermen,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.
The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the Point of Turnberry.—Come, we wait you;
Bestir you!
QUE. I obey. Then farewell, Scotland!
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy
Which mortal man deserves not!
AUCH. (*speaks aside to his Son*).—What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?
PHI. When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end—
(*To* QUE.) Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.
QUE. But when—O when to end it!

*He goes off reluctantly with* PHILIP *and* MACLELLAN. AUCHINDRANE *stands looking after them. The Moon becomes overclouded, and the Stage dark.* AUCHINDRANE, *who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have left the stage, becomes animated, and speaks.*

AUCH. It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that caitiff's visage is before me.
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed
My human eyes for those of some night prowler,
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,
And moved remorse within me.—But they vanish'd
Whene'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awaked within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—
Docile, obedient, and in sufferance patient!
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.
Instinct infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!
Would it were over, for in this moment lies
The agony of ages;—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted! No—she breasts again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
Upon her crest—(*A faint cry heard as from seaward.*)

Ah! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

(*He walks in a slow and deeply meditative manner towards the side of the Stage, and suddenly meets* MARION, *the wife of* MACLELLAN, *who has descended from the Castle.*

Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my senses!
Stand! who goes there? Do spirits walk the earth
Ere yet they've left the body?
MAR. Is it you,
My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour?
AUCH. It is MacLellan's wife, in search of him,
Or of her lover—of the murderer,
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion;
Men have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,
Their snares and trackings for their game. But women
Should shun the night air. A young wife also,
Still more a handsome one, should keep her pillow
Till the sun gives example for her wakening.
Come, Dame, go back—back to your bed again.
MAR. Hear me, my lord! there have been sights and sounds
That terrified my child and me—Groans, screams,
As if of dying seamen, came from ocean—
A corpse-light danced upon the crested waves
For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
When we retired to rest we had two guests,
Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell your lordship
Who the men were——
AUCH. Pshaw, woman, can you think
That I have any interest in your gossips?
Please your own husband, and that you may please him,
Get thee to bed, and shut up doors, good dame.
Were I MacLellan, I should scarce be satisfied
To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight,
When silence should be in thy habitation,
And sleep upon thy pillow.
MAR. Good my lord,
This is a holyday.—By an ancient custom
Our children seek the shore at break of day,
And gather shells, and dance, and play, and sport them
In honor of the Ocean. Old men say
The custom is derived from heathen times. Our Isabel
Is mistress of the feast, and you may think
She is awake already, and impatient
To be the first shall stand upon the beach,
And bid the sun good-morrow.
AUCH. Ay, indeed?
Linger such dregs of heathendom among you?
And hath Knox preach'd and Wishart died, in vain?
Take notice, I forbid these sinful practices,
And will not have my followers mingle in them.
MAR. If such your honor's pleasure, I must go
And lock the door on Isabel; she is wilful,
And voice of mine will have small force to keep her
From the amusement she so long has dream'd of.
But I must tell your honor, the old people,

That were survivors of the former race,
Prophesied evil if this day should pass
Without due homage to the mighty Ocean.
AUCH. Folly and Papistry.—Perhaps the Ocean
Hath had his morning sacrifice already;
Or can you think the dreadful element,
Whose frown is death, whose roar the dirge of navies,
Will miss the idle pageant you prepare?
I've business for you, too—the dawn advances—
I'd have thee lock thy little child in safety,
And get to Auchindrane before the sun rise;
Tell them to get a royal banquet ready,
As if a king were coming there to feast him.
MAR. I will obey your pleasure. But my husband—
AUCH. I wait him on the beach, and bring him in
To share the banquet.
MAR. But he has a friend,
Whom it would ill become him to intrude
Upon your hospitality.
AUCH. Fear not; his friend shall be made welcome too,
Should he return with Niel.
MAR. He must—he will return—he has no option.
AUCH. (*apart*). Thus rashly do we deem of other's destiny—
He has indeed no option—but he comes not.
Begone on thy commission—I go this way
To meet thy husband.

[MARION *goes to her Tower, and after entering it, is seen to come out, lock the door, and leave the stage, as if to execute* AUCHINDRANE'S *commission. He, apparently going off in a different direction, has watched her from the side of the stage, and on her departure speaks.*

AUCH. Fare thee well, fond woman,
Most dangerous of spies — thou prying, prating,
Spying and telling woman! I've cut short
Thy dangerous testimony—Hated word!
What other evidence have we cut short,
And by what fated means, this dreary morning!—
Bright lances here and helmets!—I must shift
To join the others. [*Exit.*

*Enter from the other side the* SERGEANT, *accompanied with an Officer and two Pikemen.*

SER. 'Twas in good time you came; a minute later
The knaves had ta'en my dollars and my life.
OFF. You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down
Ere we came to your aid.
SER. Gramercy, halberd!
And well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin Blane, that you have fall'n on me;
None else can surely tell you where he hides,
Being in some fear, and bent to quit this province.
OFF. 'Twill do our Earl good service. He has sent
Despatches into Holland for this Quentin.
SER. I left him two hours since in yonder tower,
Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke,
Altho' he look'd but roughly—I will chide him
For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.

OFF. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.
Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,
And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan
On you and on your dollars, and a base one,
To which this Ranger was most likely privy.
Such men as he hang on our fiercer barons,
The ready agents of their lawless will;
Boys of the belt, who aid their master's pleasures.
And in his moods ne'er scruple his injunctions.
But haste, for now we must unkennel Quentin;
I've strictest charge concerning him.
SER. Go up, then, to the tower.
You've younger limbs than mine; there shall you find him
Lounging and snoring, like a lazy cur
Before a stable door; it is his practise.

[*The* OFFICER *goes up to the Tower and after knocking without receiving an answer, turns the key which* MARION *had left in the lock, and enters;* ISABEL, *dressed as if for her dance, runs out and descends to the Stage; the* OFFICER *follows.*

OFF. There's no one in the house, this little maid
Excepted—
ISA. And for me, I'm there no longer,
And will not be again, for three hours good;
I'm going to join my playmates on the sands.
OFF. (*detaining her*). You shall, when you have told to me distinctly
Where are the guests who slept up there last night.
ISA. Why, there is the old man, he stands beside you,
The merry old man, with the glistening hair;
He left the tower at midnight, for my father
Brought him a letter.
SER. In ill hour I left you.
I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you!
There is a nameless horror that comes o'er me.—
Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chanced next,
And thou shalt have thy freedom.
ISA. After you went last night, my father
Grew moody, and refused to doff his clothes,
Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do
When there is aught to chafe him. Until past midnight,
He wander'd to and fro, then call'd the stranger,
The gay young man, that sung such merry songs,
Yet ever look'd most sadly whilst he sung them;
And forth they went together.
OFF. And you've seen
Or heard naught of them since?
ISA. Seen surely nothing, and I cannot think
That they have lot or share in what I heard.
I heard my mother praying, for the corpse-lights
Were dancing on the waves; and at one o'clock,
Just as the Abbey steeple toll'd the knell,
There was a heavy plunge upon the waters,
And some one cried aloud for mercy!—mercy!
It was the water-spirit, sure, which promised
Mercy to boat and fishermen, if we
Perform'd to-day's rites duly. Let me go—
I am to lead the ring.

OFF. (*to* SER.). Detain her not.
She cannot tell us more;
To give her liberty is the sure way
To lure her parents homeward.—
Strahan, take two men,
And should the father or the mother come,
Arrest them both, or either. Auchindrane
May come upon the beach; arrest him also,
But do not state a cause. I'll back again,
And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.
Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye
To all that passes there.
[*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE II.

*Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Seabeach.*

*Enter* AUCHINDRANE, *meeting* PHILIP.

AUCH. The devil's brought his legions to this beach,
That wont to be so lonely; morions, lances,
Show in the morning beam as thick as glowworms
At summer midnight.

PHI. I'm right glad to see them,
Be they whoe'er they may, so they are mortal;
For I've contended with a lifeless foe,
And I have lost the battle. I would give
A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel
Ring on a mortal harness.

AUCH. How now! art mad? or hast thou done the turn—
The turn we came for, and must live or die by?

PHI. 'Tis done, if man can do it; but I doubt
If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's permission
To die by mortal hands.

AUCH. Where is he?—where's MacLellan?

PHI. In the deep—
Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them
Gone to the judgment seat, where we must meet them.

AUCH. MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—So be it
To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.

PHI. Hear me, old man—There *is* a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Tho' little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing,
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him.

AUCH. Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is most required.

PHI. Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the Ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bade him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,

One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.
AUCH. It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?
PHI. Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharm'd,
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.
AUCH. 'Twas Hell's own work!—
PHI. MacLellan then grew restive,
And, desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was well-nigh frantic while pursued
By this dread shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light,
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half-expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sank down at once.
AUCH. He had enough of mortal sin about him
To sink an argosy.
PHI. But now resolve you what defense to make,
If Quentin's body shall be recognized;
For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
Marks of my handiwork—so does MacLellan.
AUCH. The concourse thickens still—Away, away!
We must avoid the multitude.
[*They rush out.*

## SCENE III.

*Scene changes to another part of the Beach, Children are seen dancing, and Villagers looking on.* ISABEL *seems to take the management of the Dance.*

VIL. WOM. How well she queens it, the brave little maiden!
VIL. Ay, they all queen it from their very cradle,
These willing slaves of haughty Auchindrane.
But now I hear the old man's reign is ended;—
'Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.
SECOND VIL. Finlay, speak low—you interrupt the sports.
THIRD VIL. Look out to sea!—There's something coming yonder,
Bound for the beach, will scare us from our mirth.
FOURTH VIL. Pshaw! it is but a sea-gull on the wing,
Between the wave and sky.
THIRD VIL. Thou art a fool,
Standing on solid land—'tis a dead body.
SECOND VIL. And if it be, he bears him like a live one,
Not prone and weltering, like a drowned corpse,
But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters,
And used them as his path.
FOURTH VIL. It is a merman,
And nothing of this earth, alive or dead.

[*By degrees all the Dancers break off from their sport, and stand gazing to seaward, while an object, imperfectly seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at length arrives among the rocks which border the tide.*

THIRD VIL. Perhaps it is some wretch who needs assistance;
Jasper, make in and see.
SECOND VIL. Not I, my friend;
E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.

[HILDEBRAND *has entered, and heard the two last words.*

SER. What, are you men?
Fear ye to look on what you must be one day?
I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying
Within a flight-shot square, will teach you how in war
We look upon the corpse when life has left it.

[*He goes to the back scene, and seems attempting to turn the body, which has come ashore with its face downward.*

Will none of you come aid to turn the body?

ISA. You're cowards all.—I'll help thee, good old man.

[*She goes to aid the* SERGEANT *with the body, and presently gives a cry, and faints.* HILDEBRAND *comes forward. All crowd round him; he speaks with an expression of horror.*

SER. 'Tis Quentin Blane! Poor youth, his gloomy bodings
Have been the prologue to an act of darkness;
His feet are manacled, his bosom stabb'd,
And he is foully murder'd. The proud Knight
And his dark Ranger must have done this deed,
For which no common ruffian could have motive.

A PEASANT. Caution were best, old man—Thou art a stranger,
The Knight is great and powerful.

SER. Let it be so.
Call'd on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger,
I will not blench for fear of mortal man.
Have I not seen that when that innocent
Had placed her hands upon the murder'd body,
His gaping wounds, that erst were soak'd with brine,
Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the cloud
Which now the sun does rise on!

PEASANT. What of that?

SER. Nothing that can affect the innocent child;
But murder's guilt attaching to her father,
Since the blood musters in the victim's veins
At the approach of what holds lease from him
Of all that parents can transmit to children.
And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

*The* EARL OF DUNBAR *enters with Soldiers and others, having* AUCHINDRANE *and* PHILIP *prisoners.*

DUN. Fetter the young ruffian and his trait'rous father!

[*They are made secure.*

AUCH. 'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a knight,
Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.

DUN. 'Tis Heaven, not I, decides upon your guilt.
A harmless youth is traced within your power,
Sleeps in your Ranger's house—his friend at midnight
Is spirited away. Then lights are seen,
And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore
Mangled with daggers, while (*to* PHI.) your dagger wears
The sanguine livery of recent slaughter:
Here, too, the body of a murder'd victim
(Whom none but you had interest to remove)
Bleeds on a child's approach, because the daughter
Of one the abettor of the wicked deed;—
All this, and other proofs corroborative,
Call on us briefly to pronounce the doom
We have in charge to utter.

AUCH. If my house perish, Heaven's will be done!
I wish not to survive it; but, O Philip,
Would one could pay the ransom for us both!
PHI. Father, 'tis fitter that we both should die,
Leaving no heir behind.—The piety
Of a bless'd saint, the morals of an anchorite,
Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy,
Or the wild profligacy I have practised.
Ruin'd our house, and shattered be our towers,
And with them end the curse our sins have merited!

# THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

## A TRAGEDY.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goethe and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der heilige Vehme" (The Secret Tribunal), which fills the sixth volume of the "Sagen der Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity), by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue are occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.*

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother; but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the mainspring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was, besides, esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning, and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honor of the buskin. The German taste, also, caricatured by a number of imitators, who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of

* George Wachter, who published various works under the pseudonym of *Veit Weber*, was born in 1763, and died in 1837.—Ed.

the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a *coup de grace* from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. The effect of their singularly happy piece of ridicule called "The Rovers," a mock play which appeared in *The Anti-Jacobin*, was, that the German school, with its beauties and its defects, passed completely out of fashion, and the following scenes were consigned to neglect and obscurity. Very lately, however, the writer chanced to look them over with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to *The Keepsake*, where the demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.

ABBOTSFORD, 1*st April*, 1829.

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## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

RUDIGER, *Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior.*
GEORGE OF ASPEN, } *Sons to Rudiger.*
HENRY OF ASPEN, }
RODERIC, *Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.*
WILLIAM, *Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.*
BERTRAM OF EBERSDORF, *brother to the former husband of the Baroness of Aspen, disguised as a Minstrel.*
DUKE OF BAVARIA.
WICKERD, } *Followers of the House of Aspen.*
REYNOLD, }
CONRAD, *Page of Honor to Henry of Aspen.*
MARTIN, *Squire to George of Aspen.*
HUGO, *Squire to Count Roderic.*
PETER, *an ancient domestic of Rudiger.*
FATHER LUDOVIC, *Chaplain to Rudiger.*

WOMEN.

ISABELLA, *formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.*
GERTRUDE, *Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.*
*Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, etc.*

SCENE.—*The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhaus, and the adjacent country.*

ACT. I.—SCENE I.

*An ancient Gothic chamber in the castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crossbows, and arms, with the horns of buffaloes and of deer, are hung round the wall. An antique buffet with beakers and stone bottles.*

RUDIGER, *Baron of Aspen, and his lady,* ISABELLA, *are discovered sitting at a large oaken table.*

RUD. A plague upon that roan horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonder the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a convent library! Out upon it! Out upon it! Is it not hard that a warrior, who has traveled so many leagues to display the cross on the walls of Zion, should be now unable to lift a spear before his own castle gate?

ISA. Dear husband, your anxiety retards your recovery.

RUD. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sat this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hunting nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved, as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, utters by syllables a cold "How is it with you?" and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

ISA. Surely, he at least— .

RUD. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him: for, by my knightly faith, were I in his place, I think even these bruised bones would hardly keep me from her side. Still, however, here I must sit alone.

ISA. Not alone, dear husband. Heaven knows what I would do to soften your confinement.

RUD. Tell not of that, lady. When I first knew thee, Isabella, the fair maid of Arnheim was the joy of her companions, and breathed life wherever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnolf of Ebersdorf—not much with thy will, 'tis true—(*She hides her face.*) Nay—forgive me, Isabella—but that is over—he died, and the ties between us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella's light heart returned no more.

ISA. (*weeeping*). Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return? Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband!

RUD. (*stretches out his arms—she embraces him*). And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy cheerfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen? Dost thou repent of thy love to Rudiger?

ISA. Alas! no! never! never!

RUD. Then why dost thou herd with monks and priests, and leave thy old knight alone, when, for the first time in his stormy life, he has rested for weeks within the walls of his castle? Hast thou committed a crime from which Rudiger's love cannot absolve thee?

ISA. O many! many!

RUD. Then be this kiss thy penance. And tell me, Isabella, hast thou not founded a convent, and endowed it with the best of thy late husband's lands? Ay, and with a vineyard which I could have prized as well as the sleek monks. Dost thou not daily distribute alms to twenty pilgrims? Dost thou not cause ten masses to be sung each night for the repose of thy late husband's soul?

ISA. It will not know repose.

RUD. Well, well—God's peace be

with Arnolf of Ebersdorf; the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

ISA. But at present, dear husband, have I not the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George—our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltingen?

RUD. Now, there lies the difference; you sorrow that they are in danger. I that I cannot share it with them—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the drawbridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

ISA. (*at the window*). It is Wickerd, your squire.

RUD. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry. (*Enter* WICKERD.) How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

WIC. Not yet, noble sir.

RUD. Not yet?—shame on the boys' dallying—what wait they for?

WIC. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhaus: therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men-at-arms, and, after they have joined him, he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

RUD. (*attempts to rise hastily*). Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (*Sits down.*) A murrain on that stumbling roan! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Call Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from defense of the castle—(WICKERD *is going*)—and ho! Wickerd, carry with you my black barb, and bid George charge upon him. (*Exit* WICKERD.) Now see, Isabella, if I disregard the boy's safety; I send him the best horse ever knight bestrode. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

ISA. Forgive me, dear husband: are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation—

RUD. Situation? I know it well: as fair a field for open fight as I ever hunted over; see here—(*makes lines on the table*)—here is the ancient castle of Griefenhaus in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

ISA. The marsh of Griefenhaus?

RUD. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

ISA. Pass there! (*Apart.*) Avenging Heaven! thy hand is upon us! [*Exit hastily.*

RUD. Whither now? Whither now? She is gone. Thus it goes. Peter! Peter! (*Enter* PETER.) Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback.

(*Exit, leaning on* PETER.

## SCENE II.

*The inner court of the castle of Ebersdorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of* RUDIGER, *pass and repass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.*

WICKERD *comes forward.*

WIC. What, ho! Reynold! Reynold! By our Lady, the spirit of the Seven Sleepers is upon him—So ho! not mounted yet! Reynold!

*Enter* REYNOLD.

REY. Here! Here! A devil choke thy bawling! thinkst thou old Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou?

WIC. Nay, nay: I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame should our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderic before we graybeards come.

REY. Heaven forfend! Our troopers are but saddling their horses; five minutes more, and we

are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderic sit fast.

WIC. A plague on him! he has ever lain hard on the skirts of our noble master.

REY. Especially since he was refused the hand of our Lady's niece, the pretty Lady Gertrude.

WIC. Ay, marry! would nothing less serve the fox of Maltingen than the lovely lamb of our young Baron Henry! By my sooth, Reynold, when I look upon these two lovers, they make me full twenty years younger; and when I meet the man that would divide them—I say nothing—but let him look to it.

REY. And how fare our young lords?

WIC. Each well in his humor—Baron George stern and cold, according to his wont, and his brother as cheerful as ever.

REY. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

WIC. Yet George saved thy life.

REY. True—with as much indifference as if he had been snatching a chestnut out of the fire. Now, Baron Henry wept for my danger and my wounds. Therefore George shall ever command my life, but Henry my love.

WIC. Nay, Baron George shows his gloomy spirit even by the choice of a favorite.

REY. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

WIC. The knave is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal.—I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favor.

REY. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen *that* makes her ever sad.

WIC. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnolf by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold——

[*Bugle sounds.*

REY. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on your arms!

WIC. St. George grant it!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The gallery of the castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—Voices, bugle-horns, kettle-drums, trampling of horses, etc., are heard without.*

RUDIGER, *leaning on* PETER, *looks from the balcony.* GERTRUDE *and* ISABELLA *are near him.*

RUD. There they go at length—look, Isabella! look, my pretty Gertrude—these are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderic what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—(*Flourish without. Rudiger stretches his arms from the balcony.*) Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black barb, Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx, were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seest thou how fierce old Reynold looks?

GER. I can hardly know my friends in their armor.

[*The bugles and kettle-drums*

*are heard as at a greater distance.*

RUD. Now I could tell every one of their names, even at this distance; ay, and were they covered, as I have seen them, with dust and blood. He on the dapple gray is Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl.

[*Bugles, etc., at a greater distance still.*

GER. Heaven guard them! Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks, chills and freezes mine.

RUD. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See how their armor glistens as they wind round yon hill! how their spears glimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets—(*Bugles very faint.*)—And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—(*Sings.*)

"It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestrode"—

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came last night.—(*Sings.*)

"Off rode the horseman, dash, sa, sa!
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la la."—

(PETER *goes out.*—RUDIGER *sits down, and* GERTRUDE *helps him with wine.*) Thanks, my love. It tastes ever best from thy hand. Isabella, here is glory and victory to our boys—(*Drinks.*)—Wilt thou not pledge me?

ISA. To their safety, and God grant it!—(*Drinks.*)

*Enter* BERTRAM *as a minstrel, with a boy bearing his harp.—Also* PETER.

RUD. Thy name, minstrel?

BER. Minhold, so please you.

RUD. Art thou a German?

BER. Yes, noble sir; and of this province.

RUD. Sing me a song of battle.

[BERTRAM *sings to the harp.*

RUD. Thanks, minstrel: well sung, and lustily. What sayst thou, Isabella?

ISA. I marked him not.

RUD. Nay, in sooth you are too anxious. Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude: in a few hours thy Henry shall return, and twine his laurels into a garland for thy hair. He fights for thee, and he must conquer.

GER. Alas! must blood be spilled for a silly maiden?

RUD. Surely; for what should knights break lances but for honor and ladies' love—ha, minstrel?

BER. So please you—also to punish crimes.

RUD. Out upon it! wouldst have us executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our blades. We leave malefactors to the Secret Tribunal.

ISA. Merciful God! Thou hast spoken a word, Rudiger, of dreadful import.

GER. They say, that, unknown and invisible themselves, these awful judges are ever present with the guilty; that the past and the present misdeeds, the secrets of the confessional, nay, the very thoughts of the heart, are before them; that their doom is as sure as that of fate, the means and executioners unknown.

RUD. They say true—the secrets of that association, and the names of those who compose it are as inscrutable as the grave: we only know that it has taken deep root, and spread its branches wide. I sit down each day in my hall, nor know how many of these secret judges may surround me, all bound by the most solemn vow to avenge guilt. Once, and but once, a knight, at the earnest request and

inquiries of the emperor, hinted that he belonged to the society : the next morning he was found slain in a forest : the poniard was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."

GER. Gracious! aunt, you grow pale.

ISA. A slight indisposition only.

RUD. And what of it all! We know our hearts are open to our Creator : shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements ; there we shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[*Exit* RUDIGER, *with* GERTRUDE *and* PETER.

ISA. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (*Exit* BERTRAM.) Gracious Heaven! the guileless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noontide as in midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger, and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

*Enter* FATHER LUDOVIC.

LUD. Peace be with you, lady!

ISA. It is not with me : it is thy office to bring it.

LUD. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

ISA. Their absence and their danger.

LUD. Daughter, thy hand has been stretched out in bounty to the sick and to the needy. Thou hast not denied a shelter to the weary, nor a tear to the afflicted. Trust in their prayers, and in those of the holy convent thou hast founded : peradventure they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

ISA. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

LUD. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband——

ISA. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. (*Apart.*) Wretch that I am, the meanest menial in my train has power to goad me to madness!

LUD. Hearken to me, daughter ; thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorf cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

ISA. Repeat that once more ; say once again that it cannot — cannot bear so deep a dye. Prove to me that ages of the bitterest penance, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but *that* to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fane in Christendom.

LUD. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

ISA. (*resuming her composure*). Be it so, good father : I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

LUD. Of superintending the erection of the new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady : and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

ISA. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

LUD. Reynold brought the commands of the Baron.

ISA. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sung before

Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

LUD. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this castle. He inquires much after *Martin*, Arnolf's squire.

ISA. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

LUD. May I ask why, noble lady?

ISA. Thou art inquisitive, priest; I honor the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk. Begone!

LUD. But the Baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

ISA. True, true (*recollecting herself*); pardon my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the sparrow, and strangles its foster-mother. Do no such birds roost in convent-walls?

LUD. Lady, I understand you not.

ISA. Well, then, say to the Baron, that I have dismissed long ago all the attendants of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and that I wish to have none of them beneath my roof.

LUD. (*inquisitively*). Except Martin?

ISA. (*sharply*). Except Martin! who saved the life of my son George! Do as I command thee.

[*Exit.*

*Manet* LUDOVIC.

LUD. Ever the same—stern and peremptory to others as rigorous to herself; haughty even to me, to whom, in another mood, she has knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The unnatural zeal with which she performs her dreadful penances cannot be religion, for shrewdly I guess she believes not in their blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is the foundress of our convent, otherwise we might not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A woodland prospect.—Through a long avenue, half-grown up by brambles, are discerned in the background the ruins of the ancient Castle of Griefenhaus.—The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.*

*Enter* GEORGE OF ASPEN, *armed with a battle-ax in his hand, as from horseback. He supports* MARTIN, *and brings him forward.*

GEO. Lay thee down here, old friend. The enemy's horsemen will hardly take their way among these branches, through which I have dragged thee.

MAR. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not an instant! My moments are now but few, and I would profit by them.

GEO. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I must back to the field.

MAR. (*attempts to rise*). Then drag me back thither also; I cannot die but in your presence—I dare not be alone. Stay, to give peace to my parting soul.

GEO. I am no priest, Martin. (*Going.*)

MAR. (*raising himself with great pain*). Baron George of Aspen, I saved thy life in battle: for that good deed, hear me but one moment.

GEO. I hear thee, my poor friend. (*Returning.*)

MAR. But come close—very close. See'st thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

GEO. I do.

MAR. I have served thee since thou wast a child; served thee faithfully—was never from thy side.

GEO. Thou hast.

MAR. And now I die in thy service.

GEO. Thou may'st recover.

MAR. I cannot. By my long service—by my scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death that I am to die—oh, do not hate me for what I am now to unfold!

GEO. Be assured I can never hate thee.

MAR. Ah, thou little knowest.—Swear to me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my parting soul.

GEO. (*takes his hand*). I swear I will. (*Alarum and shouting.*) But be brief—thou knowest my haste.

MAR. Hear me, then. I was the squire, the beloved and favorite attendant, of Arnolf of Ebersdorf. Arnolf was savage as the mountain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she requited not his passion. She loved thy father; but her sire, old Arnheim, was the friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry him. By midnight, in the chapel of Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed; her resistance, her screams were in vain. These arms detained her at the altar till the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst thou forgive me?

GEO. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to thy savage master has been obliterated by a long train of service to his widow.

MAR. Services! ay, bloody services! for they commenced—do not quit my hand—they commenced with the murder of my master. (GEORGE *quits his hand, and stands aghast in speechless horror.*) Trample on me! pursue me with your dagger! I aided your mother to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven, it is said.

GEO. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Martin, thou ravest—the fever of thy wound has distracted thee.

MAR. No! I am not mad! Would to God I were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfshill—yonder the old castle of Griefenhaus—and yonder is the hemlock marsh (*in a whisper*) where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged Arnolf's cup of death. (GEORGE *traverses the stage in the utmost agitation, and sometimes stands over* MARTIN *with his hands clasped together.*) Oh, had you seen him when the potion took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and seen the contortions of his ghastly visage!—He died furious and impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

GEO. (*with exertion*). Miserable wretch! how can I?

MAR. Can you not forgive me?

GEO. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

MAR. I saved thy life—

GEO. For that, take my curse! (*He snatches up his battle-ax, and rushes out to the side from which the noise is heard.*)

MAR. Hear me! yet more—more horror! (*Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarum.*)

*Enter* WICKERD, *hastily.*

WIC. In the name of God, Martin lend me thy brand!

MAR. Take it.

WIC. Where is it?

MAR. (*looks wildly at him*). In the chapel at Ebersdorf, or buried in the hemlock marsh.

WIC. The old grumbler is crazy with his wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of reason in thee, give me thy sword. The day goes sore against us.

MAR. There it lies. Bury it in the heart of thy master George, thou wilt do him a good office—the office of a faithful servant.

*Enter* CONRAD.

CON. Away, Wickerd! to horse, and pursue! Baron George has turned the day; he fights more like a fiend than a man: he has

unhorsed Roderic, and slain six of his troopers—they are in headlong flight—the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! (MARTIN *gives a deep groan, and faints.*) Away! away! (*They hurry off, as to the pursuit.*)

*Enter* RODERIC OF MALTINGEN, *without his helmet, his arms disordered and broken, holding the truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him,* BARON WOLFSTEIN.

ROD. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace—overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

WOLF. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

ROD. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honor and my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? (*Throws down the broken spear.*) Bear witness, heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

WOLF. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George's followers—(*Seeing* MARTIN.)

ROD. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depositary of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

MAR. (*reviving.*) Leave me not! leave me not! Baron George! my eyes are darkened with agony! I have not yet told all.

WOLF. The old man takes you for his master.

ROD. What wouldst thou tell?

MAR. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

ROD. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

MAR. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnolf's steward; my master seduced her—she became an outcast, and died in misery—I vowed vengeance—and I did avenge her.

ROD. Hadst thou accomplices?

MAR. None, but thy mother.

ROD. The Lady Isabella!

MAR. Ay; she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy—thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

ROD. (*breaks into a transport.*) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own! —Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy bugle—(WOLFSTEIN *sounds.*)

MAR. (*stares wildly round*). That was no note of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heavens! what have I said!

ROD. What thou canst not recall.

MAR. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gather'd—'tis retribution!

*Enter three or four soldiers of* RODERIC.

ROD. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit;—look to him, as you love your lives.

MAR. (*led off by soldiers*). Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! [*Exeunt.*

ROD. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitants! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

WOLF. I foresee, indeed, dishonor to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale.

ROD. And how thinkest thou this disgrace will fall on them?

WOLF. Surely by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

ROD. And is that all?

WOLF. What more?

ROD. Shortsighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside.

WOLF. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

ROD. True; but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the Perpetrator whom he may—ay, were that perpetrator his own father—or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin's confession?

WOLF. True; but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges!

ROD. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete—perjured or parricide, I care not; but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

WOLF. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

ROD. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in battle—George has twice baffled and dishonored my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved: but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-cheeked boy, when this scene of villany shall be disclosed. [*Bugle.*

WOLF. Hark! they sound a retreat: let us go deeper into the wood.

ROD. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph!—Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

WOLF. What place?

ROD. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, as usual. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* GEORGE OF ASPEN, *as from the pursuit.*

GEO. (*comes slowly forward*). How many wretches have sunk under my arm this day, to whom life was sweet, though the wretched bondsmen of Count Roderic! And I—I who sought death beneath every lifted battle-ax, and offered my breast to every arrow—I am cursed with victory and safety. Here I left the wretch——Martin!—Martin!—what, ho! Martin!—Mother of God! he is gone!—Should he repeat the dreadful tale to any other—Martin!—He answers not. Perhaps he has crept into the thicket, and died there—were it so, the horrible secret is only mine.

*Enter* HENRY OF ASPEN, *with* WICKERD, REYNOLD, *and followers.*

HEN. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is little less than miraculous.

REY. By'r Lady, when Baron George struck, I think he must have forgot that his foes were God's creatures. Such furious doings I never saw, and I have been a trooper these forty-two years come St. Barnaby—

GEO. Peace! Saw any of you Martin?

WIC. Noble sir, I left him here not long since.

GEO. Alive or dead?

WIC. Alive, noble sir, but sorely wounded. I think he must be prisoner, for he could not have budged else from hence.

GEO. Heedless slave! Why didst thou leave him?

HEN. Dear brother, Wickerd acted for the best; he came to our assistance and the aid of his companions.

GEO. I tell thee, Henry, Martin's safety was of more importance than the lives of any ten that stand here.

WIC. (*muttering*). Here's much to do about an old crazy trencher-shifter.

GEO. What mutterest thou?

WIC. Only, sir knight, that Martin seemed out of his senses when I left him, and has perhaps wandered into the marsh, and perished there.

GEO. How—out of his senses? Did he speak to thee?—(*Apprehensively.*)

WIC. Yes, noble sir.

GEO. Dear Henry, step for an instant to yon tree—thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolfshill. (Henry *retires.*) And do you stand back (*to the soldiers*).

[*He brings* WICKERD *forward.*

GEO. (*with marked apprehension*). What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd?—tell me, on thy allegiance.

WIC. Mere ravings, sir knight—offered me his sword to kill you.

GEO. Said he aught of killing any one else?

WIC. No; the pain of his wound seemed to have brought on a fever.

GEO. (*clasps his hands together*). I breathe again—I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth. (*Aside.*) Wickerd, think not on what I said—the heat of the battle had chafed my blood. Thou hast wished for the Netherfarm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

WIC. Thanks, my noble lord.

*Re-enter* HENRY.

Hen. No—they do not rally—they have had enough of it—but Wickerd and Conrad shall remain, with twenty troopers and a score of crossbowmen, and scour the woods towards Griefenhaus, to prevent the fugitives from making head. We will, with the rest, to Ebersdorf. What say you, brother?

GEO. Well ordered. Wickerd, look thou search everywhere for Martin; bring him to me dead or alive; leave not a nook of the wood unsought.

WIC. I warrant you, noble sir, I shall find him, could he clew himself up like a dormouse.

HEN. I think he must be prisoner.

GEO. Heaven forfend! Take a trumpet, Eustace (*to an attendant*), ride to the castle of Maltingen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer any ransom; offer ten—twenty—all our prisoners in exchange.

EUS. It shall be done, sir knight.

HEN. Ere we go, sound trumpets—strike up the song of victory.

SONG.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping;
Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
Honor acquiring,
Valor inspiring,
Bursting resistless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,

Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning,
Roderic's power scorning.
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield;
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eyeballs descried on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away:
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

HEN. Now spread our banners, and to Ebersdorf in triumph. We carry relief to the anxious, joy to the heart of the aged, brother George. (*Going off.*)

GEO. Or treble misery and death.

[*Apart, and following slowly. The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen begin to file across the stage. The curtain falls.*

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Castle of Ebersdorf.*

RUDIGER, ISABELLA, *and* GERTRUDE.

RUD. I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

ISA. Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

RUD. Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh! not a page would leave the skirts of the fugitives till they were fairly beaten into their holds; but had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seest thou anything?

GER. I think I see a horseman.

ISA. A single rider? then I fear me much.

GER. It is only Father Ludovic.

RUD. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

GER. But yonder is a cloud of dust.

RUD. (*eagerly*). Indeed!

GER. It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

RUD. The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights.

GER. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you? Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

RUD. Nonsense: but say on; anything is better than silence.

GER. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my Aunt Isabella alive. And who do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shoveled in the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

ISA. (*appears shocked.*) Heaven! what an idea!

GER. Do but think of my terror

—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while to drown your screams.

RUD. And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

GER. What shall I sing to you?

RUD. Sing to me of war.

GER. I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the war.

ISA. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

RUD. Then sing a song of mirth.

ISA. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

RUD. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

GER. Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

SONG. *

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
As a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood:—
"Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamor came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast thro' the woodland approaches the foe."

[*The voice of* GERTRUDE *sinks by degrees, till she bursts into tears.*

RUD. How now, Gertrude?

GER. Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?

RUD. Never, my girl, never! (*Military music is heard.*) Hark! hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.

[*All rise and run to the window.*

RUD. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious. (*The chorus of the war-song is heard without.*) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, broach our oldest casks; wine is sweet after war.

*Enter* HENRY, *followed by* REYNOLD *and troopers.*

RUD. Joy to thee, my boy, let me press thee to this old heart.

ISA. Bless thee, my son—(*Embraces him.*) Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace! Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother!

* Compare with "The Maid of Toro," *ante*, p. 429.

HEN. Hard at hand: by this he is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (*Goes to her.*)

GER. I joy not in battles.

RUD. But she had tears for thy danger.

HEN. Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no inglorious field.

GER. It is bloody!—(*Shocked.*)

RUD. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood, as it is that of his foes, thou shouldst glory in it.—Go, Reynold, make good cheer with thy fellows.

[*Exit* REYNOLD *and Soldiers.*

*Enter* GEORGE, *pensively.*

GEO. (*goes straight to* RUDIGER). Father, thy blessing.

RUD. Thou hast it, boy.

ISA. (*rushes to embrace him—he avoids her*). How? art thou wounded?

GEO. No.

RUD. Thou lookest deadly pale.

GEO. It is nothing.

ISA. Heaven's blessings on my gallant George.

GEO. (*aside*). Dares she bestow a blessing? Oh, Martin's tale was frenzy!

ISA. Smile upon us for once, my son; darken not thy brow on this day of gladness—few are our moments of joy—should not my sons share in them?

GEO. (*aside*). She has moments of joy—it *was* frenzy, then!

ISA. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight. (*She loosens and takes off his casque.*)

GER. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.

RUD. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque!

Ger. Else hadst thou gone.

Isa. I will reward the armorer with its weight in gold.

GEO. (*aside*). She *must* be innocent.

GER. And Henry's shield is hacked, too. Let me show it to you, uncle. (*She carries* HENRY'S *to* RUDIGER.)

RUD. Do, my love; and come hither, Henry, thou shalt tell me how the day went.

[HENRY *and* GERTRUDE *converse apart with* RUDIGER; GEORGE *comes forward;* ISABELLA *comes to him.*

ISA. Surely, George, some evil has befallen thee. Grave thou art ever, but so dreadfully gloomy—

GEO. *Evil*, indeed.—(*Aside.*) Now for the trial.

ISA. Has your loss been great?

GEO. No! —Yes!—(*Apart.*) I cannot do it.

ISA. Perhaps some friend lost?

GEO. It must be.—*Martin is dead.*—(*He regards her with apprehension, but steadily, as he pronounces these words.*)

ISA. (*starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy*). Dead!

GEO. (*almost overcome by his feelings*). Guilty! Guilty!—(*Apart.*)

ISA. (*without observing his emotion*). Didst thou say dead?

GEO. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.

ISA. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he? Let me fly to him.—(*Going.*)

GEO. (*sternly*). Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud!—Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.

ISA. A prisoner and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles,—all our possessions for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave secures him.

GEO. (*apart*). Guilty! Guilty!

*Enter* PETER.

PET. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltingen, has arrived with a message.

RUD. I will receive him in the hall.

[*Exit, leaning on* GERTRUDE *and* HENRY.

Isa.—Go, George—see after Martin.

Geo. (*firmly*). No, I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive—I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy tribute. —(*He falls on his mother's neck and weeps bitterly.*)

Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake, what dreadful frenzy!

Geo. (*walks two turns across the stage and composes himself*). Listen, mother—I knew a knight in Hungary, gallant in battle, hospitable and generous in peace. The king gave him his friendship, and the administration of a province; that province was infested by thieves and murderers. You mark me?—

Isa. Most heedfully.

Geo. The knight was sworn—bound by an oath the most dreadful that can be taken by man—to deal among offenders, evenhanded, stern and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (*with an affectation of composure*). Solemn, doubtless, as the oath of every magistrate.

Geo. And inviolable?

Isa. Surely—inviolable.

Geo. Well! it happened, that when he rode out against the banditti, he made a prisoner. And who, think you, that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not (*with increasing terror*).

Geo. (*trembling but proceeding rapidly*). His own twin-brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother—his brother, whom he loved as his own soul—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (*almost speechless*). Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did (*turning his head from her and with clasped hands*) what I can never do:—he did his duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! (*Clings to him.*)

Geo. Is it then true?

Isa. What?

Geo. What Martin said. (Isabella *hides her face.*) It is true!

Isa. (*looks up with an air of dignity*). Hear, Framer of the laws of Nature! the mother is judged by the child—(*Turns towards him.*) Yes, it is true—true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! No! To an executioner!

Isa. Be it so—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderess of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son—thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more. How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my wo, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infamy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes—(*Weeps.*)

Geo. (*struggling for breath*). Nature will have utterance, mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (*Throws him-*

*self into her arms.*). Thus fall my vows.

ISA. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

GEO. No! No! The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue!

ISA. My son! My son! How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[*Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.*]

GEO. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (*Apart.*)

ISA. (*opens the door*). A parchment stuck to the door with a poniard! (*Opens it*). Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judges!—(*Drops the parchment.*)

GEO. (*reads with emotion*). "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

ISA. Alas! whither shall I fly?

GEO. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt: a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morsel thou didst taste, every drop which thou didst drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come loaded with destruction. One chance of safety is open,—obey the summons.

ISA. And perish? Yet why should I still fear death? Be it so.

GEO. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

ISA. None.

GEO. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

ISA. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

GEO. Think on my father. Live for him; he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.

ISA. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived, for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence; but the instant that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this dagger should drink my blood. (*Puts the poniard into her bosom.*)

GEO. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

ISA. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment seat?

GEO. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (*He leads her out and returns.*)—Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

*Enter* REYNOLD.

REY. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

GEO. Admit him.

*Enter* HUGO.

HUG. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and the owlet scream, and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

GEO. I understand him. I will be there.

HUG. And the count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would downweigh his best horse with gold. But you may send him a confessor, for the count says he will need one.

GEO. Is he so near death?

HUG. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he can both stand and walk. Our count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

GEO. Enough—I will send a priest. (*Exit* HUGO.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin's guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to aid Martin in making his escape?

REY. Noble sir, the followers of your house are so well known to those of Maltingen, that I fear it is impossible.

GEO. Knowest thou of no stranger who might be employed? His reward shall exceed even his hopes.

REY. So please you—I think the minstrel could well execute such a commission; he is shrewd and cunning, and can write and read like a priest.

GEO. Call him.—(*Exit* REYNOLD.) If this fails, I must employ open force. Were Martin removed, no tongue can assert the bloody truth.

*Enter* MINSTREL.

GEO. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage to undertake a dangerous enterprise?

BER. My life, sir knight, has been one scene of danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.

GEO. Thy speech is above thy seeming. Who art thou?

BER. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

GEO. What is the cause of thy misfortune?

BER. I slew, at a tournament, a prince, and was laid under the ban of the empire.

GEO. I have interest with the emperor. Swear to perform what task I shall impose on thee, and I will procure the recall of the ban.

BER. I swear.

GEO. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go with the follower of Count Roderic, as if to confess my wounded squire Martin. Give him thy dress, and remain in prison in his stead. Thy captivity shall be short, and I pledge my knightly word I will labor to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

BER. I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

GEO. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

BER. I will essay it. [*Exit.*

GEO. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—the perjured knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there! (*Enter an Attendant.*) Where is Baron Henry?

ATT. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

GEO. Saddle my steed; I will follow him.

ATT. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

GEO. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfshill. Where is thy lady?

ATT. In the chapel, sir knight.

GEO. 'Tis well—saddle my bay horse—(*apart*) for the last time.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.—Scene I.

*The wood of Griefenhaus, with the ruins of the Castle. A nearer view of the Castle than in Act Second, but still at some distance.*

*Enter* Roderic, Wolfstein, *and Soldiers, as from a reconnoitering party.*

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes, Count Roderic.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

*Enter* Hugo.

Hug. Noble sir, how, shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hug. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain, thy life shall pay it! (*Strikes at* Hugo—*is held by* Wolfstein.)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hug. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hug. An hour and more since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen; but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hug. He awaits his doom not far from hence. [*Exit* Hugo.

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltingen shall expire under torture.

*Re-enter* Hugo, *with* Bertram *and Attendants.*

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice!

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ber. I warn thee again, Count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!—

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. (*astonished*). Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen?

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not!

Rod. Miserable plotter!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf!

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then I am indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

BER. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Ebersdorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger —Hell thank him for it—enforced the ban against me at the head of his vassals, and I was constrained to fly. Since then I have warred against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

ROD. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

BER. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday, under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

ROD. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

BER. George, though I told not my name, engaged to procure the recall of the ban; besides, he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I accounted the old villain to be the last remaining follower of our house. But, as God shall judge me, the tale of horror thou hast mentioned I could not have even suspected. Report ran, that my brother died of the plague.

WOLF. Raised for the purpose, doubtless, of preventing attendance upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

BER. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my honor, the murderers of my brother, shall be cut off, root and branch!

ROD. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially if thou art still a true brother to our invisible order.

BER. I am.

ROD. There is a meeting this night on the business of thy brother's death. Some are now come. I must despatch them in pursuit of Martin.

*Enter* HUGO.

HUG. The foes advance, sir knight.

ROD. Back! back to the ruins! Come with us, Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dreadful history. [*Exeunt.*

*From the opposite side enter* GEORGE, HENRY, WICKERD, CONRAD, *and Soldiers.*

GEO. No news of Martin yet?

WIC. None, sir knight.

GEO. Nor the minstrel?

WIC. None.

GEO. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—misery either way. Begone and search the wood, Wickerd.

[*Exeunt* WICKER *and followers.*

HEN. Still this dreadful gloom on thy brow, brother?

GEO. Ay! what else?

HEN. Once thou thoughtest me worthy of thy friendship.

GEO. Henry, thou art young.

HEN. Shall I therefore betray thy confidence?

GEO. No! but thou art gentle and well-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear, far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

HEN. Try me.

GEO. I may not.

HEN. Then thou dost no longer love me.

GEO. I love thee, and because I love thee, I will not involve thee in my distress.

HEN. I will bear it with thee.

GEO. Shouldst thou share it, it would be doubled to me!

HEN. Fear not, I will find a remedy.

GEO. It would cost thee peace of mind, here, and hereafter.

HEN. I take the risk.

GEO. It may not be, Henry. Thou wouldst become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

HEN. Shall I guess?

GEO. I charge thee, no!

HEN. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

GEO. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

HEN. Is it not so?

GEO. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee?

HEN. I care not.

GEO. He who discovers any part of our mystery must himself become one of our number.

HEN. How so?

GEO. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn —take thy choice!

HEN. Well, are you not banded in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

GEO. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

HEN. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

GEO. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the veriest slave that ever tugged at an oar—the slave of men whose actions will appear to thee savage and incomprehensible, and whom thou must aid against the world, upon peril of thy throat.

HEN. Be it so. I will share your lot.

GEO. Alas, Henry! Heaven forbid! But since thou hast by a hasty word fettered thyself, I will avail myself of thy bondage. Mount thy fleetest steed, and hie thee this very night to the Duke of Bavaria. He is chief and paramount of our chapter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him that matters will be this night discussed concerning the house of Aspen. Bid him speed him to the assembly, for he well knows the president is our deadly foe. He will admit thee a member of our holy body.

HEN. Who is the foe whom you dread?

GEO. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is implicit and blind obedience.

HEN. Well, I shall soon return and see thee again.

GEO. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest — well! that matters not.

HEN. I go: thou wilt set a watch here?

GEO. I will. (HENRY *going.*) Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee, shouldst thou not see me again.

HEN. Heaven! what mean you?

GEO. Nothing. The life of mortals is precarious; and, should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—and this—(*Embraces him warmly.*) And now haste to the duke. (*Exit* HENRY.) Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

*Re-enter* WICKERD *and followers.*

WIC. We have made a follower of Maltingen prisoner, Baron George, who reports that Martin has escaped.

GEO. Joy! joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, least he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

WIC. I shall, noble sir.

[*The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish as for setting the watch: the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

*The Chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.*

ISABELLA *is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.*

ISA. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons: it is now near. How can I pray, when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnolf! Arnolf! thou art dreadfully avenged! (*Tap at the door.*) The footstep of my dreadful guide. (*Tap again.*) My courage is no more. (*Enter* GERTRUDE *by the door.*) Gertrude! it only thou? (*Embraces her.*)

GER. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

ISA. Who is in the hall?

GER. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

ISA. Sawest thou no strange faces?

GER. No; none but friends.

ISA. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

GER. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have stayed one day at least. But come, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below yon monument (*pointing*).

ISA. (*starting*). The monument of my first husband. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. (*Exit* GERTRUDE.) Ay, here he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his parting groans! When shall I sleep so soundly! (*As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.*) Merciful God! is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (*It approaches: she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.*) Ghastly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in agony, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (*Figure bends its head and beckons.*) —To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (*Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.*) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (*She follows the figure a little way: he turns and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both exeunt behind the monument.*)

SCENE III.

*The Wood of Griefenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit* WICKERD, CONRAD, *and others, in their watch-cloaks.*

WIC. The night is bitter cold.

CON. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rhenish.

WIC. True: and I'll give you warrant for it. (*Sings.*)

(RHEINWEIN LIED.)

What makes the troopers' frozen
courage muster?
The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine
they cluster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a
rabbit skin, sirs,
Bedeck your Saracen;
He'll freeze without what warms
our hearts within sirs,
When the night-frost crusts
the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine
they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,

That make our troopers' frozen courage muster;
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

CON. Well sung, Wickerd; thou wert ever a jovial soul.

*Enter a trooper or two more.*

WIC. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?

FRANK. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolfshill, and on the dead bodies with which today's work has covered it. We heard the spirit of the house of Maltingen wailing over the slaughter of its adherents: I durst go no farther.

WIC. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones.

CON. Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

FRANK. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

WIC. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

FRANK. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices sing the funeral service.

ANOTHER SOLDIER. Father Ludovic heard the same.

WIC. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery bugbears? Old Reynold saw his vision in the strength of the grape. As for the chaplain, far be it from me to name the spirit which visits him; but I know what I know, when I found him confessing Bertrand's pretty Agnes in the chestnut grove.

CON. But, Wickerd, though I have often heard of strange tales, which I could not credit, yet there is one in our family so well attested, that I almost believe it. Shall I tell it you?

ALL SOLDIERS. Do! do tell it, gentle Conrad.

WIC. And I will take t'other sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

CON. It is about my own uncle and god-father, Albert of Horsheim.

WIC. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

CON. Well! He was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest. He and his followers knocked repeatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

FRANK. And they made good their quarters?

CON. They did, and Albert retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awaked by deep groans, he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw—

FRANK. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

WIC. Ay, the wind among the withered leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

CON. That's more than gray hairs can make other folks.

WIC. Ha! stripling, art thou so malapert? Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee who commands this party.

ALL SOLDIERS. Peace, peace, good Wickerd, let Conrad proceed.

CON. Where was I?

FRANK. About the mirror.

CON. True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, my uncle discerned in the ghastly visage the features of his own father.

SOLDIERS. Hush! By St. Francis I heard a groan. (*They start up all but* WICKERD.)

WIC. The croaking of a frog, who

has caught cold in this bitter night, and sings rather more hoarsely than usual.

FRANK. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian. (*They sit down, and close round the fire.*)

CON. Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone; but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed. "It is now too late:" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure—

FRANK. Merciful Virgin! It comes. (*All rise.*)

WIC. Where? what?

CON. See yon figure coming from the thicket!

*Enter Martin, in the monk's dress, much disordered: his face is very pale and his steps slow.*

WIC. (*leveling his pike*). Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron if thou budgest a foot nearer. (MARTIN *stops.*) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

MAR. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

WIC. See there, ye cravens, your apparition is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (*They place* MARTIN *by the fire.*) By heaven, it is Martin—our Martin! Martin, how fares it with thee? We have sought thee this whole night.

MAR. So have many others (*vacantly*).

CON. Yes, thy master.

MAR. Did you see him too?

CON. Whom? Baron George?

MAR. No! my first master, Arnolf of Ebersdorf.

WIC. He raves.

MAR. He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed; its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou wilt return this night to my service!"

WIC. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis, he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

MAR. Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: you have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favorite goblet of my old master.

CON. By our Lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

MAR. I know a face so like the Apostle Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on a mirror.

WIC. Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (*Footsteps are heard in the wood*). To your arms. (*They take their arms.*)

*Enter two* MEMBERS *of the Invisible Tribunals, muffled in their cloaks.*)

CON. Stand! Who are you?

1 MEM. Travelers benighted in the wood.

WIC. Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltingen?

1 MEM. We enter not into their quarrel. We are friends to the right.

WIC. Then ye are friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

1 MEM. Thanks. (*They approach the fire, and regard* MARTIN *very earnestly.*)

CON. Hear ye any news abroad?

2 MEM. None; but that oppression and villany are rife and rank as ever.

WIC. The old complaint.

1 MEM. No! never, did former age equal this in wickedness; and yet, as if the daily commission of enormities were not enough to blot the sun, every hour discovers crimes which have lain concealed for years.

CON. Pity the Holy Tribunal should slumber in its office.

2 MEM. Young man, it slumbers not. When criminals are ripe for its vengeance, it falls like the bolt of Heaven.

MAR. (*attempting to rise*). Let me be gone.

CON. (*detaining him*). Whither now, Martin?

MAR. To mass.

1 MEM. Even now, we heard a tale of a villain, who, ungrateful as the frozen adder, stung the bosom that had warmed him into life.

MAR. Conrad, bear me off, I would be away from these men.

CON. Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

MAR. Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

2 MEM. The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

WIC. Out upon the monster!

1 MEM. For nearly thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which groaned under his footsteps—the winds which passed over his unhallowed head—the stream which he polluted by his lips—the fire at which he warmed his blood-stained hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

MAR. Conrad, good youth—lead me from hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. [*Rises.*

CON. Be patient, good Martin.

WIC. And where was the miscreant seized?

[*The two Members suddenly lay hands on* MARTIN, *and draw their daggers; the soldiers spring to their arms.*

1 MEM. On this very spot.

WIC. Traitors, unloose your hold.

MEM. In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[*All sink their weapons and stand motionless.*

MAR. Help! help!

1 MEM. Help him with your prayers.

[*He is dragged off. The scene shuts.*

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## ACT V.—SCENE I.

*The subterranean chapel of the Castle of Griefenhaus. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the center of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the sacristy, which is quite dark.*

*Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the members is a long black robe, capable of muffling the face; some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger; they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.*

*Enter* COUNT RODERIC, *dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.*

ROD. Warders, secure the doors! (*The doors are barred with great care.*) Herald, do thy duty!

[*Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.*

HER. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness?

[*All the Members incline their heads.*

ROD. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[*Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.*

HER. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, woe! woe unto offenders!

ALL. Woe! woe! [*Members sit down.*

HER. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord and call to the assembly for vengeance!

MEM. (*rises, his face covered*). Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ROD. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

ACCUSER. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

ROD. Relate his crime.

ACCU. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?

ROD. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

ACCU. (*his hand on the altar*). I swear!

ROD. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?

ACCU. I will.

ROD. Brethren, what is your sentence?

[*The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.*

ELDEST MEM. Our voice is that the perjured brother merits death?

ROD. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

ACCU. George, Baron of Aspen.

[*A murmur in the assembly.*

A MEM. (*suddenly rising*). I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

ACCU. Rash man! gagest thou an oath so lightly?

MEM. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

ACCU. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?

MEM. Then would I never trust man again.

ACCU. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself. (*Throws back his mantle.*)

ROD. Baron George of Aspen?

GEO. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

ROD. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice; on that

condition alone, thy brethren may spare thy life.

GEO. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty.

ROD. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

GEO. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for me your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

[*Exit* GEORGE, *by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the sacristy.*

ROD. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favor and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity.

[*Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.*

ROD. Speak your doom.

ELDEST MEM. George of Aspen has declared himself perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death.

ROD. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longer cumber the land.

ELDEST MEM. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—how shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

ROD. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

ELDEST MEM. So be it, in the name of God!

[*He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.*

ELDEST JUDGE. (*from behind the scene*). Dost thou forgive me?

GEO. (*behind*). I do! (*He is heard to fall heavily.*)

[*Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.*

ROD. Hast thou done thy duty?

ELDEST MEM. I have. (*He faints.*)

ROD. He swoons. Remove him.

[*He is assisted off the stage. During this, four members enter the sacristy and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.*

ROD. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.

BER. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, vengeance! vengeance! vengeanc!

ROD. Enough has this night been done—(*He rises and brings* BERTRAM *forward.*) Think what thou doest—George has fallen—it were murder to slay both mother and son.

BER. George of Aspen was thy victim—a sacrifice to thy hatred and envy. I claim mine, sacred to justice and to my murdered brother. Resume thy place!—thou

canst not stop the rock thou hast put in motion.

ROD. (*resumes his seat*). Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

BER. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

ROD. She has been summoned.

HERALD. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defense.

[*Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the warder.*

*Enter* ISABELLA, *the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.*

ROD. Uncover her eyes.

[*The veil is removed.* ISABELLA *looks wildly round.*

ROD. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?

ISA. I guess.

ROD. Say thy guess.

Isa. Before the avengers of blood.

ROD. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

ISA. No.

ROD. Speak, accuser.

BER. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, privily and by poison, Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

ROD. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

BER. (*his hand on the altar*). I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

ROD. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer?

ISA. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt!

ROD. Hast thou more to say?

ISA. I have.

ROD. Speak on.

ISA. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accused of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealous; ever suspecting me without a cause, unless it was because he had injured me. How then should I plan and perpetrate such a deed? The lamb turns not against the wolf, though a prisoner in his den.

ROD. Have you finished?

ISA. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother! though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge? No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters, I have endowed hospitals. The goods that Heaven bestowed on me I have not held back from the needy. I appeal to you, judges of evil, can these proofs of innocence be downweighed by the assertion of an unknown and disguised, perchance a malignant accuser.

BER. No longer will I wear that disguise. (*Throws back his mantle.*) Dost thou know me now?

ISA. Yes; I know thee for a wandering minstrel, relieved by the charity of my husband.

BER. No, traitress! know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice, Martin. Ha! turnest thou pale!

ISA. May I have some water?—(*Apart.*) Sacred Heaven! his vindictive look is so like.—[*Water is brought.*

A MEM. Martin died in the hands of our brethren.

ROD. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

ISA. (*reassuming fortitude*). Let not the sinking of nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser—know him to be outlawed for homicide, and under

the ban of the empire: his testimony cannot be received.

ELDEST JUDGE. She says truly.

BER. (*to* RODERIC). Then I call upon thee and William of Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.

ROD. Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.

BER. Then I will call another: meanwhile let the accused be removed.

ROD. Retire, lady. [ISABELLA *is led to the sacristy.*

ISA. (*in going off*). The ground is slippery.—Heavens! it is floated with blood!

[*Exit into the sacristy.*

ROD. (*apart to* BERTRAM). Whom dost thou mean to call? [BERTRAM *whispers.*

ROD. This goes beyond me. (*After a moment's thought.*) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (*Aloud.*) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him.

[*All muffle their faces. Enter* RUDIGER, *his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.*

ROD. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

RUD. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

ROD. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

RUD. Most willing, as is my duty.

ROD. What if the crime regard thy friend?

RUD. I will hold him no longer so.

ROD. What if thine own blood?

RUD. I would let it out with my poniard.

ROD. Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall.

[*The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of* GEORGE, *pale and bloody.* RUDIGER *staggers towards it.*

RUD. My George! my George! Not slain manly in battle, but murdered by legal assassins. Much, much may I mourn thee, my beloved boy; but not now, not now: never will I shed a tear for thy death till I have cleared thy fame. Hear me, ye midnight murderers, he was innocent (*raising his voice*)—upright as the truth itself. Let the man who dares gainsay me lift that gage. If the Almighty does not strengthen these frail limbs, to make good a father's quarrel, I have a son left, who will vindicate the honor of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

ROD. Rash and insensible! Hear first the cause. Hear the dishonor of thy house.

ISA. (*from the sacristy*). Never shall he hear it till the author is no more!

[RUDIGER *attempts to rush towards the sacristy, but is prevented.* ISABELLA *enters wounded and throws herself on* GEORGE'S *body.*

ISA. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

RUD. (*still held*). Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds, thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

ISA. (*looking up*). No! no! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know —— Oh! (*Dies.*)

RUD. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

ROD. Drag him off and detain

him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

RUD. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well beseems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[RUDIGER *is dragged off to the sacristy.*

ROD. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall descry our mystery.

ELDEST JUDGE. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

ROD. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (*Murmurs in the assembly*). Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (*Fainter murmurs*). Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (*A dead silence.*) Take to thee the steel and the cord (*to the eldest judge*).

ELDEST JUDGE. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

ROD. (*to another*). Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (*Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward: looks into the sacristy, and comes back*).

MEM. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son: the bloody ground is strewn with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher. (*Throws down the dagger*).

BER. Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

ROD. Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal!

[BERTRAM *seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.*

ALL. Hold! hold!

[*The* DUKE *of* BAVARIA, *attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a ducal crown.—He carries a rod in his hand.—All rise.—A murmur among the members, who whisper to each other, "The* DUKE," "*The* CHIEF," *etc.*

ROD. The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost.

DUKE. (*sees the bodies.*) I am too late—the victims have fallen.

HEN. (*who enters with the* DUKE). Gracious Heaven! O George!

RUD. (*from the sacristy*). Henry, it is thy voice—save me!

[HENRY *rushes into the sacristy.*

DUKE. Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonored. (RODERIC *leaves his place, which the* DUKE *occupies*).—Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that being a mortal enemy to the House of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to pander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

ROD. Chief among our circles, I have but acted according to our laws.

DUKE. Thou hast indeed observed the letter of our statutes, and woe am I that they do warrant this night's bloody work! I cannot do unto thee as I would, but what I can I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine. (RODERIC *kneels as directed.*) I degrade thee from thy sacred office. *Spreads his hands as pushing* RODERIC *from him.*) If

after two days thou darest to pollute Bavarian ground by thy footsteps, be it at the peril of the steel and the cord. (RODERIC *rises*). I dissolve this meeting. (*All rise.*) Judges and condemners of others, God teach you knowledge of yourselves! (*All bend their heads*—DUKE *breaks his rod and comes forward.*)

ROD. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery—thou art my liege lord—but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

HEN. (*rushing from the sacristy*). Villain! I accept thy challenge!

ROD. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists—there lies my gage.

DUKE. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (*To* RODERIC.) Lists shalt thou never more enter; lance shalt thou never more wield. (*Draws his sword.*) With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; and with this sword I dishonor thee—I thy prince—(*strikes him slightly with the flat of the sword*)—I take from thee the degree of knight, the dignity of chivalry. Thou art no longer a free German noble; thou art honorless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honor and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudful and dishonored, hide thy shame in a foreign land! (RODERIC *shows a dumb expression of rage.*) Lay hands on Bertram of Ebersdorf: as I live, he shall pay the forfeiture of his outlawry. Henry, aid us to remove thy father from this charnel-house. Never shall he know the dreadful secret. Be it mine to soothe the sorrows, and to restore the honor of the House of Aspen.

(*Curtain slowly falls.*)

# APPENDIX.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

NOTE 1.

*The feast was over in Branksome tower.*—P. 12.

IN the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest, and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries to which he was exposed from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is their brave and faithful exertions in favor of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

NOTE. 2.

*Nine-and-twenty knights of fame*
*Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.*—P. 12.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.

NOTE 3.

*——with Jedwood-ax at saddlebow.*—P. 13.

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-ax was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE 4.

*They watch, against Southern force and guile,*
*Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,*
*Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,*
*From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.*—P. 13.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbors.

NOTE 5.

*Bards long shall tell,*
*How Lord Walter fell!*—P. 13.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of the feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs.

NOTE 6.

*While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,*
*While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,*
*The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,*
*The havock of the feudal war,*
*Shall never, never be forgot!*—P. 13.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scots and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. But either this indenture never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

NOTE 7.

*With Carr in arms had stood.*—P 14.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,* was very powerful on the Border. Their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, now in ruins, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburgh represents Ker of Cessford.

NOTE 8.

*Lord Cranstoun.*—P. 14.

The Cranstouns are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was in Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE 9.

*Of Bethune's line of Picardie.*—P. 14.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighboring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully, and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. †

* The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

† This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written. 1821.

The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates: namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She was believed by the superstition of the vulgar to possess supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder "the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Queen assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch.*"

NOTE 10.

*He learn'd the art that none may name,*
*In Padua, far beyond the sea.*—P. 14.

Padua was long supposed by the Scottish peasants to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala.—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie, before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE 11.

*His form no darkening shadow traced*
*Upon the sunny wall.*—P. 14.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchie*, p. 475. A common superstition was that when a class of students had made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they were obliged to run through a subterranean hall, where the devil literally caught the hindmost in the race, unless he crossed the hall so speedily that the archenemy could only grasp his shadow. Hence the old Scotch proverb, "De'il take the hindmost." Sorcerers were often fabled to have given their shadows to the fiend.

NOTE 12.

*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,*
*Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.*—
P. 15.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us that

Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:— The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers, the English pursuing with a Border blood-hound.

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther, and Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor farther would, fra time she fund the blood."

NOTE 13.

*But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all;*
*He meetly stabled his steed in stall,*
*And sought the convent's lonely wall.*—P. 17.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded in 1136 by King David I. It was destroyed by the English in 1322, rebuilt by David Bruce, and again injured and effaced at the Reformation. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought.

NOTE 14.

*When the buttress and buttress, alternately,*
*Seem framed of ebon and ivory;*
*When silver edges the imagery,*
*And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.*
. . . . . .
*Then view St. David's ruined pile.*—P. 18.

The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a *sore saint for the crown.*

NOTE 15.

*And there the dying lamps did burn,*
*Before thy low and lonely urn,*
*O gallant Chief of Otterburne!*—P. 19.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned rival champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops. Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day through their gallant general. The Earl of Douglas was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar.

NOTE 16.

——*dark Knight of Liddesdale!*—P. 19.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valor, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man; into a dungeon, leaving him to perish of hunger. King David, though incensed at such a high-handed outrage, was compelled to appoint Douglas his victim's successor.

NOTE 17.

——*the wondrous Michael Scott.*—P. 20.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us that he remembers

to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked.

Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died.

NOTE 18.

*The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three.*—P. 20.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or damhead, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

NOTE 19.

*The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,*—P. 23.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border mountains.

NOTE 20.

*All was delusion, naught was truth.*—P. 26.

*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. To such a charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader:—

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the *glamour* o'er her."

NOTE 21.

*Until they came to a woodland brook;*
*The running stream dissolved the spell.*—P. 27.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, specters, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a superstition.

NOTE 22.

*He never counted him a man,*
*Would strike below the knee.*—P. 28.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh or leg was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, "they met at the speare poyntes rudely; the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done."—FROISSART, vol. i., chap. 366.

NOTE 23.

*On many a cairn's gray pyramid,*
*Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.*—P. 30.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornament, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTE 24.

*For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,*
*The peasant left his lowly shed.*—P. 31.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English army.—(*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i., p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses.

NOTE 25.

*Watt Tinlinn.*—P. 31.

This person was, in my younger days,

the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was by profession a *sutor*, but by inclination and practice an archer and warrior. Upon occasion, the captain of Bowcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and, seeing Tinlinn dismounted and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult.—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*."*—"If I cannot sew," retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, "if I cannot sew, I can *yerk*." †

NOTE 26.

*Belted Will Howard.*—P. 32.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigor with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

NOTE 27.

*Lord Dacre.*—P. 32.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion.

NOTE 28.

*The German Hackbut-men.*—P. 32.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes thus to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almains, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided: or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used."—*History of Cumberland*, vol. i., Introd, p. lxi.

NOTE 29.

*"Ready, aye ready," for the field.*—P. 32.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well-known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest: motto, *Ready, aye ready.*

NOTE 30.

*Their gathering word was Bellenden.*—P. 34.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.

NOTE 31.

*That he may suffer march-treason pain.*—P. 37.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July, and it is expressly accorded, "Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux beforesayd, ane of that company sall be hanget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble."—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd., p. xxxix.

* *Risp*, creak.—*Rive*, tear.

† *Yerk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

NOTE 32.

*Knighthood he took of Douglas's sword.* – P. 37.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honor of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement.

NOTE 33.

*When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford.*—P. 37.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE 34.

*For who, in field or foray slack*
*Saw the blanche lion e'er full back.*—
P. 38.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*.

NOTE 35.

*The Blooày Heart blazed in the van,*
*Announcing Douglas, dreaded name.*—
P. 41.

The Chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE 36.

*And Swinton laid the lance in rest,*
*That tamed of yore the sparkling crest*
*Of Clarence's Plantagenet.*—P. 41.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

NOTE 37.

*And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"*
—P. 41.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent: but, as a difference, changed the color of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan or war-cry of this powerful family was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

NOTE 38.

*'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change*
*Was not infrequent, nor held strange,*
*In the old Border-day.*—P. 42.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection.

NOTE 39.

*—— on the darkening plain,*
*Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,*
*As bands, their stragglers to regain,*
*Give the shrill watchword of their clan.*—
P. 42.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland.

NOTE 40.

*She wrought not by forbidden spell.*—
P. 49.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favorable distinction betwixt magicians and necromancers, or wizards: the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the

fiends were actually swindled by the magicians.*

NOTE 41.

*A merlin sat upon her wrist,*
*Held by a leash of silken twist.*—P. 49.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See LATHAM on *Falconry*.—Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full." Home's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii., p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE 42.

*And princely peacock's gilded train,*
*And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave.*
—P. 49.

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. i., p. 432.

NOTE 43.

*Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.*—P. 49.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.

NOTE 44.

—— *bit his glove.*—P 50.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

NOTE 45.

—— *old Albert Græme,*
*The Minstrel of that ancient name.*—P. 50.

"John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), 'They were all stark mosstroopers and arrant thieves: both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise four hundred horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.'"—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

NOTE 46.

*Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?*
P. 51

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him in a looking-glass the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

* There are some amusing German and Irish stories to that effect.

# MARMION.

NOTE 1.

*As when the Champion of the Lake*
*Enters Morgana's fated house,*
*Or in the Chapel Perilous,*
*Despising spells and demons' force,*
*Holds converse with the unburied corse.*
—P. 64.

THE romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgment of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern language, gives the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of chivalry actually were. It has also the merit of being written in pure old English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapell Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapell Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the churchyard, he saw on the front of the chapell, many faire rich shields turned upside downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seene, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when he saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battaile; and they were all armed in black harneis, ready with their shields and swords drawen. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapell, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afeard, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yerd, all the knights spoke to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.'—'Whether I live or die,' said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great words get yee it againe, therefore fight for it and yee list.' Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yerd, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.'—'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.'—'No?' said she, 'and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guenever should ye never see.'—'Then were I a fool and I would leave this sword,' said Sir Launcelot.—'Now, gentle knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to kiss me once.'—'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that God forbid!'—'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thou haddest kissed me thy life dayes had been done, but now, alas!' said she, 'I have lost all my labor; for I ordeined this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine; and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard, and that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee these seaven yeare; but there may no woman have thy love but Queene Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoyice thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmed it and served, and so have kept it in my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queen Guenever.'—'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtill craft.' And therewith he took his horse and departed from her."

NOTE 2.

*A sinful man, and unconfess'd,*
*He took the Sangreal's holy quest,*
*And, slumbering, saw the vision high,*
*He might not view with waking eye.*—
P. 64.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever or Ganore; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he

wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doore, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which beare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, he had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where he might enter. Then was hee passing heavie and dismaied. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laide him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe; and, halfe waking and halfe sleeping, hee saw come by him two palfreys, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, therein lying a sicke knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespasse!' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the crosse; but he could see no body that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sancgreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sicke knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faire sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heede to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malady!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' Soo when the holy vessell had been there a great while it went into the chappelle againe, with the candlesticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with sinne, that hee had no power to rise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sicke knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaile of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present.'—'I dare it right well say' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he has never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be he is unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entred into the quest of the Sancgreall.' 'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword;' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that hee knew wherefore that hee was so called.

### Note 3.

*And Dryden in immortal strain,*
*Had raised the Table Round again.*—P. 64.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds:

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain and restoring it to the lawful prince though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the

Cruel; which for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the event of future ages in the succession of our impartial line),—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, and a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disabled me."

NOTE 4.

*Their theme the merry minstrels made,*
*Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.*—P. 65.

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Ascapart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described in an extract:—

"This geaunt was mighty and strong,
And full thirty foot was long.
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside;
His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man.
His staff was a young oak,
Hard and heavy was his stroke."
*Specimens of Metrical Romances*, vol. ii., p. 136.

I am happy to say that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is sentineled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant and his gigantic associate.

NOTE 5.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep,*
*And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,*
*etc.* —P. 65.

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford), is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep or donjon; notwithstanding which King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison; yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth) for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £6,000. See his curious Memoirs, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6, 216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the State of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable: "The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good *Fletcher* (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required."—*History of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 201, note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

NOTE 6.

*The battled towers, the donjon keep.*—P. 65.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the center of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall and principal rooms

of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. Ducange (*voce* DUNJO) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called DUN. Borlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeons: thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

NOTE 7.

*Well was he arm'd from head to heel,*
*In mail and plate of Milan steel.*
—P. 66.

The artists of Milan were famous in the Middle Ages for their skill in armory, as appears from the following passage in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armor from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armor for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armor, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armorers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed." JOHNES' *Froissart*, vol. iv., p. 597.

NOTE 8.

*Who checks at me, to death is dight.*
—P. 66.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

"I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight*
In graith."†

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

"I bear a pie picking at a peice,
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,‡
In faith."

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the list, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburne. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valor. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humor of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

NOTE 9.

*They hail'd Lord Marmion:*
*They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,*
*Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,*
*Of Tamworth tower and town.*—P. 67.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenaye, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honorable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his granddaughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed ten

* Prepared. † Armor. ‡ Nose.

ure of his castle at Tamworth, claimed the office of Royal Champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth." The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungre and asseges by the space of xi. years in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a great feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and among them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of cumming, cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham, seyngo this, brought his garrison afore the barriers of the castel, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on yowr horse, and ryde lyke a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alive, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

'Whereupon he toke his cursere, and rode among the throng of ennemyes; the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prick yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowan; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

NOTE 10.

*Sir Hugh the Heron bold,*
*Baron of Twisel, and of Ford,*
*And Captain of the Hold.*—P. 68.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William: for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV so dear Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.—See SIR RICHARD HERON'S curious *Genealogy of the Heron Family.*

NOTE 11.

*James back'd the cause of that mock prince,*
*Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,*
*Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.*
*Then did I march with Surrey's power,*
*What time we razed old Ayton tower.*
—P. 69.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496 he was received honorably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton.

NOTE 12.

*— I trow,*
*Norham can find you guides enow;*
*For he be some have pricked as far,*
*On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar:*
*Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,*
*And driven the beeves of Lauderdale:*
*Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,*
*And given them light to set their hoods.*
— P 69.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbors to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Comfort;" when his barony of Blythe in Lauderdale was *harried* by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the

poetical knight of 5,000 sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (£8. 6s. 8d.), and everything else that was portable.

NOTE 13.

*The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein*
*The wildest war-horse in your train.*
—P. 69.

This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. "This man," says Holinshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact. He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the longbow and also in the crossbow; he handled his handgun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling, or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behavior. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer"—Vol. iv., p. 958, 4to edition. This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.

NOTE 14.

——— *that Grot where Olives nod,*
*Where, darling of each heart and eye,*
*From all the youth of Sicily,*
*Saint Rosalie retired to God.*—P. 70.

"Saint Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and when very young abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of, till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm that she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint: and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chapel is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discovered, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very statue of marble representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work; and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it.—*Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Sir John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

NOTE 15.

*Friar John* ———
*Himself still sleeps before his beads*
*Have markd ten aves, and two creeds.*—
P. 71.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers. Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.' The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and, beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum*, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

NOTE 16.

*The summon'd Palmer came in place.*—
P. 71.

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; traveling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the *Quæstionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296.

NOTE 17.

*To fair St. Andrew's bound,*
*Within the ocean-cave to pray,*
*Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,*
*From midnight to the dawn of day,*
*Sung to the billows' sound.*—P. 71.

St. Regulus (*Scottice*, St. Rule), a monk of Patræ, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing, and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic who inhabited this dwelling probably slept. At full tide, egress and

regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (*Cella Reguli*) should have been superseded even in favor of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew.

NOTE 18.

*—— Saint Fillan's blessed well,*
*Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,*
*And the crazed brain restore.*—P. 71.

St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.

NOTE 19.

*The scenes are desert now, and bare,*
*Where flourish'd once a forest fair.*
—P. 72.

Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the King hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landwardmen, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the King, as he pleased.

"The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Crammat, Pappert-law, St. Mary-laws, Carlavirick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts." *

These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward or military tenures in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Braemar upon such an occasion:—

"There did I find the truly noble and right honorable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stewart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Engye, son and heir to the Marquess of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honored and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercarney, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*. Their habit is,—shoes, with but one sole a-piece; stockings (which they call short hose), made of a warm stuff of divers colors, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of: their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colors, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords, and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for, if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:—

* PITSCOTTIE'S *History of Scotland*, folio edition, p. 143.

"My good Lord of Mar having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house), who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonquhards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank: many ketties and pots boiling and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, roast, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, muir-coots, heath cocks, caperkellies, and termagants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavitæ.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd), to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain Then, after we had staid there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, durks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withall at our rendezvous.

NOTE 20.

*By lone Saint Mary's silent lake*
—P. 74.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honor.

NOTE 21.

*——in feudal strife, a foe,*
*Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low.*
—P. 74.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

NOTE 22.

*——The Wizard's grave;*
*That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust*
*From company of holy dust.*—P. 75.

At one corner of the burial-ground of

the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry.

NOTE 23.

*Some ruder and more savage scene,*
*Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.*—P. 75.

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called from its appearance, the "Gray Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

NOTE 24.

——*St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.*—P. 76.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon, and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

NOTE 25.

——*in their convent cell,*
*A Saxon princess once did dwell,*
*The lovely Edelfled.*—P. 79.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

NOTE 26.

——*of thousand snakes, each one*
*Was changed into a coil of stone,*
*When holy Hilda pray'd;*
*They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,*
*As over Whitby's towers they sail.*—
P. 79.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, *Ammonitæ*.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighboring fields hereabouts; a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scylla roots: For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident Nature, for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that everybody grants it." Mr. Charlton, in his History of Whitby, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

NOTE 27.

*His body's resting-place, of old,*
*How oft their Patron changed, they told.*—
P. 79.

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A.D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow traveller, which

was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland.

The resting-place of the remains of this Saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May, 1827, 1,139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 698, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint; the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematic embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf, and these again covered with a robe of linen. Beside the skeleton were also deposited several gold and silver *insignia*, and other relics of the Saint.

[Speaking of the burial of Cuthbert, Mr. Hartshorne says, "Aldhune was at that time bishop of the, previously for a long period, wandering see of Lindisfarne. But we now hear no more of that ancient name as the seat of Episcopacy. A cathedral church, such as it was. . . was speedily erected upon the hill of Durham. This church was consecrated, with much magnificence and solemnity, in the year 999." *History of Northumberland*, P. 221.]

NOTE 28.

*Even Scotland's dauntless king and heir, etc.,*
*Before his standard fled.*—P. 79.

Every one has heard, that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cutonmoor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army: among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS's *Caledonia*, vol. i., p. 622; a most laborious, curious, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scottish antiquary.

NOTE 29.

*'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,*
*Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,*
*And turn'd the Conqueror back again.*—
P. 79.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance) and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

NOTE 30.

*Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame*
*The sea-born beads that bear his name.*—
P. 79.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

NOTE 31.

*Old Colwulf.*—P. 80.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century.

He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

NOTE 32.

*Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.*—P. 80.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin. But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

NOTE 33.

*On those the wall was to enclose,*
*Alive within the tomb.*—P. 81.

It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, VADE IN PACE, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in later times, this punishment was often resorted to; but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche and position of the figure seemed to be that of an immured nun.

NOTE 34.

*The village inn.*—P. 87.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the sixteenth century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostlier," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute ordained that no man, traveling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travelers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

NOTE 35.

*The death of a dear friend.*—P. 90,

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead-bell," explained by my friend James Hogg to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.

NOTE 36.

*The Goblin Hall.*—P. 91.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—"Upon a peninsula formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall; i.e., Hobgoblin Hall.' A staircase of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof, and though it had stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall another stair-

case of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopeswater. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition that the castle of Yester was the last fortification in this country that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset."—*Statistical Account*, vol. xiii. I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquess of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyse, entitled "Retirement," written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

NOTE 37.

*There floated Haco's banner trim*
*Above Norweyan warriors grim.*—P. 92.

In 1263, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2d October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns.

NOTE 38.

*Upon his breast a pentacle.*—P. 92.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."—See the discourses, etc., in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, ed. 1665, p. 66.

NOTE 39.

*As born upon that blessed night,*
*When yawning graves and dying groan*
*Proclaim'd Hell's empire overthrown.*—
—P. 92.

It is a popular article of faith that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

NOTE 40.

*Yet still, the knightly spear and shield*
*The Elfin warrior doth wield*
*Upon the brown hill's breast.*—P. 93.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy superstitions, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii., will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Goblin Knight are derived:—

Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic.* (vol. i. p. 797), relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight: "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient intrenchment. On repeating the challenge he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable color, as well as his whole accouterments, and apparently of great beauty and vigor. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, traveling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed."—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

Besides these instances of Elfin chivalry above quoted many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lham-dearg*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers, whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barclay, in his "Euphormion," gives a singu-

lar account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. The blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union: nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal that they should renounce their redemption: which being declined, he was obliged to retreat.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for and delight in encounters with such military specters. See a whole chapter on the subject, in BARTHOLINUS, *De Causis contemptæ Mortis a Danis*, p. 253.

NOTE 41.

*Close to the hut no more his own,*
*Close to the aid he sought in vain,*
*The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.*
—P. 96.

I cannot help here mentioning that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested as they were by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

NOTE 42.

*Forbes.*—P. 97.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequaled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

NOTE 43.

*Friar Rush.*—P. 98.

*Alias* "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by *Friar's Lantern* led."

"The history of Friar Rush," is of extreme rarity, and for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend, Mr. Heber; and I observe from Mr. Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

NOTE 44.

*Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, Lord Lion King-at-arms.*—P. 100.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet. But, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindesay was well known for his early efforts in favor of the Reformed doctrines, and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license by introducing Sir David Lindesay, in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of "Flodden Field" despatches *Dellamount*, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la mont, to France on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindesay himself did this honor to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539–40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds in feudal times being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the King-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionally solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, inaugurated in 1592, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown;" and on occasion of the same

solemnity, dined at the King's table wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

NOTE 45.

*Crichtoun Castle.*—P. 100.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it w s built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendor and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large courtyard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1483 it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the Monarch having dishonored his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl of Bothwell, were divided, the barony and Castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callander, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the *Massy More*. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the "*Epistolæ Itinerariæ*" of Tollius, "*Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant,* MAZMORRA," p. 147; and again, "*Coguntur mnes Captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezerani vocant* MAZMORRAS," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

NOTE 46.

*Earl Adam Hepburn.*—P. 101.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day:—

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemies' throng he thrast;
And *Bothwell! Bothwell!* cried bold,
To cause his souldiers to ensue;
But there he caught a welcome cold,
The Englishman straight down him threw.
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
His fatal fine in conflict found," etc.
*Flodden Field*, a Poem; edited by H. Weber. Edin., 1808.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in the history of Queen Mary.

NOTE 47.

*For that a messenger from Heaven,*
*In vain to James had counsel given,*
*Against the English war.*—P. 102.

This story is told by Pitscottie with characteristic simplicity:—"The King, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the isles as in the firm land, to all manner of men, between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days' victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary to the Council of Scotland's will; but every man loved his prince so well that they would on no ways disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the King's proclamation.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and

fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings * on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde † red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets, ‡ which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring § for the King, saying, he desired to speak with him. While at the last, he came where the priest was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows:—'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell ‖ with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening song was near done, and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer: but, in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, Lyon-herauld, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

NOTE 48.

*The wild-buck bells.*—P. 102.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of bellow. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's *bell*."

* Buskins. ‡ Cheeks. ‖ Meddle.
† Long. § Asking.

NOTE 49.

*June saw his father's overthrow.*—P. 102.

The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the King saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. (See Note 56 on stanza ix. of canto v.) The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488.

NOTE 50.

*The Borough-moor.*—P. 105.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntsfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army.

NOTE 51.

—— *in proud Scotland's royal shield,*
*The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.*—P. 105.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double treasure round the shield, mentioned, *counter fleur de-lysed or lingued and armed azure*, was first assumed by Achaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the northeastern coast of Scotland.

NOTE 52.

—— *Caledonia's Queen is changed.*—P. 107.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

NOTE 53.

*The cloth-yard arrows.*—P. 110.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Holinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

NOTE 54.

*He saw the hardy burghers there*
*March arm'd on foot with faces bare.* 110
P. 93.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100: their armor to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, i. e., bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their *weapon-schawings* are appointed to be held four times a year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

NOTE 55.

*On foot the yeoman too ——*
*Each at his back (a slender store)*
*His forty days' provision bore,*
*His arms were halbert, axe, or spear.*—
P. 110.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armor was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a voluminous handkerchief around their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes,
With leaden mauls, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

NOTE 56.

*A banquet rich, and costly wines,*
*To Marmion and his train.*—P. 112.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—*Clifford's Edition*, p. 39.

NOTE 57.

——*his iron-belt,*
*That bound his breast in penance-pain,*
*In memory of his father slain.*—P. 113.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gayety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself.

NOTE 58.

*Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.*—P. 113.

It has been already noticed (see note 10) that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence

until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavors, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from the scandal; that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey is certain. See PINKERTON'S *History* and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii., p. 99.

NOTE 59.

*The fair Queen of France*
*Sent him a turquois ring and glove,*
*And charged, him, as her knight and love,*
*For her to break a lance.*—P. 113.

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honor. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." PITSCOTTIE, p. 110.—A turquois ring, probably this fatal gift, is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

NOTE 60.

*Archibald Bell-the-Cat.*—P. 115.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat*."

NOTE 61.

*Against the war had Angus stood,*
*And chafed his royal Lord.*—P. 115.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "if he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William, of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

NOTE 62.

*Tantallon hold.*—P. 115.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building formed a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, "Thrawnmouth'd Meg and her Marrow;" also, "two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons." Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiations for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI.

NOTE 63.

*Their motto on his blade.*—P. 115.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which

Bruce charged the good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

NOTE 64.

——— *Martin Swart.*—P. 117.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swartmoor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lxi.

NOTE 65.

——— *The Cross.*—P. 119.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The magistrates of Edinburgh in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session, destroyed this curious monument under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the streets. From the Tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament.

NOTE 66.

*This awful summons came.*
—P. 119.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.

NOTE 67.

*One of his own ancestry.*
*Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.*
P. 121.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero. "*Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astucia, fere nullo suo tempore impar.*" This Baron, having expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the Divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers; the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succor. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

NOTE 68.

——— *The savage Dane*
*At Iol more deep the mead did drain.*—
P. 123.

The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself by pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment, against those who continued the raillery.

NOTE 69.

*Who lists may in their mumming see*
*Traces of ancient mystery.*—P. 124.

It seems certain that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighboring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the *Guisards* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (*me ipso teste*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbors' plum-cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was:—

"Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone."

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited.

NOTE 70.

*The Highlander ———*
*Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,*
*If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.*—
P. 125.

The *Daoine shi*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Duergar* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least

peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk to them, who wear their favorite color (green), or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the popular superstition of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

NOTE 71.

*The last lord of Franchémont.*—P. 125.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Franchémont (near Spaw), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighboring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchémont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault: he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if anybody can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat."

NOTE 72.

*—— the huge and sweeping brand*
*Which wont of yore, in battle fray,*
*His foeman's limbs to shred away,*
*As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.*
—P. 130.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favorite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle of Hermitage, in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow was presented by his descendant James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

NOTE 73.

*And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—*
*No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!*
*Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, Warder, ho!*
*Let the portcullis fall.*—P. 132.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, Tutor of Bomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the preeminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honor due to a favorite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants his head: take his body, and do with it what you will.'—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please;' and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labors that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.'

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere

they left him ; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good he had been taken."—PITSCOTTIE'S *History*, p. 39.

NOTE 74.

*A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !*
*Did ever knight so foul a deed !*—P. 132.

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider these crimes inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda ; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward I. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

NOTE 75.

*Twisel Bridge.*—P. 133.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's headquarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a northwesterly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake. Beneath a tall rock near the bridge is a plentiful fountain called St. Helen's Well.

NOTE 76.

*Hence might they see the full array,*
*Of either host, for deadly fray.*—P. 135.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden ; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight ; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighboring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west
And southward were their faces set ;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met."

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey ; namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other ; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The center was commanded by Surrey in person ; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm ; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the intervals of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies ; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive ; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey-

who commanded the respective centers of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish center not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost, also, a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.

NOTE 77.

——*Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.*
—P. 135.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers; as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armor and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

NOTE 78.

*Reckless of life, he desperate fought,*
*And fell on Flodden plain;*
*And well in death his trusty brand,*
*Firm clinch'd within his manly hand,*
*Beseem'd the monarch slain.*
—P. 140.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey, and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said that, *if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery.* Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favorite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred, that James, weary of greatness, after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt, which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of the battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot were James fell, still called the King's Stone.

NOTE 79.

*The fair cathedral storm'd and took.*
—P. 140.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

NOTE 1.

*——the heights of Uam-Var,*
*And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,*
*A giant made his den of old.*—P. 148.

UA-VAR, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the northeast of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head.

NOTE 2.

*Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,*
*Unmatch'd for courage, breath and speed.*
—P. 149.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceiue that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise."—*The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611, 4to, p. 15.

NOTE 3.

*For the death-wound and death-hallo,*
*Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew.*
—P. 149.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee
to thy bier,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal,
therefore thou need'st not fear."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with a sword.

NOTE 4.

*And now to issue from the glen,*
*No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,*
*Unless he climb, with footing nice,*
*A far projecting precipice.*—P. 151.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to prescribe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

NOTE 5.

*To meet with Highland plunderers here,*
*Were worse than loss of steed or deer.*
—P. 151.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighborhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbors.

NOTE 6.

*A gray-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,*
*Was on the vision'd future bent.*—P. 153.

If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favor of the existence of the second-sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are by when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those per-

sons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after."—MARTIN'S *Description of the Western Islands*, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, *et seq.*

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the *Taisch*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

NOTE 7.

*Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,*
*Some chief had framed a rustic bower.*—P. 154.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

NOTE 8.

*My sire's tall form might grace the part*
*Of Ferragus or Ascabart.*—P. 155.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat.

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.

NOTE 9.

*Though all unask'd his birth and name.*—P. 155.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

NOTE 10.

*Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray.*
*—Allan Bane.*—P. 157.

The Highland chieftains retained in their service the bard, as a family officer to a late period.

NOTE 11.

*—The Græme.*—P. 158.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labors and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigor with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the nonconformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

NOTE 12.

*This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd.*—P. 159.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound.

NOTE 13.

*Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,*
*Were exiled from their native heaven.*—P. 159.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text.

NOTE 14.

*In Holy-Rood a knight he slew.*—P. 160.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be mentioned among many others.—JOHNSTONI *Historia Rerum Britannica*.

*rum*, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1628. Amstelodami, 1655, fol. p. 135.

NOTE 15.

*The Douglas, like a stricken deer,*
*Disown'd by every noble peer.*—P. 160.

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain then, unless under the strictest and closest disguise.

NOTE 16.

——*Maronnan's cell.*—P. 161.

The Parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel dedicated to St. Maronock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

NOTE 17.

——*Bracklinn's thundering wave.*—P. 161.

This a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltic, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callender in Menteith.

NOTE 18.

*For Tine-man forged by fairy lore.*—P 161.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of TINE-MAN, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers, in every battle which he fought.

NOTE 19.

*Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow*
*The footstep of a secret foe.*—P. 161.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as was supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time.

NOTE 20.

*Those thrilling sounds that call the might*
*Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.*—P. 162.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight."

NOTE 21.

*Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!*—P. 162.

Roderick the Black, the descendant of Alpine. Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of its patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia, this name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallum More, or the *Son of Colin the Great*.

NOTE 22.

*And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.*—P. 169

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward with equal despatch to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among its allies and neighbors, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best weapons and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-56, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit: and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

NOTE 23.

*That monk, of savage form and face.*—P 170.

The state of religion in the Middle Ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck.

NOTE 24.

*Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.* P. 170.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich.

"There is bot two myles from Inverloghie, the church of Kilmalee, in Loghyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Unnatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees or thereby to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane manchyld. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter hieroff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvelous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gilli-Doir-Maghrevollich*, that is to say, the *Black Child, Son to the Bones*. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good schollar and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee."—MACFARLANE, *ut supra*, ii. 188.

NOTE 25.

*Yet ne'er again to braid her hair*
*The Virgin snood did Alice wear.*—P. 170.

The *snood*, or ribbon, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or coif, when she passed by marriage into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir amang the heather."

"Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gard her greet till she was wearie."

NOTE 26.

*The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.*— P. 171.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated by its wailings, any approaching disaster. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

NOTE 27.

*Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast*
*Of charging steeds, careering fast*
*Along Benharrow's shingly side,*
*Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride.* —P. 171.

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity.

NOTE 28.

——*the dun deer's hide*
*On fleeter foot was never tied.*—P. 173.

The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water: for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards: a circumstance which procured the High-

landers the well-known epithet of *Red shanks.*

NOTE 29.

*The dismal coronach.*—P. 174.

The *coronach* of the Highlanders like the *ululatus* of the Romans, and the *ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

NOTE 30.

*Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,*
*Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.*
—P. 177.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to heather set."

NOTE 31.

——*By many a bard in Celtic tongue,*
*Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung.*—P. 177.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil.

NOTE 32.

*The Taghairm call'd: by which afar,*
*Our sires foresaw the events of war,*—
P. 180.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but subjects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses.

NOTE 33.

——*that huge cliff, whose ample verge*
*Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.*—P. 181.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flagon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

NOTE 34.

*Which spills the foremost foeman's life,*
*That party conquers in the strife.*—P. 181.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

NOTE 35.

*Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,*
*Our moonlight circle's screen?*
*Or who comes here to chase the deer,*
*Beloved of our Elfin Queen.*—P. 184.

Fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of the forest, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison.* This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings.

NOTE 36.

——*who may dare on wold to wear*
*The fairies' fatal green.*—P. 184.

As the *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favorite color. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege as a reason, that their bands wore that color when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially it is held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whip-

cord attached to his lash was of his unlucky color.

NOTE 37.

*For thou wert christen'd man.*—P. 184.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession :

" For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town ;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown."

NOTE 38.

*Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,*
*The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ?*—
P. 190.

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford : " It was true we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike : the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority.—CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion.* Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

NOTE 39.

——— *his Highland cheer,*
*The harden'd flesh of mountain deer.*—
P. 190.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*an fin fond des Sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these *Scottish Savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy ; and when the Vidame partook of it his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular.

NOTE 40.

*Not then claim'd sovereignty his due,*
*While Albany with feeble hand,*
*Held borrow'd truncheon of command.*—
P. 192.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed.

NOTE 41.

——— *I only meant*
*To show the reed on which you leant,*
*Deeming this path you might pursue*
*Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.*—
P. 194.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

NOTE 42.

*On Bochastle the moldering lines,*
*Where Rome, the Empress of the world,*
*Of yore her eagle-wings unfurl'd.*—P. 195.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

NOTE 43.

*See, here, all vantageless I stand,*
*Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.*—
P. 195.

The duelists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting quality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise.

NOTE 44.

*Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,*
*That on the field his targe he threw,*
*For train'd abroad his arms to wield,*
*Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.*
P. 196.

A round target of light wood, covered

with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—*Military Antiquities*, vol. i., p. 164.

NOTE 45.

*The burghers hold their sports to-day.*—P. 198.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles.

NOTE 46.

*Robin Hood.*—P. 199

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favorite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute, of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D. 1555, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that, "na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1561, the "rascal multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavored to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane continued were festivities down to 1592.

NOTE 47.

*Prize of the wrestling match, the King*
*To Douglas gave a golden ring.—P.* 199.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:—

"There happed to be there beside,
Tryed a wrestling;
And therefore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring."

NOTE 48.

*These drew not for their fields the sword*
*Like tenants of a feudal lord,*
*Nor own'd the patriarchal claim*
*Of Chieftain in their leader's name;*
*Adventurers they.*—P. 204.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior.

NOTE 49.

*Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!*
*Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,*
*The leader of a juggler band.*—P. 205.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of St. Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod.

NOTE 50.

*That stirring air that peals on high,*
*O'er Dermid's race our victory,—*
*Strike it.*—P. 208.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recorded of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called *Dafyddy Garregg Wen.*

NOTE 51.

*Battle of Beal' an Duine.*—P. 208.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

NOTE 52.

*And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.*—P. 213.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bondocani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "The Gaberlunzie Man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when traveling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

NOTE 53.

*——Stirling's tower*
*Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims.*—P. 214.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindesay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo :—

"Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I man, to hear the birdis sound,
Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

## THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

NOTE 1.

*And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,*
*And mystic Merlin harp'd, and gray-hair'd Llywarch sung!*—P. 217.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the northwest of England and southwest of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright,"
etc.

But it is not so generally known that the champions mourned in this beautiful dirge were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.

Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was prince of Argood in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border. Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, bore the name of Caledonia, and hence is appropriated to Scotland. The spot in which he was buried, near Drumelzier on the Tweed, is still shown. See Pennycuick's "Description of Tweeddale," Edinburgh, 1715, vol. iv., p. 26.

NOTE 2.

*——Minchmore's haunted spring.*—P. 218.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

NOTE 3.

*—— the rude villager, his labor done,*
*In verse spontaneous chants some favor'd name.*—P. 218.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travelers.

NOTE 4.

——— *kindling at the deeds of Græme.*—P. 218.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTE 5.

*What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,*
*To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?*
*And are his hours in such dull penance past,*
*For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?*—P. 220.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonor of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance; but the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said by Cervantes, never to bestow that name on any human female, reserving it for their dogs.

NOTE 6.

*The Tecbir war-cry and the Lelie's yell.*—P. 222.

The Tecbir (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty), was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:—

"We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when, with loud appeal,
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahometan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend, Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St. Lewis.

NOTE 7.

*By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—*
*Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!*
*The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—*
*Is not yon steed Orelia?—yes, 'tis mine!*
—P. 223.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres. [Roderick was defeated, and fled from the field of battle on his favorite steed Orelia. This famous and matchless charger was found riderless on the banks of the river Gaudelite, with the King's upper garments, buskins, etc. It was supposed that in trying to swim the river he was drowned. But wild legends as to his after fate long prevailed in Spain.—See SOUTHEY'S "Don Roderick,"—ED.]

NOTE 8.

*When for the light bolero ready stand,*
*The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met.*
—P. 225.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

NOTE 9.

*While trumpets rang, and heralds cried,*
*"Castile."*—P. 227.

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla, Castilla, Castilla:* which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

NOTE 10.

*High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.*—P. 228.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an

oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the Peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Bonaparte, and crave

" Respect for his great place, and bid the devil
Be duly honor'd for his burning throne,"

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigor, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—and some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war.

NOTE 11.

*They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.*—P. 229.

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan * has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last forty-eight hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend, General Doyle, '6,000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins; but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night, the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—

* "Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza," by Richard Charles Vaughan, 1809. Mr. Vaughan was afterwards British Minister at Washington."

there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil: the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs had effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindled fury; fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the dying."—

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defense; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honorable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth?—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbors'), upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add it to the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—WORDSWORTH *on the Convention of Cintra.*

NOTE 12.

*The Vault of Destiny.*—P. 231.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled *La Virgin del Sagrario.* The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Rodeaick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the King to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The King accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had removed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprised by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTE 13.

*While downward on the land his legions press,*
*Before them it was rich with vine and flock,*
*And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—*
*Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*—P. 231.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:—

"2. A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick dark-

nesse, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the yeares of many generations. 3. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they runne. 5. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the citie; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climbe up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining."

In verse 20th, also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colors, into "a land barren and desolate," and the dishonor with which God afflicted them for having "magnified themselves to do great things," there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena;—Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

NOTE 14.

*The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,*
*With horror paused to view the havoc done,*
*Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*—P. 232.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honor in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenseless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, etc., of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery; rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having outmarched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants, who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

NOTE 15.

*Vain-glorious fugitive!*—P. 232.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfaronnade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry (who were indeed many miles in the rear), and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

NOTE 16.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,*
*And front the flying thunders as they roar.*
*With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!*—P. 233.

In the severe action of Fuentes de Honoro, upon the 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering

considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in nowise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons: and the appearance of some small re-enforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

NOTE 17.

*And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,*
*Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given.*—P. 233.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes de Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged with irresistible fury, the finest body of French Grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, *and Scotch.*

NOTE 18.

*O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,*
*Who brought a race regenerate to the field*
*Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise.*
*Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,*
*And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield.*
—P. 233.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer; and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been underrated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honorable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

NOTE 19.

*——a race renown'd of old,*
*Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.*

* * * * * * *

*——the conquering shout of Græme*—P. 234.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycrankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victors of Barosa.

## ROKEBY.

### Note 1.

*On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, etc.* —P. 240.

"Barnard's Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons, to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the Middle Ages. From John Baliol, the first King of Scotland of that family, it went by forfeiture to Edward I. It was held by the Beauchamps of Warwick, the Staffords of Buckingham, the Bishops of Durham, and by the Crown. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. The earls of West Moreland received it probably through marriage, and after the suppression of the rebellion in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it reverted to the Crown, and was sold or leased to Car, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favorite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the Elder, and came finally into possession of the Earls of Darlington.

### Note 2.

——*no human ear,*
*Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,*
*Could e'er distinguish horse's clank.*—
P. 241.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance :—

"*De Montfort* (*off his guard*). 'Tis Rezenvelt: I heard his well-known foot,
From the first staircase mounting step by step.
*Freb.* How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!
I heard him not.
(*De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.*)"

### Note 3.

*The morion's plumes his visage hide,*
*And the buff-coat, an ample fold,*
*Mantles his form's gigantic mould.*—P. 241.

The use of complete suits of armor was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. "In the reign of King James I.," says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armor, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armor being still used among the heavy-horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city-trained bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armor may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began; that is, the skins of animals, or leather."—Grose's *Military Antiquities*. Lond., 1801, 4to, vol. ii., p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corslets, several are yet preserved, and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart., of Balbrough-Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or silver embroidery.

NOTE 4.

*On his dark face a scorching clime,*
*And toil, had done the work of time.*
* * * * * * *
*Death had he seen by sudden blow,*
*By wasting plague, by tortures slow.*—
P. 242.

In this character I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valor, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity.

The Windward Islands, which the Spanish did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. After Frederic of Toledo, acting under orders from the Court of Madrid, had cruelly destroyed these colonies, in 1630, the planters, rendered desperate by persecution, began under the well-known name of Buccaneers, or Bucaniers, a retaliation both by piracy on sea and predatory descents on Spanish territory. See either *Raynal*, or "The History of the Bucaniers."

NOTE 5.

——*On Marston heath*
*Met, front to front, the ranks of death.* —
P. 243.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston-Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into battalia.

"July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3,000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colors, 10,000 arms, two wagons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—WHITELOCKE'S *Memoirs*, fol. p. 89, Lond., 1682.

NOTE 6.

*Moncton and Mitton told the news,*
*How troops of Roundheads choked the Ouse,*
*And many a bonny Scot aghast,*
*Spurring his palfrey northward, past,*
*Cursing the day when zeal or meed*
*First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.*—
P. 246.

Moncton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The details are given by the author of the

history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript was published by consent of Lord Somerville.

"The order of this great battell, wherin both armies was neer of ane equall number, consisting, to the best calculatione, neer to threescore thousand men upon both sydes, I shall not take upon me to discryve; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I receaved from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde from the one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battallions of foot, how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engadgment, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme; but that the descriptione of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, hes been so often done already by English authors, little to our commendatione, how justly I shall not dispute, seing the truth is, as our principall generall fled that night neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totallie routed; but it is as true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Lesselie, lievetennent-generall of our horse. Cromwell himself, that minione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish eftirward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the Parliament, as being lievetennent-generall to the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots' horse, haveing routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from persuing these brocken troups, but, wheelling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carrying them doune with great violence; nether mett they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther shott, when they came to charge, stoutly boor them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing receaved ther greatest losse, and a stop for sometyme putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, until at length a Scots regiment of dragouns, commanded by Collonell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunitione was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had foughten.

"Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the persuite of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beatten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certanely, in all men's opinions, he might have caryed if he had not been too violent upon the pursuite; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunitie to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, having cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many [foot soldiers] of their oune, standing ready to receave the charge of his allmost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observeing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternatione in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer present, that if the Prince, haveing so great a body of horse inteire, had made ane onfall that night, or the ensueing morning be-tyme, he had carryed the victorie out of ther hands; for it's certane, by the morning's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, whereof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrisoune of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the losse of this battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three kingdomes; his Majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"As for Generall Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the army quite brocken, whare he had placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he imagined, and was confermed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; theirfore they humblie intreated his excellence to reteir and wait his better fortune, which, without farder advyseing, he did; and never drew bridle until he came the lenth of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drap de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day befor they had the certanety who was master of the field, when at length ther arryves ane express, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the general they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the Prince, with his brocken troupes, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazeing to these gentlemen that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther retearing, and had then accompanyed the General in his flight; who, being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in

the night, had casten himselfe doune upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman comeing quyetly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cryes out, 'Lievetennent-collonell, what newes?'—'All is safe, may it please your Excellence; the Parliament's armie hes obtained a great victory;' and then delyvers the letter. The Generall, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and sayes, 'I would to God I had dyed upon the place!' and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave ane account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanyed some mylles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he entreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Thereftir the Generall sets forward in his journey for the armie as this gentleman did for . . . in order to his transportatione for Scotland, where he arryved sex dayes eftir the fight of Mestoune Muir, and gave the first true account and descriptione of that great battell, wherein the Covenanters then gloryed soe much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinary for them, dureing the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatness of their success to the goodness and justice of ther cause, untill Divine Justice trysted them with some crosse dispensatione, and then you mighthave heard this language from them, 'That it pleases the Lord to give his oune the heaviest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant party was God's rod to punish them for ther unthankfullnesse, which in the end he will cast into the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and Scripture citations, prophanely and blasphemously uttered by them to palliate ther villainie and rebellion."—*Memoires of the Somervilles.*—Edin., 1815.

NOTE 7.

*With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,*
*Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.*—
P. 246.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish.

NOTE 8.

*Do not my native dales prolong,*
*Of Percy Rede, the tragic song,*
*Train'd forward to his bloody fall*
*By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?*—
P. 246.

In a poem entitled, "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Halls) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behavior, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

NOTE 9.

*And near the spot that gave me name,*
*The moated mound of Risingham,*
*Where Reed upon her margin sees*
*Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,*
*Some ancient sculptor's art has shown*
*An outlaw's image on the stone.*—P. 246.

Risingham, upon the River Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman Station, called Habitancum. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, DEO MOGONTI CADENORUM. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees, and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto relievo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Horseley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size, than of that which was so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the Middle Ages.

But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

NOTE 10.

*——Do thou revere*
*The statutes of the Buccaneer.*—P. 246.

The "statutes of the Buccaneers" were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one trangressed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Buccaneers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favor had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary piratical plunder."—RAYNAL'S *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond.* Lond, 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.

NOTE 11.

*The course of Tees.*—P. 251.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Egleston, is found on eche side of Tese very fair marble, wont to be taken up booth by marbelers of Barnardes Castelle and of Eglest-n, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold onwrought to others."—*Itinerary*, Oxford, 1768, 8vo, p. 88.

NOTE 12.

*Egliston's gray ruins.*—P. 251.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon the angle formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Egliston was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

NOTE 13.

*——the mound,*
*Raised by that Legion long renown'd,*
*Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,*
*Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.*—
P. 252.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Morritt. Among others is a small votive altar with the inscription LEG. VI.

VIC. P.F.F., which has been rendered *Legio Sexta, victrix, pia, fortis, fidelis.* ("The victorious Sixth Legion, full of reverence. gallantry, fidelity.")

NOTE 14.

*Rokeby's turrets high.*—P. 252.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward. and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Hen. IV.* See *Holinshed's Chronicles*, London, 1808. iii., p. 45. The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

NOTE 15.

*A stern and lone, yet lovely road,*
*As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode.*—P. 252.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees.

NOTE 16.

——*tell*
* * * * *
*How whistle rash bids tempests roar.*—
P. 254.

That this is a general superstition is well known to all who have been on shipboard, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who, about 1636, resided, we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were a pity such an excellent, good-natured old lady should die: to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly. after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humor to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially as soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbor, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither cash to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law, while dressing her hair in the looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam despatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned;—all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called Athenianism, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of The Apparition Evidence.

NOTE 17.

*Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.*—P. 254.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."—OLAUS MAGNUS, *History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals*, Lond., 1658, fol. p. 45.

NOTE 18.

*The Demon frigate.*—P. 254.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by

bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbor, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

NOTE 19.

*——by some desert isle or key.*—P. 254.

What contributed much to the security of the Buccaneers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys*. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbors, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

NOTE 20.

*Before the gate of Mortham stood.*—P. 255.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokesby's Place, *in ripa citer.*, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having brokeu them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle court. At some distance is most happily placed between the stems of two magnificent elms the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Egilstone Priory, and, from the armory with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

NOTE 21.

*There dig, and tomb your precious heap,*
*And bid the dead your treasure keep.*—
P. 256.

If time did not permit the Buccaneers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, b lieving that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

NOTE 22.

*The power* * * * *
* * * * *

*That unsubdued and lurking lies*
*To take the felon by surprise,*
*And force him, as by magic spell,*
*In his despite his guilt to tell.*—P. 256.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who

gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was guiltless, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

NOTE 23.

*——Brackenbury's dismal tower.*—
P. 259.

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence, it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV, and Richard III.

NOTE 24.

*Nobles and knights, so proud of late,*
*Must fine for freedom and estate.*
* * * * *
*Right heavy shall his ransom be,*
*Unless that maid compound with thee.*—
P. 259.

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party.

NOTE 25.

*The Indian, prowling for his prey,*
*Who hears the settlers track his way.*—
P. 260.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity exerted by the North-American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising.

NOTE 26.

*In Redesdale his youth had heard,*
*Each art her wily dalesman dared,*
*When Rooken-edge, and Redswair high,*
*To bugle rung and bloodhound's cry.*—
P. 260.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the track, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth, insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures), to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia.*

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564, the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, *saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!*"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, [see Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii., p. 15,] is on the very edge of

the Carter-Fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rooken is a place upon Reedwater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the Buccaneers.

NOTE 27.

*Hiding his face, lest foemen spy*
*The sparkle of his swarthy eye.*—P. 261.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance. Sir Walter Scott continued to be fond of coursing hares long after he had laid aside all other field sports, and he used to say jocularly, that he had more pleasure in being considered an excellent *finder*, than in all his reputation as a *trouveur*.

NOTE 28.

*Here stood a wretch, prepared to change*
*His soul's redemption for revenge.*—P. 262.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals.

NOTE 29.

*Of my marauding on the clowns*
*Of Calverley and Bradford downs.*—
P. 263.

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favorable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out after the Restoration, a piece called The Old Troop, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have Fleaflint Plundermaster-General, Captain Ferret-farm, and Quartermaster Burn-drop. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humor.

NOTE 30.

*——Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,*
*E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.*—P. 264.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of grayish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth, under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

NOTE 31.

*When Spain waged warfare with our land.*—P. 266.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-26, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French: and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of buccaneering, at first adopted in self-defense and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

NOTE 32.

*——our comrades' strife.*—P. 267.

The laws of the Buccaneers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humor of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach (called Blackbeard), shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together, When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and,

crossing his hands, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution."—JOHNSON'S *History of Pirates*. Lond., 1733, 8vo, vol. I., p. 38.

NOTE 33.

*Song.—Adieu for evermore.*—P. 269.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some followers of the Stuart family:—

"It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king
That we e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
That we e'er saw Irish land.

"Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain!
My love! my native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main.

"He turned him round and right about
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main,
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come,
And a' are boun' to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa'
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

NOTE 34.

*Rere-cross on Stanmore.*—P. 269.

Rere-cross, Ree-cross, or Roi-cross; that is, the cross of the King, is the border mark between England and Scotland.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a landmark of importance.

NOTE 35.

*Hast thou lodged our deer?*—P. 270.

The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or harbor the deer, i. e., to discover his retreat, and then to make his report to his prince or master.

NOTE 36.

*When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,*
*Triumphant thro' Northumberland sky,*
*Till, hovering near, her fatal croak*
*Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.*—
P. 270.

About the year of God 866, the Danes under their celebrated leaders Inguar (more properly Aguar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven:—

"Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:
While the sick moon at their enchanted song
Wrapt in pale tempest, labor'd thro' the clouds,
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
Their baleful power: The sisters ever sung,
'Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.'"
THOMSON *and* MALLET'S *Alfred*.

The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish Kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighboring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the *Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam*, tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called. from the extent of his conquests, *Widfam*; that is, *The Strider*.

NOTE 37.

*Beneath the shade the Northmen came,*
*Fix'd on each vale a Runic name.*—
P. 270.

The heathen Danes have left several

traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land, on the very ridge of Stanmore, and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda.

NOTE 38.

*Who has not heard how brave O'Neale*
*In English blood imbrued his steel?—*
P. 272

The O'Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shame Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O'Neale; after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O'Neale, in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and over-reaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court.

NOTE 39.

*But chief arose his victor pride,*
*When that brave Marshal fought and died.*
—P. 272.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:—

"Swift Avon-Duff, which of the English men
Is called Blackwater."

NOTE 40.

*The Tanist he to great O'Neale.*—P. 272.

"*Eudox.* What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

"*Iren.* It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of one of their chiefe lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they chose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainry, if he live thereunto.

"*Eudox.* Do they not use any ceremony in the election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

"*Iren.* They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

"*Eudox.* But how is the Tanist chosen?

"*Iren.* They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did."—SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland*, Apud *Works*, Lond., 1805, 8vo, vol. viii. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's line:

"——the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

NOTE 41.

*With wild majestic port and tone,*
*Like envoy of some barbarous throne.*—P. 272.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty.

NOTE. 42.

*His foster-father was his guide.*—P. 273.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

NOTE 43.

*Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.*—P. 274.

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages.

NOTE 44.

*Shane-Dymas wild.*—P. 274.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favorite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4,000 foot, 1,000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof."—CAMDEN.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of MacDonell. He was at first courteously received, but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

NOTE 45.

——*Geraldine.*—P. 274.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fearflatha O'Gnive, bard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had *disfigured* the fair sporting fields of Erin.—See WALKER'S *Irish Bards*, p. 140.

NOTE 46.

——*his page, the next degree*
*In that old time to chivalry.*—P. 275.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks: 1. The Page: 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight;—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of free-masonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction.

NOTE 47.

*Seem'd half abandon'd to decay.*—P. 281.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

NOTE 48.

——*The Felon Sow.*—P. 283.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the

latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humor, is the Hunting of the Feion Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond.

NOTE 49.

*The Filea of O'Neale was he.*—P. 283.

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration.

NOTE 50.

*Ah, Clandeboy, thy friendly floor*
*Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more.*—
P. 283.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants, in practising the most free and extended hospitality.

NOTE 51.

*On Marwood Chase and Toller Hill.*—
P. 284.

Marwood Chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins.

NOTE 52.

"*And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden,*
*And, silenced on Iernian shore,*
*M'Curtin's harp should charm no more.*"
P. 285.

Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil War. He died in 1649, at the age of sixty-four. M'Curtin was hereditary Ollamh or bard of North Munster, and Filea to Donough, Earl of Thomond and President of Munster. When Lord Thomond joined Elizabeth's forces, M'Curtin satirized him in a poem in which he said, "How am I afflicted that the descendant of the great Brion Boiromh cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honor and glory of his exalted race." The Earl vowed vengeance, and the bard fled to County Cork. But, once coming in Thomond's way, he pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death. His wife, entering into the spirit of the comedy, bewailed him, and told the Earl that it was her husband's dying request to be pardoned. "That nobleman," says Walker, in his "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," "was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard, who suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and re-entering into his service, became once more his favorite."

NOTE 53.

*Littlecot[e] Hall.*—P. 289.

This ballad is founded on a fact;—the horrible murder of an infant by Wild Dayrell, as he was called. He gave the house and lands as a bribe to the judge (Popham) in order to save his life. A few months after Dayrell broke his neck by a fall from his horse.

NOTE 54.

*As thick a smoke these hearts have given*
*At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.*
—P. 291

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain.

NOTE 55.

*O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove.*—
P. 300.

This custom among the Redesdale and Tynedale Borderers of duelling, which often resulted in petty warfare, the contending parties mustering their adherents, was found and is mentioned in the interesting life of Barnard Gilpin.

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded, when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from

the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel, for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavoring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behavior and discourse affected them so much that, at his further entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it to him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' saith he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see, I have taken it down,' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practises were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them."—*Life of Barnard Gilpin*, Lond., 1753, 8vo, p. 177.

NOTE 56.

*A horseman, arm'd, at headlong speed.*—P. 304.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil.

## THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

NOTE 1.

*The Baron of Triermain.*—P. 312.

TRIERMAIN was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son, Robert, son of Ranulph. Ronald had issue, Alexander, and he, Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert [Argent, not vert], a bend dexter, chequy, or, and gules."—BURN's *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii., p. 482.

NOTE 2.

*He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round.*—P. 314.

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As this ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defense, and it has reasonably been conjectured that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

NOTE 3.

*Mayburgh's mound.*—P. 314.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

NOTE 4.

*That sable tarn.*—P. 314.

The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embossed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at midday.

NOTE 5.

*The terrors of Tintadgel's spear.*—P. 317.

Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is re-

ported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur.

NOTE 6.

*Scattering a shower of fiery dew.*—P. 320.

The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur having befallen one of the ancient kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that monarch is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

NOTE 7.

*The monarch, breathless and amazed,*
*Back on the fatal castle gazed,*
*Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,*
*Darkening against the morning sky.*—
P. 320.

—"We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheater. The massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and rugged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture: the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveler's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack by his being assured that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like the haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."—HUTCHINSON'S *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.

NOTE 8.

*Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought.*—
P. 320.

Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

NOTE 9.

*The flower of chivalry.*
*There Galaad sat with manly grace,*
*Yet maiden meekness in his face;*
*There Morolt of the iron mace.*
*And love-lorn Tristrem there.*
—P. 321.

The characters named in the stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together, according to the established customs of minstrels upon such occasions, for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

"Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with him that daye,
And foremost of the companye,
There rode the stewarde Kaye.

"Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keen,
Sir Tristrem, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest, fresh and greene."

NOTE 10.

*——Lancelot, that evermore*
*Look'd stolen-wise on the Queen.*
—P. 321.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur: "But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not only, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeed unto mei a controversie, and that greate."—*Assertion of King Arthure*. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.

NOTE 11.

*There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,*
*And one who loved his own.*—P. 322.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure: which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, La Morte d'Arthure; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit foulest

adoulteries by subtlest shiftes, as Sir Lancelot with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the Prince's chamber."—ASCHAM's *Schoolmaster*.

NOTE 12.

*Who won the cup of gold.*—P. 322.

See the comic tale of the Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, from the Breton or Normal original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his tale of the Enchanted Cup.

NOTE 13.

*Whose logic is from Single-speech.*—P. 326.

"See Parliamentary Logic," etc., by the Hon. W. G. Hamilton (1808), commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton."

NOTE TO THE POEM.

Scott composed this poem with the intention that the public should attribute it to his friend, Mr. Erskine (Lord Kinedder). The joke succeeded; but on the third edition being published, Lord Kinedder avowed the true author, the deception having gone further than either he or Scott intended. We mention this fact in order to explain the preface.—ED.

# THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

NOTE 1.

*Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.*—P. 346.

THE ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defenses. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds, which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. It is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

NOTE 2.

*Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark*
*Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.*—P. 346.

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small, uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the Isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

NOTE 3.

——*a turret's airy head,*
*Slender and steep, and battled round,*
*O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound.*—P. 348.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides affords to the traveler. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tombermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the southeastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the northeast is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene.

NOTE 4.

*The heir of mighty Somerled.*—P. 348.

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince about the year 1157. In 1164 he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire and the neigboring provinces of Ireland. He was

defeated and slain, in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. This chieftain married a daughter of Olaus, King of Man. The Lords of the Isles descended from his eldest son, Ronald, and the Lords of Lorn from his second son, Dougal, whence they took their surname of MacDougal.

NOTE 5.

*Lord of the Isles.*—P. 348.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og: but the name has been *euphoniæ gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his Castle of Dunnaverty during the time of his greatest distress.

NOTE 6.

*The House of Lorne.*—P. 349.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of MacDougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the Middle Ages.

NOTE 7.

*Awaked before the rushing prow,*
*The mimic fires of ocean glow,*
*Those lightnings of the wave.*
—P. 351.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel or pursuing her wake through the darkness.

NOTE 8.

*That keen knight, De Argentine.*—P. 354.

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement;—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs.

NOTE 9.

"*Fill me the mighty cup,*" *he said,*
"*Erst own'd by royal Somerled.*"—
P. 355.

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of MacLeod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland.

NOTE 10.

——"*the rebellious Scottish crew,*
*Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,*
*With Carrick's outlaw'd chief.*"—
P 356.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year a "summer king, but not a winter one."

NOTE 11.

*The Brooch of Lorne.*—P 356.

Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavored, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the MacDougals of Lorn that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that MacDougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigor of mind, and would have been slain on the spot had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms MacKeoch, rescued him by seizing the mantle of the monarch and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-ax, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn that he was forced to abandon the mantle and brooch which fastened it,

clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of MacDougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

Great art and expense were bestowed upon the brooch which secured the plaid. Some were as broad as a platter, engraved with curious designs and decorated with crystals or more valuable stones.

NOTE 12.

*When Comyn fell beneath the knife*
*Of that fell homicide the Bruce.*—P. 353.

*Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,*
*Making sure of murder's work,*—P. 357.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland was the death of John, Called the Red Comyn, The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank, both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars' Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have slain Comyn." "Doubtest thou?" said Kirkpatrick; "I make sicker (*i. e.* sure). With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed in memory of this deed a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make sicker."

NOTE 13.

*Barendown fled fast away,*
*Fled the fiery De la Haye.*—P. 357.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

NOTE 14.

*Was't not enough to Ronald's bower*
*I brought thee like a paramour.*—P. 360.

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases, the complaisance was stretched so far that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fiulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Sleate and Mac-Leod, owing to the former chief having availed himself of this license to send back to Dunvegan a sister or daughter of the latter. Mac-Leod, resenting the indignity, observed that since there was no wedding bonfire, there should be one to solemnize the divorce. Accordingly, he burned and laid waste the territories of Mac-Donald, who retaliated, and a deadly feud, with all its accompaniments, took place in form.

NOTE 15.

*Since matchless Wallace first had been*
*In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green.*
—P. 360.

Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot: "William Wallace, who had ofttimes set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch Street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Jeffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him, and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported, and being impeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, he answered that he was never traitor to the King of England, but for other things whereof he was accused he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered."—Stow, *Chr.*, p. 209. There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. "Accursed," says Arnold Blair, "be the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life." But John de Menteith was all along a zealous favorer of the English interest, and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and, therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short. The infamy of seizing Wallace must rest, therefore, between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Men-

teith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

NOTE 16.

*Was not the life of Athole shed,*
*To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed?*
—P. 361.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed with circumstances of great barbarity, being first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn that this was a *mitigated* punishment; for in respect that his mother was a granddaughter of King John, by his natural son, Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point was forgiven," and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. "*Quo audito, Rex Angliæ, etsi gravissimo morbo tunc langueret, levius tamen tulit dolorem.*" To this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE 17.

*While I the blessed cross advance,*
*And expiate this unhappy chance,*
*In Palestine with sword and lance.*—
P. 362.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn: and, finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulcher.

NOTE 18.

*De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread*
*To speak my curse upon thy head.*—P. 362.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308, but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scottish mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland, and the interests of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates, Lambyrton the primate, particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet under the ban of the church, though he afterwards again changed sides.

NOTE 19.

*A hunted wanderer on the wild,*
*On foreign shores a man exiled.*—P. 362.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

"——ring
With the bloodhounds that bay'd for her fugitive king."

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this subject, which may be abridged as follows:—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland, in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the wilds of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inveterate foe, John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog, or blood-hound, which, some say, had been once a favorite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make headway against the cavalry till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-requited Mina is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreat by different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed. This, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single attendant when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother." "Then," said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother.

He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower, "but you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents."

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighboring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that whosoever will wade a bow-shot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. Let us try the experiment, for were you devilish hound silenced I should care little for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who perceiving that they would be finally taken by means of the blood-hound, hid himself in a thicket and shot him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

NOTE 20.

"*Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,*"
*Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,*
*Since guiltier far than you,*
*Even I"—he paused: for Falkirk's woes*
*Upon his conscious soul arose.*—P. 365.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
Blooded were all his weapons, and his weed;
Southeron lords scorn'd him in terms rude,
And said, behold yon Scot eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason bad be known,
That blood and land alike should be his own;
With them he long was, ere he got away,
But contrair Scots he fought not from that day."

The account given by most of our historians of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Garron River is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English.

NOTE 21.

*These are the savage wilds that lie*
*North of Strathnardill and Dunskye.*—
P. 366.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laird of Mac-Leod's country-which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Mac-Allister of Strath-Aird, called Strathnardill by the Dean of the Isles.

NOTE 22.

*And mermaid's alabaster grot,*
*Who bathes her limbs in sunless well,*
*Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.*
P. 371.

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq., of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received:—"The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seemed as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and

partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasing upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Mac-Allister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. There is scarce a form or group on which active fancy may not trace figures or grotesque ornaments, which have been gradually molded in this cavern by the dropping of the calcareous water hardening into petrifactions. Many of those fine groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto had lost (I am informed), through the smoke of torches, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost."—Dr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

NOTE 23.

*Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,*
*Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs*
*My joy o'er Edward's bier.*—P. 374.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The king learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow, and being assaulted successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an ax, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and cleft the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

NOTE 24.

*And Ronin's mountains dark have sent*
*Their hunters to the shore.*—P. 376.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island adjacent to those of Eigg and Canna or Cannay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the arch-dean of the Isles: "Ronin, sixteen myle northwast from the ile of Coll, lyes ane ile callit Ronin Ile, of sixteen myle long, and six in bredthe in the narrowest, ane forest of heigh mountains, an abundance of litttle deir in it, quhilk deir will never be slane dounewith, but the principal saittis man be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchell or without tynchel they will pass upwart perforce. In this ile will be gotten about Britane als many wild nests upon the plane mure as men pleasis to gadder, and yet by reason the fowls has few to start them except deir. This ile lyes from the west to the eist in lenth, and pertains to M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan geese are in this ile."—MONRO'S *Description of the Western Isles*, P. 8.

NOTE 25.

*On Scooreigg next a warning light*
*Summon'd her warriors to the fight;*
*A numerous race, ere stern Macleod*
*O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.*
—P 376.

These, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortunately there are relics that still attest the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in the center of

the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whom chance or curiosity may lead to the island for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighboring isles which it commands. The following account is extracted from the poet's own journal kept during his tour through the Scottish Islands :

*26th August*, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in the sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Egg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and barren ridge called Scoor-Rigg, has, in point of soil, a much more promising appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Muich, or Muck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid feudal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of the rock to the depth of two hundred and fifty-five measured feet ; the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, two hundred in number, who were slain on the following occasion :—The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat which the wind and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offense given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before re-embarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priests of Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault served for altar and pulpit ; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship might have engaged the pencil of Salvator."

NOTE 26.

*Scenes sung by him who sings no more.*—P. 377.

The ballad entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin" [see Border Minstrelsy, vol. iv., p. 285], was composed by John Leyden from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made further progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia in August, 1811.

NOTE 27.

*Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,*
*Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er.*—P. 377.

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two salt water lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to

each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

NOTE 28.

*The sun, ere yet he sunk behind*
*Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"*
*Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,*
*And bade Loch Ranza smile.*—P. 377.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant: "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low, far-projecting neck of land, that forms another harbor, with a narrow passage, but within has three fathoms of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theater of mountains, and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above."—PENNANT'S *Tour to the Western Isles*, pp. 191, 192. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical, name of Goatfield.

NOTE 29.

*Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;*
*That blast was winded by the king!*—
P. 379.

The passage in Barbour describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognized by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting. The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

"The king then blew his horn on high;
And gert * his men that were him by,
Hold them still, and all privy;
And syne again his horn blew he.
James of Dowglas heard him blow,
And at the last alone gan know,
And said, 'Soothly yon is the king;
I know long while since his blowing.'
The third time therewithal he blew,
And then Sir Robert Boid it knew;
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dread.
Go we forth till him, better speed.
Then went they till the king in hye,
And him inclined courteously.
And blithely welcomed them the king,
And was joyful of their meeting,
And kissed them, and speared † syne
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but lesing. ‡
Syne laud they God of their meeting,
Syne with the king till his harbourye
Went both joyfu' and jolly."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book v., pp. 115, 116.

* Caused.

NOTE 30.

*—— his brother blamed,*
*But shared the weakness, while ashamed,*
*With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,*
*And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.*
—P. 380.

The kind and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce is well painted by Barbour in the account of his behavior after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly beloved by Edward that he wished the victory had been lost so Ross had lived.

NOTE 31.

*Thou heard'st a wretched female plain*
*In agony of travail-pain,*
*And thou didst bid thy little band*
*Upon the instant turn and stand,*
*And dare the worst that foe might do,*
*Rather than, like a knight untrue,*
*Leave to pursuers merciless*
*A woman in her last distress.*—P. 382.

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom.

NOTE 32.

*O'er chasms he passed where fractures wide*
*Craved wary eye and ample stride.*—
P. 385.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrai, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

† Asked. ‡ Without falsehood.

NOTE 33.

*Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,*
*From Hastings, late their English Lord,*
*Douglas had won them by the sword.—*
P. 385.

Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbor, closed in by the Island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce's arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodwick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called *Tor an Schian*. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-nook. . . The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

NOTE 34.

*Oft, too, with unaccustomed ears,*
*A language much unmeet he hears. —*
P. 385.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farmhouse say, "*the devil.*" Concluding, from this hardy expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

NOTE 35.

*Now ask you whence that wondrous light,*
*Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight!*
*It ne'er was known.*—P. 389.

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighborhood: "The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogles' Brae beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practise of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran, and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stewart.

NOTE 36.

*The Bruce hath won his father's hall!*—
P. 394.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house in this part of the country.

NOTE 37.

*When Bruce's Banner had victorious flow'd,*
*O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale.*—P. 395.

The first important advantage gained

by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat, and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Mowbray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

NOTE 38.

*When English blood oft deluged Douglasdale.*—P. 395.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again rise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas's Larder*.

NOTE 39.

*And fiery Edward routed stout St. John.*
—P. 395.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavored to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valor would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry and the meaner sort of his army to entrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them.—DALRYMPLE'S *Annals of Scotland*, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.

NOTE 40.

*When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.*—P. 395.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce, appeared in arms against him, and in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

NOTE 41.

——*Stirling's towers,*
*Beleaguered by King Robert's powers;*
*And they took term of truce.*—P. 395.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succored by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The king severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty which gave time to the king of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force or to retreat with dishonor. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle, and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

NOTE 42.

*And Cambria, but of late subdued,*
*Sent forth her mountain multitude.*—
P. 396.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh,

whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarreled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

NOTE 43.

*And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood*
*Her hundred tribes, whose scepter rude*
*Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.*—P. 396.

There is in the Fœdera an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster.

NOTE 44.

*The monarch rode along the van.*—P. 398.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies.

NOTE 45.

*Responsive from the Scottish host,*
*Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd.*—
P. 401.

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tutti, taitti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe.—*Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs.*—It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognized by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note 23, p. 750. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns —"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

NOTE 46.

*See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,*
*And blesses them with lifted hands.*—
P. 402.

"Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front barefooted, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. 'They yield,' cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.'—'They do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'"—*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 47.

NOTE 47.

*Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!*
*We'll tame the terrors of their bow,*
*And cut the bow-stsing loose!*—
P. 402.

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milton bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

Although the success of this maneuver was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun-hill, fought scarcely twenty

years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "*But*, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

NOTE 48.

*Each braggart churl could boast before,*
*Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!*—
P. 403.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly, of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise.'"—*Works of Ascham, edited by Bennett*, 4to, p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

NOTE 49.

*Down! down! in headlong overthrow,*
*Horseman and horse, the foremost go.*—
P. 403.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish center, led their division also to the charge, and the battle, becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

NOTE 50.

*And steeds that shriek in agony.*—
P. 403.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

NOTE 51.

*Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee*
*Is firm as Ailsa Rock;*
*Rush on with Highland sword and targe,*
*I with my Carrick spearmen charge.*—
P. 404.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee." Barbour intimates that the reserve "assembled on one field," that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged, which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

NOTE 52.

*To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—*
*And mimic ensigns high they rear.*—
P. 405.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter.

# THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

NOTE 1.

*The peasant, at his labor blithe,*
*Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.*
—P. 409.

THE reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

NOTE 2.

*Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.*—P. 411.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

NOTE 3.

"*On! On!*" *was still his stern exclaim.*—P. 411.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanor towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered: to which he only replied,—'*En avant! En avant!*'

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message."—*Relation de la Bataille de Mont St.-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

NOTE 4.

*The fate their leader shunn'd to share.*—P. 411.

It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high-road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.* It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valor for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

NOTE 5.

*England shall tell the fight.*—P. 411.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed,† the Duke called to the men,

"Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

* The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Bonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

† The 95th. The Duke's words were, "Stand fast, 95th—what will they say in England?"

NOTE 6.

*As plies the smith his clanging trade.*—P. 412.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*"

NOTE 7.

*The British shock of levell'd steel.*—P. 412.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and retrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and a ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer mentions the Château of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

NOTE 8.

*What bright careers 'twas thine to close.*—P. 415.

Sir Thomas Picton, Sir William Ponsonby, Sir William de Lancy, and numberless gallant officers.

NOTE 9.

*Laurels from the hand of Death.*—P. 415.

Colonel Sir William de Lancey had married the beautiful Miss Hall, daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., only two months before the Battle of Waterloo.

NOTE 10.

*Gallant Miller's failing eye.*—P. 415.

Colonel Miller of the Guards, son of Sir William Miller, Lord Glenlee, when lying mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Bossu, desired to see once more the colors of his regiment. They were waved about his head, and he died declaring that he was satisfied.

NOTE 11.

*And Cameron, in the shock of steel.*—P. 415.

Colonel Cameron of Fassiefern, fell at Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, heading a charge of the 92d Highlanders.

NOTE 12.

*And generous Gordon.*—P. 415.

"Colonel the Honorable Sir Alexander Gordon"—brother to the Earl of Aberdeen—who fell by the side of the Duke in the heat of the action.

NOTE 13.

*Fair Hougomont.*—P. 415.

"Hougomont"—a château with a garden and wood round it. A post of great importance, valiantly held by the Guards during the battle.

## GLENFINLAS.

NOTE 1.

*How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.*—P. 461.

THE fires lighted by the Highlanders on the 1st of May, in compliance with the custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

NOTE 2.

*The seer's prophetic spirit found*—P. 461.

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus pre-

sented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it, and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

NOTE 3.

*Will good St. Oran's rule prevail*—P. 462.

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shoveled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran;* and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was admitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

NOTE 4.

*And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer.*—P. 464.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendor, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phileans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in BELLENDEN'S *Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii., and in PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

## THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

NOTE 1.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.—P. 466.

LORD EVERS, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed | 192 |
| Scots slain | 403 |
| Prisoners taken | 816 |
| Nolt (cattle) | 10,386 |
| Shepe | 12,492 |
| Nags and geldings | 1296 |
| Gayt | 200 |
| Bolls of corn | 850 |

Insight gear, etc. (furniture), an incalculable quantity.

MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, in vol. i., p. 417, *Scottish Minstrelsy*.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh earl of Angus, is said

to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.—GODSCROFT. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3,000 mercenaries, 1,500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley), and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus at the head of 1,000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife men. The English being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott * of Buccleuch came up at full speed with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low, flat ground called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots, in their turn, became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies. "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white gosshawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—GODSCROFT. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—LESLEY, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S *Border History*, p. 563.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favors received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas, "Is our brother-in-law offended," * said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less. And will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable.† I can keep myself there against all his English host."—GODSCROFT.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot on which it was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington.‡ The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

"Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame:

---

* The Editor has found no instance upon record of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence, they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544 (the year preceding the battle), the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the outworks, or barnekin, of the Tower of Branxholm burned, eight Scots slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep carried off. The lands upon Kale Water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; thirty Scots slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eskford) *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.

* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

‡ See *Chevy Chase*

Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."
Vide *Account of the Parish of Melrose.*

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I., a manor called Ketnes, in the county of Forfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, etc., dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis 34." STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

NOTE 2.

*A covering on her wrist.*—P. 469.

There is an old and well-known Irish tradition that the bodies of certain spirits and devils are scorchingly hot, so that they leave upon anything they touch an impress as if of red-hot iron. It is related of one of Melancthon's relations, that a devil seized hold of her hand, which bore the mark of a burn to her dying day. The incident in the poem is of a similar nature —the ghost's hands "scorch'd like a fiery brand," leaving a burning impress on the table and the lady's wrist. Another class of fiends are reported to be icy cold, and to freeze the skin of any one with whom they come in contact.

NOTE 3.

*That nun who ne'er beholds the day.*—P. 469.

The circumstances of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighborhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbors, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fat lips;* describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and, by the vulgar, with some degree of terror The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighboring peasants dare enter it by night.—Note of 1803.

## CADYOW CASTLE.

NOTE 1.

*——sound the pryse!*—P. 472.

*Pryse.*—The note blown at the death of the game.—*In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui, colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam, instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quœcunque homines vel manibus contrectârint, vel halitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, se ned tantillum lacessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosœ, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniœ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumbernaldiœ, et Kincarniæ.*—LESLÆUS Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.

NOTE 2.

*Stern Claud replied.*—P 472.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling,

which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

NOTE 3.

*Woodhouselee.*—P. 472.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from which she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This specter is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honorable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

NOTE 4.

*Drives to the leap his jaded steed.*—P. 473.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and stroche his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i. e., ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—BIRREL'S *Diary*, p. 18.

NOTE 5.

*From the wild Border's humbled side.*—P. 473.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of the Elegy:—

"So having stablischt all things in this sort,
To Liddisdaill again he did resort,
Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills rode he,
And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before,
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair;
And, that they suld na mair thair thift allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour;
Then mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."
*Scottish Poems, 16th century*, p. 473.

NOTE 6.

*With hackbut bent.*—P. 473.

*Hackbuck bent*—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

NOTE 7.

*The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.*—P. 473.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this batyle the vallancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favorable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better;' and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avauntguard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—CALDERWOOD'S *MS. apud* KEITH, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

NOTE 8.

*Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh.*—P. 473

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

NOTE 9.

*——haggard Lindesay's iron eye,*
*That saw fair Mary weep in vain.*—P. 473.

Lord Lindsay of the Byres was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigor; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

NOTE 10.

*So close the minions crowded nigh.*—P. 474.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take deliberate aim.—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 233. BUCHANAN.

# THE GRAY BROTHER.

NOTE 1.

*By blast of bugle free.*—P. 477.

THE barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a single tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.* The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

NOTE 2.

*To Auchendinny's hazel shade.*—P. 477.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling, etc.* Edition 1803.

NOTE 3.

*Melville's beechy grove.*—P. 477.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honorable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

NOTE 4.

*Roslin's rocky glen.*—P. 477.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honorable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

NOTE 5.

*Dalkeith, which all the Virtues love.*—P. 477.

The village and Castle of Dalkeith belonged of old to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

NOTE 6.

*Classic Hawthornden.*—477.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the ax. The traveler now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most beautiful scenery—1803. . . . The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its former ornament of wood—1833.

NOTE : P. 540.

Sir Walter Scott, while engaged in writing "Woodstock," noted in his journal, under date of March 24, 1826, that John Ballantyne was "clamorous for a motto." He adds: "It is foolish to encourage people to expect mottoes and such like decoramen ;. You have no success in finding them, and there is a disgrace in wanting them. It is like being in the habit of showing feats of strength, which you at length gain praise by accomplishing, while some shame occurs in failure."

It was while correcting the proof-sheets of "The Antiquary," that he was first led to adorn the chapters of his works with original verse. Lockhart thus described the occasion of it :—

"On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. 'Hang it, Johnnie!' cried Scott, 'I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.' He did so accordingly, and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'Old Play' or 'Old Ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."

"Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied."

When, in 1822, Constable was compiling a volume of the poetry contained in Scott's Novels, Tales, and Romances the author wrote him :—

"It is odd to say, but nevertheless quite certain, that I do not know whether some of the things are original or not, and I wish you would devise some way of stating this in the title."

Constable finally adopted an explanatory note or advertisement written by Scott himself, which ran :—

"We believe by far the greater part of the poetry interspersed through these novels to be original compositions by the author. At the same time, the reader will find passages which are quoted from other authors, and very probably detect more of these than our more limited reading has enabled us to ascertain. Indeed it is our opinion that some of the following poetry is neither entirely original nor altogether borrowed; but consists, in some instances, of passages from other writers, which the author has not hesitated to alter considerably, or to adapt the quotation more explicitly and aptly to the matter in hand."

A glimpse of Scott in the very act of furnishing one of these extemporized mottoes is given in Lockhart's Life. It was one day in December, 1831, while visiting Mr. Cadell in Edinburgh, and saddening his friends by his strange apathy and unwonted silence, the effects of his malady, Ballantyne reminded him that a motto was wanted for one of the chapters of "Count Robert of Paris." "He looked out for a moment at the gloomy weather," says Lockhart, and penned the lines beginning, "The storm increases, 'tis no sunny shower," which he entitled, "The Deluge." (See p. 630.)

Many of Scott's quotations have been located, and those that are undoubtedly the work of another author are omitted from this edition. Whenever there is room for doubt, quotations are inserted.

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Thy craven fear my truth accused, 569
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We'll keep our customs;—what is law itself, 591
Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail, 578
Well, well, at worst 'tis neither theft nor coinage, 541
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We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream, 604
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Were every hair upon his head a life, 617
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Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought, 574
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You call it an ill angel—it may be so, 575
You call this education, do you not? 573
Young men will love thee more fair and more fast, 525
Your suppliant, by name, 597
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Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now, 576

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